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THE JOURNAL

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the Original Manuscript
at Abbotsford

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PREFACE

On the death of Sir Walter Scott, in 1832, his entire literary remains were placed at the disposal of his son-in-law, Mr. John Gibson Lockhart. Among these remains were two volumes of a Journal which had been kept by Sir Walter from 1825 to 1832. Mr. Lockhart made large use of this Journal in his admirable life of his father-in-law. Writing, however, so short a time after Scott's death, he could not use it so freely as he might have wished, and, according to his own statement, it was "by regard for the feelings of living persons" that he both omitted and altered; and, indeed, he printed no chapter of the Diary in full.

There is no longer any reason why the Journal should not be published in its entirety, and by the permission of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott it now appears exactly as Scott left it—but for the correction of obvious slips of the pen, and the omission of some details chiefly of family and domestic interest.

The original Journal consists of two small 4to volumes, 9 inches by 8, bound in vellum, and furnished with strong locks. The manuscript is closely written on both sides, and towards the end shows painful evidence of the physical prostration of the writer. The Journal abruptly closes, towards the middle of the second volume, with the following entry—probably the last words ever penned by Scott:

by one of the old Pontiffs but which I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover if possible some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Mistress Ashley.

At length we found our old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell where all was comfortable a good fire included which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food and wine and water.

We slept reasonably, but on the next morning

In the annotations, it seemed most satisfactory to follow as closely as possible the method adopted by Mr. Lockhart. In the case of those parts of the Journal that have been already published, almost all Mr. Lockhart's notes have been reproduced, and these are distinguished by his initials. Extracts from the Life, from James Skene of Rubislaw's unpublished Reminiscences, and from unpublished letters of Scott himself and his contemporaries, have been freely used wherever they seemed to illustrate particular passages in the Journal.

With regard to Scott's quotations a certain difficulty presented itself. In his Journal he evidently quoted from memory, and he not unfrequently makes considerable variations from the originals. Occasionally, indeed, it would seem that he deliberately made free with the exact words of his author, to adapt them more pertinently to his own mood or the impulse of the moment. In any case it seemed best to let Scott's quotations appear as he wrote them. His reading lay in such curious and unfrequented quarters that to verify all the sources is a nearly impossible task. It is to be remembered, also, that he himself held very free notions on the subject of quotation.

I have to thank the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott for permitting me to retain for the last three years the precious volumes in which the Journal is contained, and for granting me access to the correspondence of Sir Walter preserved at Abbotsford, and I have likewise to acknowledge the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch for allowing me the use of the Scott letters at Dalkeith. To Mr. W. F. Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, my thanks are warmly rendered for intrusting me with his precious heirloom, the volume which contains Sir Walter's letters to his father, and the Reminiscences that accompany them—one of many kind offices towards me during the last thirty years in our relations as author and publisher. I am also obliged to Mr. Archibald Constable for permitting me to use the interesting Memorandum by James Ballantyne.

Finally, I have to express my obligation to many other friends, who never failed cordially to respond to any call I made upon them.

D. D.

Edinburgh, 22 Drummond Place,
October 1, 1890.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL

NOVEMBER

[*Edinburgh,*] *November* 20, 1825.—I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book, by throwing aside all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's album. *Nota bene*, John Lockhart, and Anne, and I are to raise a Society for the suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity. Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence! —Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

I was in Ireland last summer, and had a most delightful tour. It cost me upwards of £500, including £100 left with Walter and Jane, for we travelled a large party and in style. There is much less exaggerated about the Irish than is to be expected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig-styes, even in Scotland, and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food, they have only potatoes, and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy, the women buxom and well-coloured.

Dined with us, being Sunday, Will. Clerk and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. W. C. is the second son of the celebrated author of *Naval*

Tactics.[1] I have known him intimately since our college days; and, to my thinking, never met a man of greater powers, or more complete information on all desirable subjects. In youth he had strongly the Edinburgh *pruritus disputandi;* but habits of society have greatly mellowed it, and though still anxious to gain your suffrage to his views, he endeavours rather to conciliate your opinion than conquer it by force. Still there is enough of tenacity of sentiment to prevent, in London society, where all must go slack and easy, W. C. from rising to the very top of the tree as a conversation man, who must not only wind the thread of his argument gracefully, but also know when to let go. But I like the Scotch taste better; there is more matter, more information, above all, more spirit in it. Clerk will, I am afraid, leave the world little more than the report of his fame. He is too indolent to finish any considerable work.[2] Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is another very remarkable man. He was bred a clergyman, but did not take orders, owing I believe to a peculiar effeminacy of voice which must have been unpleasant in reading prayers. Some family quarrels occasioned his being indifferently provided for by a small annuity from his elder brother, extorted by an arbitral decree. He has infinite wit and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of *Kirkton*,[3] etc., bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable—a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St. Anthony, and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words. If he were to make drawing a resource, it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities, and therefore of expensive trifles, C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his revenue. He is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in *Douglas* and other books on pedigree, which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old! Not but Charles loves it fresh and fresh also, for, being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping sympathising with him—the peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is that C. K. S., with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole—perhaps in his person also, in a general way.—See Miss Hawkins' *Anecdotes*[4] for a description of the author of *The Castle of Otranto.*

[1] *An Essay on Naval Tactics, Systematical and Historical, with explanatory plates.* In four parts. By John Clerk. 4to. Lond. 1790.

[2] William Clerk, of Eldin, the prototype of Darsie Latimer in *Redgauntlet*, "admired through life for talents and learning of which he has left no monument," died at Edinburgh in January, 1847.

[3] *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the year* 1678. 4to. Edin. 1817.

[4] *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs*, collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins. 8vo. Lond. 1822.

No other company at dinner except my cheerful and good-humoured friend *Missie* Macdonald,[1] so called in fondness. One bottle of champagne with the ladies' assistance, two of claret. I observe that both these great connoisseurs were very nearly, if not quite, agreed, that there are *no* absolutely undoubted originals of Queen Mary. But how then should we be so very distinctly informed as to her features? What has become of all the originals which suggested these innumerable copies? Surely Mary must have been as unfortunate in this as in other particulars of her life.[2]

November 21.—I am enamoured of my journal. I wish the zeal may but last. Once more of Ireland. I said their poverty was not exaggerated; neither is their wit—nor their good-humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage.

Wit.—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. "Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat." "May your honour live till I pay you!" There was courtesy as well as wit in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

Good-humour.—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin; butter-milk, potatoes, a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world—while an Englishman is making a little hell of his own in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murther you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.

Absurdity.—They were widening the road near Lord Claremont's seat as we passed. A number of cars were drawn up together at a particular point, where we also halted, as we understood they were blowing a rock, and the *shot* was expected presently to go off. After waiting two minutes or so, a fellow called out something, and our carriage as a planet, and the cars for satellites, started all forward at once, the Irishmen whooping and crying, and the horses galloping. Unable to learn the meaning of this, I was only left to suppose that they had delayed firing the intended *shot* till we should pass, and that we were passing quickly to make the delay as short as possible. No such thing. By dint of making great haste, we got within ten yards of the rock when the blast took place, throwing dust and gravel on our carriage, and had our postillion brought us a little nearer (it was

[1] Miss Macdonald Buchanan of Drummakill. —J. G. L.

[2] Mr. Sharpe, whose *Letters* and *Memoir* were published in two volumes 8vo, Edin. 1888, survived Sir Walter till the year 1851. In the Sir Mungo Malagrowther of *The Fortunes of Nigel* some of Sharpe's peculiarities are not unfaithfully mirrored.

not for want of hallooing and flogging that he did not), we should have had a still more serious share of the explosion. The explanation I received from the drivers was, that they had been told by the overseer that as the *mine* had been so long in *going off*, he dared say we would have time to pass it—so we just waited long enough to make the danger imminent. I have only to add that two or three people got behind the carriage, just for nothing but to see how our honours got past.

Went to the Oil Gas Committee[1] this morning, of which concern I am president, or chairman. It has amused me much by bringing me into company with a body of active, business-loving, money-making citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly Whigs by the way, whose sentiments and proceedings amuse me. The stock is rather low in the market, 35s. premium instead of £5. It must rise, however, for the advantages of the light are undeniable, and folks will soon become accustomed to idle apprehensions or misapprehensions. From £20 to £25 should light a house capitally, supposing you leave town in the vacation. The three last quarters cost me £10, 10s., and the first, £8, was greatly overcharged. We will see what this, the worst and darkest quarter, costs.

Dined with Sir Robert Dundas,[2] where we met Lord and Lady Melville. My little *nieces (ex officio)* gave us some pretty music. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet songs and simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn. There is something about all the fine arts, of soul and spirit, which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a picture on which much pains had been bestowed—"Why, yes," he said, in a hesitating manner, "it is very clever—very well done—can't find fault; but it wants something; it wants—it wants, damn me—it wants THAT"—throwing his hand over his head and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exqui-

[1] One of the numerous joint-stock adventures which were so common in Edinburgh at this time. There had already been formed a Gas-light Company in 1818, for the manufacture of gas from coal, but the projectors of this new venture believed they could produce a purer and more powerful light by the use of oil. It was not successful commercially, and, as is told in the Journal, the rival company acquired the stock and plant a few years after the formation of this "Oil Gas Co.," of which Sir Walter had been Chairman from 1823.

See *Life*, vol. vii. pp. 141, 144, 197, 251, 374; and viii. p. 113; Cockburn's *Memorials* (for 1825).

[2] Sir Robert Dundas of Beechwood, one of Scott's colleagues at the "Clerks' Table"—son of the parish minister of Humbie, and kinsman of Lord and Lady Melville; he died in 1835. Some of the other gentlemen with whom the duties of his office brought Scott into close daily connection were David Hume, Hector Macdonald Buchanan, and Colin Mackenzie of Portmore. With these families, says Mr. Lockhart, "he and his lived in such constant familiarity of kindness, that the children all called their father's colleagues *uncles*, and the mothers of their little friends *aunts*; and in truth the establishment was a brotherhood."

site warbling I ever heard. Next to him, David Macculloch[1] for Scots songs. The last, when a boy at Dumfries, was much admired by Burns, who used to get him to try over the words which he composed to new melodies. He is brother of Macculloch of Ardwell.

November 22.—MOORE. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, and perfect ease and good breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. I remember a picture of him being handed about at Dalkeith House. It was a miniature I think by Sanders,[2] who had contrived to muffle Lewis's person in a cloak, and placed some poignard or dark lanthorn appurtenance (I think) in his hand, so as to give the picture the cast of a bravo. "That like Mat Lewis?" said Duke Henry, to whom it had passed in turn; "why, that is like a MAN!" Imagine the effect! Lewis was at his elbow.[3] Now Moore has none of this insignificance; to be sure his person is much stouter than that of M. G. L., his countenance is decidedly plain, but the expression is so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who

[1] Mrs. Thomas Scott's brother.

[2] George L. Sanders, born at Kinghorn, 1774; died in London, 1846.

[3] Sir Walter told Moore that Lewis was the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry, adding that "he had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry." Thirty years after having met Lewis in Edinburgh for the first time in 1798, he said to Allan Cunningham, "that he thought he had never felt such elation as when 'the monk" invited him to dine with him at his hotel." Lewis died in 1818, and Scott says of him, "He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature—fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had always ladies and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title. Mat had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattish on the orbit."

called himself "the *great* Twalmley—inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen." He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I.

Moore has, I think, been ill-treated about Byron's Memoirs; he surrendered them to the family (Lord Byron's executors) and thus lost £2000 which he had raised upon them at a most distressing moment of his life. It is true they offered and pressed the money on him afterwards, but they ought to have settled it with the booksellers and not put poor Tom's spirit in arms against his interest.[1] I think at least it might have been so managed. At any rate there must be an authentic life of Byron by somebody. Why should they not give the benefit of their materials to Tom Moore, whom Byron had made the depositary of his own Memoirs?—but T. M. thinks that Cam Hobhouse has the purpose of writing Byron's life himself. He and Moore were at sharp words during the negotiation, and there was some explanation necessary before the affair ended. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors.[2] But there was a reason—*Premat nox alta.*

It would be a delightful addition to life if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house, being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.[3]

Here is a matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. and R.,[4] Constable's great agents. Should they *go*, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough at least to pay forty shillings in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. But much distress and inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good upon me, but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalising or moralising either. Necessity is like a sour-faced cook-maid, and I a turn-spit whom she has flogged ere now, till he mounted his wheel. If W-st-k[5] can be out by 25th January it will do much, and it is possible.

[1] Moore's friends seem to have recognized his thorough manliness and independence of character. Lord John Russell testifies: "Never did he make wife or family a pretext for political shabbiness—never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was a duty as a father" (*Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. xiii and xiv), and when Rogers urged this plea of family as a reason why he should accept the money, Moore said, "More mean things have been done in this world under the shelter of 'wife and children' than under any pretext worldly-mindedness can resort to." To which S. R. only said, "Well, your life may be a good poem, but it is a —— bad matter of fact."—Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 378.

[2] Moore's *Life of Byron* was published in two vols. 4to in 1830, and dedicated to Sir Walter Scott by "his affectionate friend, T. M." See this Journal under March 4, 1828.

[3] "I parted from Scott," says Moore, "with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford." Moore died February 26, 1852; see Moore's *Life*, vol. iv. pp. 329–42, and vol. v. pp. 13–14.

[4] Hurst and Robinson, Booksellers, London.

[5] *Woodstock* was at this time nearly completed.

——'s son has saved his comrade on shipboard by throwing himself overboard and keeping the other afloat—a very gallant thing. But the *Gran giag' Asso*[1] asks me to write a poem on the *civic crown*, of which he sends me a description quoted from Adam's *Antiquities*, which mellifluous performance is to persuade the Admiralty to give the young conservator promotion. Oh! he is a rare head-piece, an admirable Merron. I do not believe there is in nature such a full-acorned Boar.[2]

Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies; the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.

"My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs aft my hand, sir."[3]

Went to dine at the L[ord] J[ustice]-C[lerk's][4] as I thought by invitation, but it was for Tuesday se'nnight. Returned very well pleased, not being exactly in the humour for company, and had a beef-steak. My appetite is surely, excepting in quantity, that of a farmer; for, eating moderately of anything, my Epicurean pleasure is in the most simple diet. Wine I seldom taste when alone, and use instead a little spirits and water. I have of late diminished the quantity, for fear of a weakness inductive to a diabetes—a disease which broke up my father's health, though one of the most temperate men who ever lived. I smoke a couple of cigars instead, which operates equally as a sedative—

"Just to drive the cold winter away,
And drown the fatigues of the day."

I smoked a good deal about twenty years ago when at Ashestiel; but, coming down one morning to the parlour, I found, as the room was small and confined, that the smell was unpleasant, and laid aside the use of the *Nicotian weed* for many years; but was again led to use it by the example of my son, a hussar officer, and my son-in-law, an Oxford student. I could lay it aside to-morrow; I laugh at the dominion of custom in this and many things.

"We make the giants first, and then—*do not* kill them."

November 23.—On comparing notes with Moore I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that like Rousseau he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me that once,

[1] Probably Sir Walter's dog-Italian for "great donkey."

[2] *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. 5.

[3] "My Jo Janet," *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

[4] The Right Hon. David Boyle, who was at the time residing at 28 Charlotte Square.

while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called the *Liberal*, in communion with such men as P. B. Shelley and Hunt,[1] on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron showed this to the parties. Shelley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore.[2] These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly tinctured some part of the character of this mighty genius; and, without some tendency towards which, genius—I mean that kind which depends on the imaginative power—perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine, to play rapidly, must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the impetus.

Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying; which indeed may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance: — Mr. Bankes[3] expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had teased him into the dedication till he had said, "Well; it shall be so,—providing you will write the dedication yourself"; and affirmed that Cam Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Bankes had mentioned it. Murray, in reply, assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron himself, and showed it me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) with their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtezan of Venice, about whom Rousseau makes so piquant a story, was, if one could see her, a draggle-tailed wench enough. I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avoit pas.* He loved to be thought awful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes

[1] A quarterly journal edited by Leigh Hunt, "*The Liberal— Verse and Prose from the South*," of which four numbers only were published. 1822–1823.

[2] See Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. pp. 448–9, 507–8; also Moore's *Byron*, vol. v. pp. 313–321, and Russell's *Moore*, vol. iii. p. 353.

[3] William Bankes, of whom Rogers said, "Witty as Sydney Smith was, I have seen him at my own house absolutely overpowered by the superior facetiousness of W B." Mr. Bankes died in Venice in 1855.

hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he *crammed* people, as it is termed, about duels, etc., which never existed, or were much exaggerated.

Constable has been here as lame as a duck upon his legs, but his heart and courage as firm as a cock. He has convinced me we will do well to support the London House. He has sent them about £5000, and proposes we should borrow on our joint security £5000 for their accommodation. J. B. and R. Cadell present. I must be guided by them, and hope for the best. Certainly to part company would be to incur an awful risk.

What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature, from the school-magisterial style to the lackadaisical. Byron's example has formed a sort of upper house of poetry. There is Lord Leveson Gower, a very clever young man.[1] Lord Porchester too,[2] nephew to Mrs. Scott of Harden, a young man who lies on the carpet and looks poetical and dandyish—fine lad too, but—

> "There will be many peers
> Ere such another Byron."

Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about his works in the author's house, which is usually ill-breeding. Moreover, they are seldom long of making it evident that they know nothing about what they are talking of, except having seen the Lady of the Lake at the Opera.

Dined at St. Catherine's[3] with Lord Advocate, Lord and Lady Melville, Lord Justice-Clerk,[4] Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, all class companions and acquainted well for more than forty years. All except Lord J. C. were at Fraser's class, High School.[5] Boyle joined us at college. There are, besides, Sir Adam Ferguson, Colin Mackenzie, James Hope, Dr. James Buchan, Claud Russell, and perhaps two or three more of and about the same period—but

> "Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."[6]

[1] Lord Leveson Gower, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere, had already published his translation of *Faust* in 1823, and a volume of "original poems," and "translations," in the following year.

[2] Henry J. G. Herbert, Lord Porchester, afterwards third Earl of Carnarvon, had published *The Moor* in 1825, and *Don Pedro* in 1826.

[3] St. Catherine's, the seat of Sir William Rae, Bart., then Lord Advocate, is about three miles from Edinburgh.—J. G. L. Sir William Rae's refusal of a legal appointment to Mr. Lockhart (on the ground that as a just patron he could not give it to the son-in-law of his old friend!!) was understood to be the cause of Mr. Lockhart's quitting the Bar and devoting himself entirely to literature. Sir William Rae died at St. Catherine's on the 19th October, 1842.

[4] David Boyle of Shewalton, L. J. C. from 1811, and Lord President from 1841 till 1852. He died in 1853.

[5] See *Autobiography*, 1787, in *Life*, vol. i. pp. 39, 40.

[6] Virg. *Æn.* i. 122.

November 24.—Talking of strangers, London held, some four or five years since, one of those animals who are lions at first, but by transmutation of two seasons become in regular course Boars!—Ugo Foscolo by name, a haunter of Murray's shop and of literary parties. Ugly as a baboon, and intolerably conceited, he spluttered, blustered, and disputed, without even knowing the principles upon which men of sense render a reason, and screamed all the while like a pig when they cut its throat. Another such Animaluccio is a brute of a Sicilian Marquis de ——— who wrote something about Byron. He inflicted two days on us at Abbotsford. They never know what to make of themselves in the forenoon, but sit tormenting the women to play at proverbs and such trash.

Foreigner of a different cast,—Count Olonym (Olonyne—that's it), son of the President of the Royal Society and a captain in the Imperial Guards. He is mean-looking and sickly, but has much sense, candour, and general information. There was at Abbotsford, and is here, for education just now, a young Count Davidoff, with a tutor Mr. Collyer. He is a nephew of the famous Orloffs. It is quite surprising how much sense and sound thinking this youth has at the early age of sixteen, without the least self-conceit or forwardness. On the contrary, he seems kind, modest, and ingenuous.[1] To questions which I asked about the state of Russia he answered with the precision and accuracy of twice his years. I should be sorry the saying were verified in him—

> "So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."[2]

Saw also at Abbotsford two Frenchmen whom I liked, friends of Miss Dumergue. One, called Le Noir, is the author of a tragedy which he had the grace never to quote, and which I, though poked by some malicious persons, had *not* the grace even to hint at. They were disposed at first to be complimentary, but I convinced them it was not the custom here, and they took it well, and were agreeable.

A little bilious this morning, for the first time these six months. It cannot be the London matters which stick on my stomach, for that is mending, and may have good effects on myself and others.

Dined with Robert Cockburn. Company, Lord Melville and family; Sir John and Lady Hope; Lord and Lady R. Kerr, and so forth. Combination of colliers general, and coals up to double price; the men will not work, *although*, or rather *because*, they can make from thirty to forty shillings per week. Lord R. K. told us that he had a

[1] M. Davidoff has, in his mature life, amply justified Sir Walter's prognostications. He has, I understand, published in the Russian language a tribute to the memory of Scott. But his travels in Greece and Asia Minor are well known, and considered as in a high degree honourable to his taste and learning.—[1839] —J. G. L.

[2] *King Richard III.*, Act III. Sc. 1. Count Orloff Davidoff lived to falsify this "saying." He revisited England in 1872, and had the pleasure of meeting with Scott's great-granddaughter, and talking to her of these old happy Abbotsford days.

letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his powers of exertion and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which [element] he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

November 25.—Read Jeffrey's neat and well-intended address[1] to the mechanics upon their combinations. Will it do good? Umph. It takes only the hand of a Lilliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches, and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length, after a few speeches on the subject, adopt it of course. In this case we would have [no] need of laws or churches, for I am sure there is no difficulty in proving that moral, regular, and steady habits conduce to men's best interest, and that vice is not sin merely, but folly. But of these men each has passions and prejudices, the gratification of which he prefers, not only to the general weal, but to that of himself as an individual. Under the action of these wayward impulses a man drinks to-day though he is sure of starving to-morrow. He murders to-morrow though he is sure to be hanged on Wednesday; and people are so slow to believe that which makes against their own predominant passions, that mechanics will combine to raise the price for one week, though they destroy the manufacture forever. The best remedy seems to be the probable supply of labourers from other trades. Jeffrey proposes each mechanic shall learn some other trade than his own, and so have two strings to his bow. He does not consider the length of a double apprenticeship. To make a man a good weaver and a good tailor would require as much time as the patriarch served for his two wives, and after all, he would be but a poor workman at either craft. Each mechanic has, indeed, a second trade, for he can dig and do rustic work. Perhaps the best reason for breaking up the association will prove to be the expenditure of the money which they have been simple enough to levy from the industrious for the support of the idle. How much provision for the sick and the aged, the widow and the orphan, has been expended in the attempt to get wages which the manufacturer cannot afford them, with any profitable chance of selling his commodity?

[1] *Combinations of Workmen.* Substance of a speech by Francis Jeffrey. 8vo. Edin. 1825.

I had a bad fall last night coming home. There were unfinished houses at the east end of Atholl Place,[1] and as I was on foot, I crossed the street to avoid the material which lay about; but, deceived by the moonlight, I stepped ankle-deep in a sea of mud (honest earth and water, thank God), and fell on my hands. Never was there such a representative of *Wall* in Pyramus and Thisbe—I was absolutely rough-cast. Luckily Lady S. had retired when I came home; so I enjoyed my tub of water without either remonstrance or condolences. Cockburn's hospitality will get the benefit and renown of my downfall, and yet has no claim to it. In future though, I must take a coach at night—a control on one's freedom, but it must be submitted to. I found a letter from [R.] C[adell], giving a cheering account of things in London. Their correspondent is getting into his strength. Three days ago I would have been contented to buy this *consola*, as Judy says,[2] dearer than by a dozen falls in the mud. For had the great Constable fallen, O my countrymen, what a fall were there!

N. B. Within eight weeks after recording this graceful act of submission, I found I was unable to keep a carriage at all.

Mrs. Coutts, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity.[3] She had refused him twice, and decidedly. He was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission more favorable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs. Coutts' parties and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth, and most willing to do good if the means be shown to her. She can be very entertaining too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune—he seems quiet and gentle. I do not think that she will abuse his softness—of disposition, shall I say, or of heart? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs. Coutts. Much obliged for her

[1] Mr. Robert Cockburn, Lord Cockburn's brother, was then living at No. 7 Atholl Crescent.

[2] This alludes to a strange old woman, keeper of a public-house among the Wicklow mountains, who, among a world of oddities cut short every word ending in *tion*, by the omission of the termination. *Consola* for consolation—*bothera* for botheration, etc. etc. Lord Plunkett had taken care to parade Judy and all her peculiarities.—J. G. L.

[3] See the Duchess's Letter, p. 414.

good opinion: recommended Logan's[1] — one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs. Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I do not suspect her of turning *dévote*, and retract my consent given as above, unless she remains "lively, brisk, and jolly."[2]

Dined quiet with wife and daughter. R[obert] Cadell looked in in the evening on business.

I here register my purpose to practise economics. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property; so I resolve—

No more building;

No purchases of land till times are quite safe;

No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean to any extent; and

Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour;—

Which resolutions, with health and my habits of industry, will make me "sleep in spite of thunder."

After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like H[urst] and R[obinson]. It is just like a set of pickpockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks are knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage safely in the midst of the confusion they have excited.

November 26.—The court met late, and sat till *one*; detained from that hour till four o'clock, being engaged in the perplexed affairs of Mr. James Stewart of Brugh. This young gentleman is heir to a property of better than £1000 a year in Orkney. His mother married very young, and was wife, mother, and widow in the course of the first year. Being unfortunately under the direction of a careless agent, she was unlucky enough to embarrass her own affairs by many transactions with this person. I was asked to accept the situation of one of the son's curators; and trust to clear out his affairs and hers—at least I will not fail for want of application. I have lent her £300 on a second (and therefore doubtful) security over her house in Newington, bought for £1000, and on which £600 is already secured. I have no connection with the family except that of compassion, and may not be rewarded even by thanks when the young man comes of age. I have known my father often so treated by those whom he had laboured to serve. But if we do not run some hazard in our at-

I was obliged to give this up in consequence of my own misfortunes.

[1] The Rev. John Logan, minister of South Leith, 1748–1788. The "Sermons" were not published until 1790–91.

[2] For an account of her visit to Abbotsford, see *Life*, vol. viii. pp. 72–76. The marriage took place on June 16, 1827, the lady having previously asked the consent of George IV.!! A droll account of the reception of her *Mercure galant* at Windsor is given in the *North British Review*, vol. xxxix. p. 349.

tempts to do good, where is the merit of them? So I will bring through my Orkney laird if I can. Dined at home quiet with Lady S. and Anne.

November 27.—Some time since John Murray entered into a contract with my son-in-law, John G. Lockhart, giving him on certain ample conditions the management and editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, for which they could certainly scarcely find a fitter person, both from talents and character. It seems that Barrow[1] and one or two stagers have taken alarm at Lockhart's character as a satirist, and his supposed accession to some of the freaks in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and down comes young D'Israeli[2] to Scotland imploring Lockhart to make interest with my friends in London to remove objections, and so forth. I have no idea of telling all and sundry that my son-in-law is not a slanderer, or a silly thoughtless lad, although he was six or seven years ago engaged in some light satires. I only wrote to Heber and to Southey—the first upon the subject of the reports which had startled Murray (the most timorous, as Byron called him, of all God's booksellers), and such a letter as he may show Barrow if he judges proper. To Southey I wrote more generally, acquainting him of my son's appointment to the Editorship, and mentioning his qualifications, touching, at the same time, on his very slight connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and his innocence as to those gambades which may have given offence, and which, I fear, they may ascribe too truly to an eccentric neighbour of their own. I also mentioned that I had heard nothing of the affair until the month of October. I am concerned that Southey should know this; for, having been at the Lakes in September, I would not have him suppose that I had been using interest with Canning or Ellis to supersede young Mr. Coleridge,[3] their editor, and place my son-in-law in the situation; indeed I was never more surprised than when this proposal came upon us. I suppose it had come from Canning originally, as he was sounding Anne when at Colonel Bolton's[4] about Lockhart's views, etc. To me he never hinted anything on the subject. Other views are held out to Lockhart which may turn to great advantage. Only one person (John Cay[5] of Charlton) knows their object, and truly I wish it had not been confided to any one. Yesterday I had a letter from Murray in answer to one I had written in something of a determined style, for I had no idea of permitting him to start from the course after my son giving up his situation and profession, merely because a contributor or two chose to suppose gratuitously that Lockhart was too imprudent for the situation. My physic has wrought well, for it brought a letter from Murray saying

[1] Sir John Barrow, the well-known Secretary to the Admiralty, who died in 1848 in his eighty-fifth year.

[2] Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield.

[3] In after years Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1790–1876), one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

[4] Storrs, Windermere.

[5] John Cay, member of the Scotch Bar, Sheriff of Linlithgow. He was one of Mr. Lockhart's oldest friends; he died in 1865.

all was right, that D'Israeli was sent to me, not to Lockhart, and that I was only invited to write two confidential letters, and other incoherencies—which intimate his fright has got into another quarter. It is interlined and franked by Barrow, which shows that all is well, and that John's induction into his office will be easy and pleasant. I have not the least fear of his success; his talents want only a worthy sphere of exertion. He must learn, however, to despise petty adversaries. No good sportsman ought to shoot at crows unless for some special purpose. To take notice of such men as Hazlitt and Hunt in the *Quarterly* would be to introduce them into a world which is scarce conscious of their existence. It is odd enough that many years since I had the principal share in erecting this *Review* which has been since so prosperous, and now it is placed under the management of my son-in-law upon the most honourable principle of *detur digniori*. Yet there are sad drawbacks so far as family comfort is concerned. To-day is Sunday, when they always dined with us, and generally met a family friend or two, but we are no longer to expect them. In the country, where their little cottage was within a mile or two of Abbotsford, we shall miss their society still more, for Chiefswood was the perpetual object of our walks, rides, and drives. Lockhart is such an excellent family man, so fond of his wife and child, that I hope all will go well. A letter from Lockhart in the evening. All safe as to his unanimous reception in London; his predecessor, young [Coleridge], handsomely, and like a gentleman, offers his assistance as a contributor, etc.

November 28.—I have the less dread, or rather the less anxiety, about the consequences of this migration, that I repose much confidence in Sophia's tact and good sense. Her manners are good, and have the appearance of being perfectly natural. She is quite conscious of the limited range of her musical talents, and never makes them common or produces them out of place,—a rare virtue; moreover she is proud enough, and will not be easily netted and patronised by any of that class of ladies who may be called Lion-providers for town and country. She is domestic besides, and will not be disposed to gad about. Then she seems an economist, and on £3000,[1] living quietly, there should be something to save. Lockhart must be liked where his good qualities are known, and where his fund of information has room to be displayed. But, notwithstanding a handsome exterior and face, I am not sure he will succeed in London Society; he sometimes reverses the proverb, and gives the *volte strette e pensiere sciolti*, withdraws his attention from the company, or attaches himself to some individual, gets into a corner, and seems to be

[1] Moore records that Scott told him "Lockhart was about to undertake the *Quarterly*, has agreed for five years; salary £1200 a year; and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be £1500 a year to him," Moore's *Diary*, under Oct. 29, vol. iv. p. 334. Jeffrey had £700 a year as Editor of the *Edinburgh*, and £2800 for contributors: June, 1823, see Moore's *Diary*, vol. iv. p. 89.

quizzing the rest. This is the want of early habits of being in society, and a life led much at college. Nothing is, however, so popular, and so deservedly so, as to take an interest in whatever is going forward in society. A wise man always finds his account in it, and will receive information and fresh views of life even in the society of fools. Abstain from society altogether when you are not able to play some part in it. This reserve, and a sort of Hidalgo air joined to his character as a satirist, have done the best-humoured fellow in the world some injury in the opinion of Edinburgh folks. In London it is of less consequence whether he please in general society or not, since if he can establish himself as a genius it will only be called "Pretty Fanny's Way."

People make me the oddest requests. It is not unusual for an Oxonian or Cantab. who has outrun his allowance, and of whom I know nothing, to apply to me for the loan of £20, £50, or £100. A captain of the Danish naval service writes to me, that being in distress for a sum of money by which he might transport himself to Columbia, to offer his services in assisting to free that province, he had dreamed I generously made him a present of it. I can tell him his dream by contraries. I begin to find, like Joseph Surface, that too good a character is inconvenient. I don't know what I have done to gain so much credit for generosity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed, as Puff[1] says, one of those "whom Heaven has blessed with affluence." Not too much of that neither, my dear petitioners, though I may thank myself that your ideas are not correct.

Dined at Melville Castle, whither I went through a snow-storm. I was glad to find myself once more in a place connected with many happy days. Met Sir R. Dundas and my old friend George, now Lord Abercromby,[2] with his lady, and a beautiful girl, his daughter. He is what he always was—the best-humoured man living; and our meetings, now more rare than usual, are seasoned with a recollection of old frolics and old friends. I am entertained to see him just the same he has always been, never yielding up his own opinion in fact, and yet in words acquiescing in all that could be said against it. George was always like a willow—he never offered resistance to the breath of argument, but never moved from his rooted opinion, blow as it listed. Exaggeration might make these peculiarities highly dramatic: Conceive a man who always seems to be acquiescing in your sentiments, yet never changes his own, and this with a sort of *bonhomie* which shows there is not a particle of deceit intended. He is only desirous to spare you the trouble of contradiction.

November 29.—A letter from Southey, malcontent about Murray having accomplished the change in the *Quarterly* without speaking

[1] Sheridan's *Critic*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

[2] George Abercromby, eldest son of Sir Ralph, the hero of the battle of Alexandria.

to him, and quoting the twaddle of some old woman, male or female, about Lockhart's earlier *jeux d'esprit*, but concluding most kindly that in regard to my daughter and me he did not mean to withdraw. That he has done yeoman's service to the *Review* is certain, with his genius, his universal reading, his powers of regular industry, and at the outset a name which, though less generally popular than it deserves, is still too respectable to be withdrawn without injury. I could not in reply point out to him what is the truth, that his rigid Toryism and High Church prejudices rendered him an unsafe counsellor in a matter where the spirit of the age must be consulted; but I pointed out to him what I am sure is true, that Murray, apprehensive of his displeasure, had not ventured to write to him out of mere timidity and not from any [intention to offend]. I treated [lightly] his old woman's apprehensions and cautions, and all that gossip about friends and enemies, to which a splendid number or two will be a sufficient answer, and I accepted with due acknowledgment his proposal of continued support. I cannot say I was afraid of his withdrawing. Lockhart will have hard words with him, for, great as Southey's powers are, he has not the art to make them work popularly; he is often diffuse, and frequently sets much value on minute and unimportant facts, and useless pieces of abstruse knowledge. Living too exclusively in a circle where he is idolised both for his genius and the excellence of his disposition, he has acquired strong prejudices, though all of an upright and honourable cast. He rides his High Church hobby too hard, and it will not do to run a tilt upon it against all the world. Gifford used to crop his articles considerably, and they bear mark of it, being sometimes *décousues*. Southey said that Gifford cut out his *middle joints*. When John comes to use the carving-knife I fear Dr. Southey will not be so tractable. *Nous verrons*. I will not show Southey's letter to Lockhart, for there is to him personally no friendly tone, and it would startle the Hidalgo's pride. It is to be wished they may draw kindly together. Southey says most truly that even those who most undervalue his reputation would, were he to withdraw from the *Review*, exaggerate the loss it would thereby sustain. The bottom of all these feuds, though not named, is *Blackwood's Magazine*; all the squibs of which, which have sometimes exploded among the Lakers, Lockhart is rendered accountable for. He must now exert himself at once with spirit and prudence.[1] He has good backing—Canning, Bishop Blomfield, Gifford, Wright, Croker, Will

[1] The following extract from a letter to Professor Wilson, urgently claiming his aid, shows that the new editor had lost no time in looking after his "first Number":—

"Mr. Coleridge has yesterday transferred to me the treasures of the *Quarterly Review*; and I must say, my dear Wilson, that his whole stock is not worth five shillings. Thank God, other and better hands are at work for my first Number or I should be in a pretty hobble. My belief is that he has been living on the stock bequeathed by Gifford, and the contributions of a set of H——es and other d—d idiots of Oriel. But mind now, Wilson, I am sure to have a most hard struggle to get up a very good first Number, and if I do not, it will be the Devil." This letter was quoted in an abridged form in the Life of Professor Wilson by Mrs. Gordon.

Rose,—and is there not besides the Douglas?[1] An excellent plot, excellent friends, and full of preparations? It was no plot of my making, I am sure, yet men will say and believe that [it was], though I never heard a word of the matter till first a hint from Wright, and then the formal proposal of Murray to Lockhart announced. I believe Canning and Charles Ellis were the prime movers. I'll puzzle my brains no more about it.

Dined at Justice-Clerk's—the President—Captain Smollett, etc., —our new Commander-in-chief, Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, brother to Earl of Lismore, a fine soldierly-looking man, with orders and badges;—his brother, an agreeable man, whom I met at Lowther Castle this season. He composes his own music and sings his own poetry—has much humour, enhanced by a strong touch of national dialect, which is always a rich sauce to an Irishman's good things. Dandyish, but not offensively, and seems to have a warm feeling for the credit of his country—rather inconsistent with the trifling and selfish quietude of a mere man of society.

November 30.—I am come to the time when those who look out of the windows shall be darkened. I must now wear spectacles constantly in reading and writing, though till this winter I have made a shift by using only their occasional assistance. Although my health cannot be better, I feel my lameness becomes sometimes painful, and often inconvenient. Walking on the pavement or causeway gives me trouble, and I am glad when I have accomplished my return on foot from the Parliament House to Castle Street, though I can (taking a competent time, as old Braxie[2] said on another occasion) walk five or six miles in the country with pleasure. Well—such things must come, and be received with cheerful submission. My early lameness considered, it was impossible for a man labouring under a bodily impediment to have been stronger or more active than I have been, and that for twenty or thirty years. Seams will slit, and elbows will out, quoth the tailor; and as I was fifty-four on 15th August last, my mortal vestments are none of the newest. Then Walter, Charles, and Lockhart are as active and handsome young fellows as you can see; and while they enjoy strength and activity I can hardly be said to want it. I have perhaps all my life set an undue value on these gifts. Yet it does appear to me that high and independent feelings are naturally, though not uniformly or inseparably, connected with bodily advantages. Strong men are usually good-humoured, and active men often display the same elasticity of mind as of body. These are superiorities, however, that are often misused. But even for these things God shall call us to judgment.

Some months since I joined with other literary folks in subscrib-

[1] This probably refers to Archibald, Lord Douglas, who had married the Lady Frances Scott, sister of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Douglas died on the 26th December, 1827. For notices of these valued friends see *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 27–8; iv. pp. 22, 70; and v. p. 230.

[2] Robert Macqueen—Lord Braxfield—Justice-Clerk from 1788; he died in 1799.

ing a petition for a pension to Mrs. G. of L.,[1] which we thought was a tribute merited by her works as an authoress, and, in my opinion, much more by the firmness and elasticity of mind with which she had borne a succession of great domestic calamities. Unhappily there was only about £100 open on the pension list, and this the minister assigned in equal portions to Mrs. G———, and a distressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfeited Scottish nobleman. Mrs. G———, proud as a Highland-woman, vain as a poetess, and absurd as a blue-stocking, has taken this partition *in malam partem*, and written to Lord Melville about her merits, and that her friends do not consider her claims as being fairly canvassed, with something like a demand that her petition be submitted to the King. This is not the way to make her *plack* a *bawbee*, and Lord M., a little *miffed* in turn, sends the whole correspondence to me to know whether Mrs. G——— will accept the £50 or not. Now, hating to deal with ladies when they are in an unreasonable humour, I have got the good-humoured "Man of Feeling" to find out the lady's mind, and I take on myself the task of making her peace with Lord M. There is no great doubt how it will end, for your scornful dog will always eat your dirty pudding.[2] After all, the poor lady is greatly to be pitied;—her sole remaining daughter, deep and far gone in a decline, has been seized with alienation of mind.

Dined with my cousin, R[obert] R[utherford], being the first invitation since my uncle's death, and our cousin Lieutenant-Colonel Russell[3] of Ashestiel, with his sister Anne—the former newly returned from India—a fine gallant fellow, and distinguished as a cavalry officer. He came overland from India and has observed a good deal. General L—— of L——, in Logan's orthography a *fowl*, Sir William Hamilton, Miss Peggie Swinton, William Keith, and others. Knight Marischal not well, so unable to attend the convocation of kith and kin.

[1] Mrs. Grant of Laggan, author of *Letters from the Mountains, Superstitions of the Highlanders*, etc. Died at Edin. in 1838, aged 83.

[2] Scott had not the smallest hesitation in applying this unsavoury proverb to himself a few months later, when he unwillingly "impeticosed the gratillity" for the critique on Galt's *Omen*. See this Journal, June 24, 1826.

[3] Afterwards Major-General Sir James Russell, G.C.B. He died at Ashestiel in 1859 in his 78th year.

DECEMBER

December 1.—Colonel R[ussell] told me that the European Government had discovered an ingenious mode of diminishing the number of burnings of widows. It seems the Shaster positively enjoins that the pile shall be so constructed that, if the victim should repent even at the moment when it is set on fire, she may still have the means of saving herself. The Brahmins soon found it was necessary to assist the resolution of the sufferers, by means of a little pit into which they contrive to let the poor widow sink, so as to prevent her reaping any benefit from a late repentance. But the Government has brought them back to the regard of their law, and only permit the burning to go on when the pile is constructed with full opportunity of a *locus penitentiæ*. Yet the widow is so degraded if she dare to survive, that the number of burnings is still great. The quantity of female children destroyed by the Rajput tribes Colonel R. describes as very great indeed. They are strangled by the mother. The principle is the aristocratic pride of these high castes, who breed up no more daughters than they can reasonably hope to find matches for in their own tribe. Singular how artificial systems of feeling can be made to overcome that love of offspring which seems instinctive in the females, not of the human race only, but of the lower animals. This is the reverse of our system of increasing game by shooting the old cock-birds. It is a system would aid Malthus rarely.

Nota bene, the day before yesterday I signed the bond for £5000, with Constable, for relief of Robinson's house.[1] I am to be secured by good bills.

I think this journal will suit me well. If I can coax myself into an idea that it is purely voluntary, it may go on—*Nulla dies sine lineâ*. But never a being, from my infancy upwards, hated task-work as I hate it; and yet I have done a great deal in my day. It is not that I am idle in my nature neither. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable the desire I have to do something else —not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just because it is escaping from an imposed task. I cannot trace this love of contradiction to any distinct source, but it has haunted me all my life. I could almost suppose it was mechanical, and that the imposition of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like the mace of a bad billiard-

[1] See *ante*, p. 12. Mr. James Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell concurred with Mr. Constable and Sir Walter in the propriety of assisting Robinson.

player, which gives an impulse to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tangent different from the course designed by the player. Now, if I expend such eccentric movements on this journal, it will be turning this wretched propensity to some tolerable account. If I had thus employed the hours and half-hours which I have whiled away in putting off something that must needs be done at last, "My Conscience!" I should have had a journal with a witness. Sophia and Lockhart came to Edinburgh to-day and dined with us, meeting Hector Macdonald Buchanan, his lady, and Missie, James Skene and his lady, Lockhart's friend Cay, etc. They are lucky to be able to assemble so many real friends, whose good wishes, I am sure, will follow them in their new undertaking.

December 2.—Rather a blank day for the *Gurnal*. Correcting proofs in the morning. Court from half-past ten till two; poor dear Colin Mackenzie, one of the wisest, kindest, and best men of his time, in the country,—I fear with very indifferent health. From two till three transacting business with J. B.; all seems to go smoothly. Sophia dined with us alone, Lockhart being gone to the west to bid farewell to his father and brothers. Evening spent in talking with Sophia on their future prospects. God bless her, poor girl! she never gave me a moment's reason to complain of her. But, O my God! that poor delicate child, so clever, so animated, yet holding by this earth with so fearfully slight a tenure. Never out of his mother's thoughts, almost never out of his father's arms when he has but a single moment to give to anything. *Deus providebit.*

December 3.—R. P. G.[1] came to call last night to excuse himself from dining with Lockhart's friends to-day. I really fear he is near an actual standstill. He has been extremely improvident. When I first knew him he had an excellent estate, and now he is deprived, I fear, of the whole reversion of the price, and this from no vice or extreme, except a wasteful mode of buying pictures and other costly trifles at high prices, and selling them again for nothing, besides an extravagant housekeeping and profuse hospitality. An excellent disposition, with a considerable fund of acquired knowledge, would have rendered him an agreeable companion, had he not affected singularity, and rendered himself accordingly singularly affected. He was very near being a poet—but a miss is as good as a mile, and he always fell short of the mark. I knew him first, many years ago, when he was desirous of my acquaintance; but he was too poetical for me, or I was not poetical enough for him, so that we continued only ordinary acquaintance, with goodwill on either side, which R. P. G.

[1] Robert Pierce Gillies, once proprietor of a good estate in Kincardineshire, and member of the Scotch Bar. It is pleasant to find Mr. Gillies expressing his gratitude for what Sir Walter had done for him more than twenty-five years after this paragraph was written. "He was," says R. P. G., "not only among the earliest but most persevering of my friends—persevering in spite of my waywardness."—*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Literary Characters from 1794 to 1849 (3 vols., London, 1851), vol. i. p. 321. Mr. Gillies died in 1861.

really deserves, as a more friendly, generous creature never lived. Lockhart hopes to get something done for him, being sincerely attached to him, but says he has no hopes till he is utterly ruined. That point, I fear, is not far distant; but what Lockhart can do for him *then* I cannot guess. His last effort failed, owing to a curious reason. He had made some translations from the German, which he does extremely [well]—for give him ideas and he never wants choice of good words—and Lockhart had got Constable to offer some sort of terms for them. R. P. G. has always, though possessing a beautiful power of handwriting, had some whim or other about imitating that of some other person, and has written for months in the imitation of one or other of his friends. At present he has renounced this amusement, and chooses to write with a brush upon large cartridge paper, somewhat in the Chinese fashion,—so when his work, which was only to extend to one or two volumes, arrived on the shoulders of two porters, in immense bales, our jolly bibliopolist backed out of the treaty, and would have nothing more to do with R. P.[1] He is a creature that is, or would be thought, of imagination all compact, and is influenced by strange whims. But he is a kind, harmless, friendly soul, and I fear has been cruelly plundered of money, which he now wants sadly.

Dined with Lockhart's friends, about fifty in number, who gave him a parting entertainment. John Hope, Solicitor-General, in the chair, and Robert Dundas [of Arniston], croupier. The company most highly respectable, and any man might be proud of such an indication of the interest they take in his progress in life. Tory principles rather too violently upheld by some speakers. I came home about ten; the party sat late.

December 4.—Lockhart and Sophia, with his brother William, dined with us, and talked over our separation, and the mode of their settling in London, and other family topics.

December 5.—This morning Lockhart and Sophia left us early, and without leave-taking; when I rose at eight o'clock they were *gone*. This was very right. I hate red eyes and blowing of noses. *Agere et pati Romanum est.* Of all schools commend me to the Stoics. We cannot indeed overcome our affections, nor ought we if we could, but we may repress them within due bounds, and avoid coaxing them to make fools of those who should be their masters. I have lost some of the comforts to which I chiefly looked for enjoyment. Well, I must make the more of such that remain—God bless them. And so "I will unto my holy work again,"[2] which at present is the description of that *heilige Kleeblatt*, that worshipful triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.

[1] Mr. Gillies was, however, warmly welcomed by another publisher in Edinburgh, who paid him £100 for his bulky MSS., and issued the book in 1825 under the title of *The Magic Ring*, 3 vols. Its failure with the public prevented a repetition of the experiment!

[2] *King Richard III.*, Act III. Sc. 7.—J. G. L.

I cannot conceive what possesses me, over every person besides, to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at *e'en*, enclosing a bill for £750; *no deaf nuts*. Well, I read it, and note the contents; and this day, as if it had been a wind-bill in the literal sense of the words, I search everywhere, and lose three hours of my morning—turn over all my confusion in the writing-desk—break open one or two letters, lest I should have enclosed the sweet and quickly convertible document in them,—send for a joiner, and disorganise my scrutoire, lest it should have fallen aside by mistake. I find it at last—the place where is of little consequence; but this trick must be amended.

Dined at the Royal Society Club, where, as usual, was a pleasant meeting of from twenty to twenty-five. It is a very good institution; we pay two guineas only for six dinners in the year, present or absent. Dine at five, or rather half-past five, at the Royal Hotel, where we have an excellent dinner, with soups, fish, etc., and all in good order; port and sherry till half-past seven, then coffee, and we go to the Society. This has great influence in keeping up the attendance, it being found that this preface of a good dinner, to be paid for whether you partake or not, brings out many a philosopher who might not otherwise have attended the Society. Harry Mackenzie, now in his eighty-second or third year, read part of an Essay on Dreams. Supped at Dr. Russell's usual party,[1] which shall serve for one while.

December 6.—A rare thing this literature, or love of fame or notoriety which accompanies it. Here is Mr. H[enry] M[ackenzie] on the very brink of human dissolution, as actively anxious about it as if the curtain must not soon be closed on that and everything else.[2] He calls me his literary confessor; and I am sure I am glad to return the kindnesses which he showed me long since in George Square. No man is less known from his writings. We would suppose a retired, modest, somewhat affected man, with a white handkerchief, and a sigh ready for every sentiment. No such thing: H. M. is alert as a contracting tailor's needle in every sort of business—a politician and a sportsman—shoots and fishes in a sort even to this day—and is the life of the company with anecdote and fun. Sometimes, his daughter tells me, he is in low spirits at home, but really I never see anything of it in society.

There is a maxim almost universal in Scotland, which I should like much to see controlled. Every youth, of every temper and almost every description of character, is sent either to study for the bar, or to a writer's office as an apprentice. The Scottish seem to conceive Themis the most powerful of goddesses. Is a lad stupid,

[1] Of the many Edinburgh suppers of this period, commemorated by Lord Cockburn, not the least pleasant were the friendly gatherings in 30 Abercromby Place, the town house of Dr. James Russell, Professor of Clinical Surgery. They were given fortnightly after the meetings of the Royal Society during the Session, and are occasionally mentioned in the Journal. Dr. Russell died in 1836.

[2] Mr. Mackenzie had been consulting Sir Walter about collecting his own juvenile poetry.—J. G. L. Though the venerable author of *The Man of Feeling* did not die till 1831, he does not appear to have carried out his intention.

the law will sharpen him;—is he too mercurial, the law will make him sedate;—has he an estate, he may get a sheriffdom;—is he poor, the richest lawyers have emerged from poverty;—is he a Tory, he may become a depute-advocate;—is he a Whig, he may with far better hope expect to become, in reputation at least, that rising counsel Mr. ——, when in fact he only rises at tavern dinners. Upon some such wild views lawyers and writers multiply till there is no life for them, and men give up the chase, hopeless and exhausted, and go into the army at five-and-twenty, instead of eighteen, with a turn for expense perhaps—almost certainly for profligacy, and with a heart embittered against the loving parents or friends who compelled them to lose six or seven years in dusting the rails of the stair with their black gowns, or scribbling nonsense for twopence a page all day, and laying out twice their earnings at night in whisky-punch. Here is R. L. now. Four or five years ago, from certain indications, I assured his friends he would never be a writer. Good-natured lad, too, when Bacchus is out of the question; but at other times so pugnacious, that it was wished he could only be properly placed where fighting was to be a part of his duty, regulated by time and place, and paid for accordingly. Well, time, money, and instruction have been thrown away, and now, after fighting two regular boxing matches and a duel with pistols in the course of one week, he tells them roundly he will be no writer, which common-sense might have told them before. He has now perhaps acquired habits of insubordination, unfitting him for the army, where he might have been tamed at an earlier period. He is too old for the navy, and so he must go to India, a guinea-pig on board a Chinaman, with what hope or view it is melancholy to guess. His elder brother did all man could to get his friends to consent to his going into the army in time. The lad has good-humor, courage, and most gentlemanlike feelings, but he is incurably dissipated, I hear; so goes to die in youth in a foreign land. Thank God, I let Walter take his own way; and I trust he will be a useful, honoured soldier, being, for his time, high in the service; whereas at home he would probably have been a wine-bibbing, moorfowl-shooting, fox-hunting Fife squire —living at Lochore without either aim or end—and well if he were no worse. Dined at home with Lady S. and Anne. Wrote in the evening.

December 7.—Teind day;[1]—at home of course. Wrote answers to one or two letters which have been lying on my desk like snakes, hissing at me for my dilatoriness. Bespoke a tun of palm-oil for Sir John Forbes. Received a letter from Sir W. Knighton, mentioning that the King acquiesced in my proposal that Constable's Miscellany

[1] Every alternate Wednesday during the Winter and Summer sessions, the Lords Commissioners of Teinds (Tithes), consisting of a certain number of the judges, held a "Teind Court"—for hearing cases relating to the secular affairs of the Church of Scotland. As the Teind Court has a separate establishment of clerks and officers, Sir Walter was freed from duty at the Parliament House on these days. The Court now sits on alternate Mondays only.

should be dedicated to him. Enjoined, however, not to make this public, till the draft of dedication shall be approved. This letter tarried so long, I thought some one had insinuated the proposal was *infra dig.* I don't think so. The purpose is to bring all the standard works, both in sciences and the liberal arts, within the reach of the lower classes, and enable them thus to use with advantage the education which is given them at every hand. To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give men an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it, they will eat rather than starve. Sir William, it seems, has been in Germany.

Mighty dark this morning; it is past ten, and I am using my lamp. The vast number of houses built beneath us to the north certainly render our street darker during the days when frost or haze prevents the smoke from rising. After all, it may be my older eyes. I remember two years ago, when Lord H. began to fail somewhat in his limbs, he observed that Lord S.[1] came to Court at a more early hour than usual, whereas it was he himself who took longer time to walk the usual distance betwixt his house and the Parliament Square. I suspect old gentlemen often make such mistakes. A letter from Southey in a very pleasant strain as to Lockhart and myself. Of Murray he has perhaps ground to complain as well for consulting him late in the business, as for the manner in which he intimated to young Coleridge, who had no reason to think himself handsomely treated, though he has acquiesced in the arrangement in a very gentlemanlike tone. With these matters we, of course, have nothing to do; having no doubt that the situation was vacant when M. offered it as such. Southey says, in alteration of Byron's phrase, that M. is the most timorous, not of God's, but of the devil's, booksellers. The truth I take to be that Murray was pushed in the change of Editor (which was really become necessary) probably by Gifford, Canning, Ellis, etc.; and when he had fixed with Lockhart by their advice his constitutional nervousness made him delay entering upon a full explanation with Coleridge. But it is all settled now—I hope Lockhart will be able to mitigate their High Church bigotry. It is not for the present day, savouring too much of *jure divino.*

Dined quiet with Lady S. and Anne. Anne is practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as hers leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have made, the most pleasing impression on me. And so if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God bless her.

I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family.

[1] Mr. Lockhart suggests Lords Hermand and Succoth, the former living at 124 George Street, and the latter at 1 Park Place.

My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife —and of good hopes in his profession; my second, with a good deal of talent, and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose; Anne, an honest, downright, good Scots lass, in whom I would only wish to correct a spirit of satire; and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him, and whom he has chosen. My dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes, is, I fear, frail in health—though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on —it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which, before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor Major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men, save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness which now annoys me, and he, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and good-night Sir Walter about sixty. I care not, if I leave my name unstained, and my family properly settled. *Sat est vixisse.*

December 8.—Talking of the *vixisse*, it may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His poetical talent, a very fine one, then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, *The Lonely Hearth*, far superior to those of Michael Bruce, whose consumption, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses. But poetry, nay, good poetry, is a drug in the present day. I am a wretched patron. I cannot go with a subscription-paper, like a pocket-pistol about me, and draw unawares on some honest country-gentleman, who has as much alarm as if I had used the phrase, "stand and deliver," and parts with his money with a grimace, indicating some suspicion that the crown-piece thus levied goes ultimately into the collector's own pocket. This I see daily done; and I have seen such collectors, when they have exhausted Papa and Mamma, continue their trade among the misses, and conjure out of their pockets those little funds which should carry them to a play or an assembly. It is well people will go through this—it does some good, I suppose, and they have great merit who can sacrifice their pride so far as to attempt it in this way. For my part, I am a bad promoter of subscriptions; but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired; and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets, or poetry that is reckoned very good *considering*. I had him, Knox,[1] at Abbotsford, about ten years ago, but found him

[1] William Knox died 12th November. He had published *Songs of Israel*, 1824, *A Visit to Dublin*, 1824, *The Harp of Zion*, 1825, etc., besides *The Lonely Hearth*. His publisher (Mr. Anderson, junior, of Edinburgh) remembers that Sir Walter occasionally wrote to Knox and sent him money—£10 at a time.—J. G. L.

unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him, but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on, writing for the booksellers and magazines, and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons of former days, though I do not know that he was in actual want. His connection with me terminated in begging a subscription or a guinea now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his own line of society he was said to exhibit infinite humour; but all his works are grave and pensive, a style perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy,[1] affected for the nonce.

Mrs. G[rant] of L. intimates that she will take her pudding—her pension, I mean (see 30th November), and is contrite, as H[enry] M[ackenzie] vouches. I am glad the stout old girl is not foreclosed; faith, cabbing a pension in these times is like hunting a pig with a soap'd tail, monstrous apt to slip through your fingers.[2] Dined at home with Lady S. and Anne.

December 9.—Yesterday I read and wrote the whole day and evening. To-day I shall not be so happy. Having Gas-Light Company to attend at two, I must be brief in journalising.

The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriet Wilson, —— from earliest possibility, I supposed, who lived with half the gay world at hack and manger, and now obliges such as will not pay hush-money with a history of whatever she knows or can invent about them. She must have been assisted in the style, spelling, and diction, though the attempt at wit is very poor, that at pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the style of the speakers, so far as known to me, is exactly imitated, and some things told, as said by individuals of each other, which will sound unpleasantly in each other's ears. I admire the address of Lord A——y, himself very severely handled from time to time. Some one asked him if H. W. had been pretty correct on the whole. "Why, faith," he replied, "I believe so"—when, raising his eyes, he saw Quentin Dick, whom the little jilt had treated atrociously—"what concerns the present company always excepted, you know," added Lord A——y, with infinite presence of mind. As he was *in pari casu* with Q. D. no more could be said. After all, H. W. beats Con Philips, Anne Bellamy, and all former demireps out and out. I think I supped once in her company, more than twenty years since, at Mat Lewis's in Argyle Street, where the company, as the Duke says to Lucio, chanced to be "fairer than honest."[3] She was far from beautiful, if it be the same *chiffonne*, but a smart saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy. I am glad this accidental meeting has escaped her

[1] In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

[2] Providence was kinder to the venerable lady than the Government, as at this juncture a handsome legacy came to her from an unexpected quarter. *Memoir and Correspondence*, Lond. 1845, vol. iii. p. 71.

[3] *Measure for Measure*, Act iv. Sc. 3.—J. G. L

memory—or, perhaps, is not accurately recorded in mine—for, being a sort of French falconer, who hawk at all they see, I might have had a distinction which I am far from desiring.

Dined at Sir John Hay's—a large party; Skenes there, the Newenhams and others, strangers. In the morning a meeting of Oil Gas Committee. The concern lingers a little;

> "It may do weel, for ought it's done yet,
> But only—it's no just begun yet."[1]

December 10.—A stormy and rainy day. Walked from the Court through the rain. I don't dislike this. Egad, I rather like it; for no man that ever stepped on heather has less dread than I of catch-cold; and I seem to regain, in buffeting with the wind, a little of the high spirit with which, in younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam-o'-Shanter ride through darkness, wind, and rain,—the boughs groaning and cracking over my head, the good horse free to the road and impatient for home, and feeling the weather as little as I did.

> "The storm around might roar and rustle,
> We didna mind the storm a whistle."

Answered two letters—one, answer to a schoolboy, who writes himself Captain of Giggleswick School (a most imposing title), entreating the youngster not to commence editor of a magazine to be entitled the "Yorkshire Muffin," I think, at seventeen years old; second, to a soldier of the 79th, showing why I cannot oblige him by getting his discharge, and exhorting him rather to bear with the wickedness and profanity of the service, than take the very precarious step of desertion. This is the old receipt of Durandarte—*Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards;*[2] and I suppose the correspondents will think I have been too busy in offering my counsel where I was asked for assistance.

A third rogue writes to tell me—rather of the latest, if the matter was of consequence—that he approves of the first three volumes of the *H[eart] of Midlothian*, but totally condemns the fourth. Doubtless he thinks his opinion worth the sevenpence sterling which his letter costs. However, authors should be reasonably well pleased when three-fourths of their work are acceptable to the reader. The knave demands of me in a postscript, to get back the sword of Sir W[illiam] Wallace from England, where it was carried from Dumbarton Castle. I am not Master-General of the Ordnance, that I know. It was wrong, however, to take away that and Mons Meg. If I go to town this spring, I will renew my negotiation with the Great Duke for recovery of Mons Meg.

There is no theme more awful than to attempt to cast a glance

[1] Burns's *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton.*—J. G. L.

[2] *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. ch. 23.

among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza.[1] Yet, when every day brings us nearer that termination, one would almost think that our views should become clearer, as the regions we are approaching are brought nigher. Alas! it is not so: there is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know; but neither are we prohibited from our attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical, for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to bodies endowed with senses; and, at least till the period of the resurrection of the body, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment are incorporeal. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise in the last day will be capable of the same gross indulgences with which they are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion will be readily granted; and see Mark xii. 25. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending Birthday Ode. I rather suppose there should be understood some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity, who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence, should delegate a portion of those powers, I for one cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments difficulties to be overcome, and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help thinking that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible even to guess what we shall [do], unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much let them act

[1] *Spectator*, No. 159.—J. G. L.

according to the faith that is in them. I would [not], of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.

Company at home—Sir Adam Ferguson and his Lady; Colonel and Miss Russell; Count Davidoff, and Mr. Collyer. By the by, I observe that all men whose names are obviously derived from some mechanical trade, endeavour to disguise and antiquate, as it were, heir names, by spelling them after some quaint manner or other. Thus we have Collyer, Smythe, Tailleure; as much as to say, My ancestor was indeed a mechanic, but it was a world of time ago, when the word was spelled very [differently]. Then we had young Whytbank and Will Allan the artist,[1] a very agreeable, simple-mannered, and pleasant man.

December 11.—A touch of the *morbus eruditorum*, to which I am as little subject as most folks, and have it less now than when young. It is a tremor of the heart, the pulsation of which becomes painfully sensible—a disposition to causeless alarm—much lassitude—and decay of vigour of mind and activity of intellect. The reins feel weary and painful, and the mind is apt to receive and encourage gloomy apprehensions and causeless fears. Fighting with this fiend is not always the best way to conquer him. I have always found exercise and the open air better than reasoning. But such weather as is now without doors does not encourage *la petite guerre*, so we must give him battle in form, by letting both mind and body know that, supposing one the House of Commons and the other the House of Peers, my will is sovereign over both. There is a good description of this species of mental weakness in the fine play of Beaumout and Fletcher called *The Lover's Progress*, where the man, warned that his death is approaching, works himself into an agony of fear, and calls for assistance, though there is no apparent danger. The apparition of the innkeeper's ghost, in the same play, hovers between the ludicrous and [the terrible]. To me the touches of the former quality which it contains seem to augment the effect of the latter—they seem to give reality to the supernatural, as being circumstances with which an inventor would hardly have garnished his story.[2]

Will Clerk says he has a theory on the vitrified forts. I wonder if he and I agree. I think accidental conflagration is the cause.

December 12.—Hogg came to breakfast this morning, having taken and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson,[3] as to a meeting of "huzz Tividale poets." The honest grunter opines with a delightful *naïveté* that Moore's verses are far owre sweet—answered by Thomson that Moore's ear or notes, I for-

[1] Sir William Allan, President of the Royal Scottish Academy from 1838: he died at Edinburgh in 1850.

[2] *Beaumont and Fletcher*, 8vo, Lond. 1788, vol. v. pp. 410–413, 419, 426.

[3] For notices of David Thomson, see *Life*, October. 1822, and T. Craig Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*, 2 vols. 4to, Edin. 1886, vol. i, pp. 505, 507, and 519.

get which, were finely strung. "They are far owre finely strung," replied he of the Forest, "for mine are just reeght." It reminded me of Queen Bess, when questioning Melville sharply and closely whether Queen [Mary] was taller than her, and, extracting an answer in the affirmative, she replied, "Then your Queen is too tall, for I am just the proper height."

Was engaged the whole day with Sheriff Court processes. There is something sickening in seeing poor devils drawn into great expense about trifles by interested attorneys. But too cheap access to litigation has its evils on the other hand, for the proneness of the lower class to gratify spite and revenge in this way would be a dreadful evil were they able to endure the expense. Very few cases come before the Sheriff-court of Selkirkshire that ought to come anywhere. Wretched wranglings about a few pounds, begun in spleen, and carried on from obstinacy, and at length from fear of the conclusion to the banquet of ill-humour, "D—n—n of expenses."[1] I try to check it as well as I can; "but so 'twill be when I am gone."

December 12.—Dined at home, and spent the evening in writing —Anne and Lady Scott at the theatre to see Mathews; a very clever man my friend Mathews; but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening, so I was content and stupid at home.

An odd optical delusion has amused me these two last nights. I have been of late, for the first time, condemned to the constant use of spectacles. Now, when I have laid them aside to step into a room dimly lighted, out of the strong light which I use for writing, I have seen, or seemed to see, through the rims of the same spectacles which I have left behind me. At first the impression was so lively that I put my hand to my eyes believing I had the actual spectacles on at the moment. But what I saw was only the eidolon or image of said useful servants. This fortifies some of Dr. Hibbert's positions about spectral appearances.

December 13.—Letter from Lady Stafford — kind and friendly after the wont of Banzu-Mohr-ar-chat.[2] This is wrong spelled, I know. Her countenance is something for Sophia, whose company should be—as ladies are said to choose their liquor—little and good. To be acquainted with persons of mere *ton* is a nuisance and a scrape—to be known to persons of real fashion and fortune is in London a very great advantage. She is besides sure of the hereditary and constant friendship of the Buccleuch ladies, as well as those of Montagu and of the Harden family, of the Marchioness of Northampton, Lady Melville, and others, also the Miss Ardens, upon whose kind offices I have some claim, and would count upon them whether such

[1] Burns's *Address to the Unco Guid.*—J. G. L.

[2] Banambhorar-Chat, *i. e.* the Great Lady of the Cat, is the Gaelic title of the Countess-Duchess of Sutherland. The county of Sutherland itself is in that dialect *Cattey*, and in the English name of the neighbouring one, *Caithness*, we have another trace of the early settlement of the *Clan Chattan*, whose chiefs bear the cognisance of a Wild Cat. The Duchess-Countess died in 1838.—J. G. L.

claim existed or no. So she is well enough established among the Right-hand file, which is very necessary in London where second-rate fashion is like false jewels.

Went to the yearly court of the Edinburgh Assurance Company, to which I am one of those graceful and useless appendages, called Directors Extraordinary—an extraordinary director I should prove had they elected me an ordinary one. There were there moneyers and great oneyers,[1] men of metal—discounters and counters—sharp, grave, prudential faces—eyes weak with ciphering by lamplight—men who say to gold, Be thou paper, and to paper, Be thou turned into fine gold. Many a bustling, sharp-faced, keen-eyed writer too—some perhaps speculating with their clients' property. My reverend seigniors had expected a motion for printing their contract, which I, as a piece of light artillery, was brought down and got into battery to oppose. I should certainly have done this on the general ground, that while each partner could at any time obtain sight of the contract at a call on the directors or managers, it would be absurd to print it for the use of the Company—and that exposing it to the world at large was in all respects unnecessary, and might teach novel companies to avail themselves of our rules and calculations—if false, for the purpose of exposing our errors—if correct, for the purpose of improving their own schemes on our model. But my eloquence was not required, no one renewing the motion under question; so off I came, my ears still ringing with the sounds of thousands and tens of thousands, and my eyes dazzled with the golden gleam offered by so many capitalists.

Walked home with the Solicitor[2]—decidedly the most hopeful young man of his time; high connection, great talent, spirited ambition, a ready and prompt elocution, with a good voice and dignified manner, prompt and steady courage, vigilant and constant assiduity, popularity with the young men, and the good opinion of the old, will, if I mistake not, carry him as [high as] any man who has been since the days of old Hal Dundas.[3] He is hot though, and rather hasty: this should be amended. They who would play at single-stick must bear with patience a rap over the knuckles. Dined quietly with Lady Scott and Anne.

December 14.—Affairs very bad in the money-market in London. It must come here, and I have far too many engagements not to feel it. To end the matter at once, I intend to borrow £10,000, with which my son's marriage-contract allows me to charge my estate. At Whitsunday and Martinmas I will have enough to pay up the incumbrance of £3000 due to old Moss's daughter, and £5000 to Misses Ferguson, in whole or part. This will enable us to dispense in a

[1] See 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 1

[2] John Hope, Esq., was at this time Solicitor-General for Scotland, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk from 1841 until his death in 1858.

[3] Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, first appeared in Parliament as Lord Advocate of Scotland.—J. G. L.

great measure with bank assistance, and sleep in spite of thunder. I do not know whether it is this business which makes me a little bilious, or rather the want of exercise during the season of late, and change of the weather to too much heat. Thank God, my circumstances are good,—upon a fair balance which I have made, certainly not less than £40,000 or nearly £50,000 above the world. But the sun and moon shall dance on the green ere carelessness, or hope of gain, or facility of getting cash, shall make me go too deep again, were it but for the disquiet of the thing. Dined: Lady Scott and Anne quietly.

December 15.—R. P. G[illies] came *sicut mos est* at five o'clock to make me confidant of the extremities of his distress. It is clear all he has to do is to make the best agreement he can with his creditors. I remember many years since the poor fellow told me he thought there was something interesting in having difficulties. Poor lad, he will have enough of them now. He talks about writing translations for the booksellers from the German to the amount of five or six hundred pounds, but this is like a man proposing to run a whole day at top speed. Yet, if he had good subjects, R. P. G. is one of the best translators I know, and something must be done for him certainly, though, I fear, it will be necessary to go to the bottom of the ulcer; palliatives won't do. He is terribly imprudent, yet a worthy and benevolent creature—a great bore withal. Dined alone with family. I am determined not to stand mine host to all Scotland and England as I have done. This shall be a saving, since it must be a borrowing, year. We heard from Sophia; they are got safe to town; but as Johnnie had a little bag of meal with him, to make his porridge on the road, the whole inn-yard assembled to see the operation. Junor, his maid, was of opinion that England was an "awfu' country to make parritch in." God bless the poor baby, and restore his perfect health!

December 16.—R. P. G. and his friend Robert Wilson[1] came—the former at five, as usual—the latter at three, as appointed. R[obert] W[ilson] frankly said that R. P. G.'s case was quite desperate, that he was insolvent, and that any attempt to save him at present would be just so much cash thrown away. God knows, at this moment I have none to throw away uselessly. For poor Gillies there was a melancholy mixture of pathos and affectation in his statement, which really affected me; while it told me that it would be useless to help him to money on such very empty plans. I endeavoured to persuade him to make a virtue of necessity, resign all to his creditors, and begin the world on a new leaf. I offered him Chiefswood for a temporary retirement. Lady Scott thinks I was wrong, and nobody could less desire such a neighbour, all his affectations being caviare to me. But then the wife and children! Went again to the Solicitor on a wrong

[1] Robert Sym Wilson, Esq., W.S., Secretary to the Royal Bank of Scotland.—J. G. L.

night, being asked for to-morrow. Lady Scott undertakes to keep my engagements recorded in future. *Sed quis custodiet ipsam custodem?*

December 17.—Dined with the Solicitor—Lord Chief-Baron[1]—Sir William Boothby, nephew of old Sir Brooke, the dandy poet, etc. Annoyed with anxious presentiments, which the night's post must dispel or confirm—all in London as bad as possible.

December 18.—Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity has come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable & Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. But if they leave me £500, I can still make it £1000 or £1200 a year. And if they take my salaries of £1300 and £300, they cannot but give me something out of them. I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from £5000 to £10,000 a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher, or seems so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided; thank God for that. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would

[1] The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Shepherd, who had been at the head of the Court of Exchequer since 1819, was then living at 16 Coates Crescent; he retired in 1830, and resided afterwards in England, where he died, aged 80, on the 30th November, 1840. Before coming to Scotland, Sir Samuel had been Solicitor-General in 1814, and Attorney-General in 1817.

do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all—all is gone. He will have the "Journal" still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better Editor. *They*—alas! who will *they* be—the *unbekannten Obern* who are to dispose of my all as they will? Some hard-eyed banker; some of those men of millions whom I described. Cadell showed more kind and personal feeling to me than I thought he had possessed. He says there are some properties of works that will revert to me, the copy-money not being paid, but it cannot be any very great matter, I should think.

Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support, yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men so far. Perhaps so—but what could I do? I must sell my books to some one, and these folks gave me the largest price; if they had kept their ground I could have brought myself round fast enough by the plan of 14th December. I now view matters at the very worst, and suppose that my all must go to supply the deficiencies of Constable. I fear it must be so. His connections with Hurst and Robinson have been so intimate that they must be largely involved. This is the worst of the concern; our own is comparatively plain sailing.

Poor Gillies called yesterday to tell me he was in extremity. God knows I had every cause to have returned him the same answer. I must think his situation worse than mine, as through his incoherent, miserable tale, I could see that he had exhausted each access to credit, and yet fondly imagines that, bereft of all his accustomed indulgences, he can work with a literary zeal unknown to his happier days. I hope he may labour enough to gain the mere support of his family. For myself, the magic wand of the Unknown is shivered in his grasp. He must henceforth be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy is over with the feeling of independence. I can no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in my mind, haste to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such groves, and purchasing such wastes; replacing my dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

> "Fountain heads, and pathless groves
> Places which pale passion loves."[1]

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, work his

[1] See *Nice Valour*, by John Fletcher; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*.

tory, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation:

Footnote to page 44 in the original MS.:—"Turn back to page 41 and 42. I turned the page accidentally, and the partner of a bankrupt concern ought not to waste two leaves of paper."

> "While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
> The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road." [1]

It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. I am so much of this mind, that if any one would now offer to relieve all my embarrassments on condition I would continue the exertions which brought it there, dear as the place is to me, I hardly think I could undertake the labour on which I entered with my usual alacrity only this morning, though not without a boding feeling of my exertions proving useless. Yet to save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell. I have about £10,000 of Constable's, for which I am bound to give literary value, but if I am obliged to pay other debts for him, I will take leave to retain this sum at his credit. We shall have made some *kittle* questions of literary property amongst us. Once more, "Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards."

I have endeavoured at times to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful, by writing these notices, partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with the history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure. I wonder how Anne will bear this affliction? She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why? I cannot tell; but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind.

Anne bears her misfortune gallantly and well, with a natural feeling, no doubt, of the rank and consideration she is about to lose. Lady Scott is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where there is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable or Cadell will tell me this evening, so that my mind is made up.

Oddly enough, it happened. Mine honest friend Hector came in before dinner to ask a copy of my seal of Arms, with a sly kindliness of intimation that it was for some agreeable purpose.

[1] From Charles Dibdin's song, *The Racehorse*.

Half-past Eight.—I closed this book under the consciousness of impending ruin, I open it an hour after, thanks be to God, with the strong hope that matters may be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm, and though clamorous for assistance from Scotland, saying they had prepared their strongholds without need of the banks. This is all so far well, but I will not borrow any money on my estate till I see things reasonably safe. Stocks have risen from —— to ——, a strong proof that confidence is restored. But I will yield to no delusive hopes, and fall back fall edge, my resolutions hold.

This was a mistake.

I shall always think the better of Cadell for this, not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he showed feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow—he who I thought had no more than his numeration table, and who, if he had had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon—I will not forget this if I get through. I love the virtues of rough and round men; the others are apt to escape in salt-rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief. An odd thought strikes me: when I die will the Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pout of a man worth £60,000, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon for some 20s. a week, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman," "A well-meaning man," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Thought his parts could never wear out," "Family poorly left," "Pity he took that foolish title"? Who can answer this question?

What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected or left to myself, stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued in society for a time by most of my companions, getting forward and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer, broken-hearted for two years, my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain to my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times, once on the verge of ruin, yet opened new sources of wealth almost overflowing. Now taken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless the good news hold), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. And what is to be the end of it? God knows. And so ends the catechism.

December 19.—Ballantyne here before breakfast. He looks on Cadell's last night's news with more confidence than I do; but I

must go to work be my thoughts sober or lively. Constable came in and sat an hour. The old gentleman is firm as a rock, and scorns the idea of Hurst and Robinson's stopping. He talks of going up to London next week and making sales of our interest in W[oodstock] and *Boney*, which would put a hedge round his finances. He is a very clever fellow, and will, I think, bear us through.

Dined at Lord Chief-Baron's.[1] Lord Justice-Clerk; Lord President;[2] Captain Scarlett,[3] a gentlemanlike young man, the son of the great Counsel,[4] and a friend of my son Walter; Lady Charlotte Hope, and other woman-kind; R. Dundas of Arniston, and his pleasant and good-humoured little wife, whose quick intelligent look pleases me more, though her face be plain, than a hundred mechanical beauties.

December 20.—I like Ch. Ba. Shepherd very much—as much, I think, as any man I have learned to know of late years. There is a neatness and precision, a closeness and truth, in the tone of his conversation, which shows what a lawyer he must have been. Perfect good-humour and suavity of manner, with a little warmth of temper on suitable occasions. His great deafness alone prevented him from being Lord Chief-Justice. I never saw a man so patient under such a malady. He loves society, and converses excellently; yet is often obliged, in a mixed company particularly, to lay aside his trumpet, retire into himself, and withdraw from the talk. He does this with an expression of patience on his countenance which touches one much. He has occasion for patience otherwise, I should think, for Lady S. is fine and fidgety, and too anxious to have everything *pointe devise*.

Constable's licence for the Dedication is come, which will make him happy.[5]

Dined with James Ballantyne, and met my old friend Mathews, the comedian, with his son, now grown up a clever, rather forward lad, who makes songs in the style of James Smith or Colman, and sings them with spirit; rather lengthy though.

December 21.—There have been odd associations attending my two last meetings with Mathews. The last time I saw him, before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within two or three months.[6] I

[1] Sir Samuel Shepherd.

[2] The Right. Hon. Charles Hope, who held the office of Lord President of the Court of Session for thirty years; he died in 1851 aged eighty-nine.

[3] Afterwards Sir James Yorke Scarlett, G.C.B.

[4] Sir James Scarlett, first Lord Abinger.

[5] The dedication of *Constable's Miscellany* was penned by Sir Walter—"To His Majesty King George IV., the most generous Patron even of the most humble attempts towards the advantage of his subjects, this *Miscellany*, designed to extend useful knowledge and elegant literature, by placing works of standard merit within the attainment of every class of readers, is most humbly inscribed by His Majesty's dutiful and devoted subject—Archibald Constable."—J. G. L.

[6] Probably a slip of the pen for "weeks," as Mathews was in London in March (1822), and we know that he dined with Scott in Castle Street on the 10th of February. *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 262. Mr. Lockhart says, "within a week," and at p. 33 vol. vii. gives an account of a dinner party. Writing so many years after the event he may have mistaken the date. James Boswell died in London 24th February 1822; his brother, Sir Alexander, was at the funeral,

never saw Sir Alexander more.[1] The time before was in 1815, when John Scott of Gala and I were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Mathews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched, or rather made an early dinner, with us at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim: he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again.[2] So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck. I like better that he should throw in his talent of mimicry and humour into the present current tone of the company, than that he should be required to give this, that, and t'other *bit* selected from his public recitations. They are good certainly—excellent; but then you *must* laugh, and that is always severe to me. When I do laugh in sincerity, the joke must be or seem unpremeditated. I could not help thinking, in the midst of the glee, what gloom had lately been over the minds of three of the company, Cadell, J. B., and the Journalist. What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide, and [show] us the state of people's real minds! Savary[3] might have been gay in such a party with all his forgeries in his heart.

> "No eyes the rocks discover
> Which lurk beneath the deep."[4]

Life could not be endured were it seen in reality.

Things are mending in town, and H[urst] and R[obinson] write with confidence, and are, it would seem, strongly supported by wealthy friends. Cadell and Constable are confident of their making their way through the storm, and the impression of their stability is general in London. I hear the same from Lockhart. Indeed, I now believe that they wrote gloomy letters to Constable, chiefly to get as much money out of them as they possibly could. But they had well-nigh overdone it. This being Teind Wednesday must be a day of leisure and labour. Sophia has got a house, 25 Pall Mall. Dined at home with Lady Scott and Anne.

and did not return to Edinburgh till Saturday 23d March. James Stuart of Dunearn challenged him on Monday; they fought on Tuesday, and Boswell died on the following day, March 27. Mr. Lockhart says that "several circumstances of Sir Alexander's death are exactly reproduced in the duel scene in *St. Ronan's Well.*"

[1] In a letter to Skene written late in 1821. Scott, in expressing his regret at not being able to meet Boswell, adds, "I hope J. Boz comes to make some stay, but I shall scarce forgive him for not coming at the fine season." The brothers Boswell had been Mr. Skene's schoolfellows and intimate friends; and he had lived much with them both in England and Scotland.

Mr. Skene says, in a note to Letter 28, that "they were men of remarkable talents, and James of great learning, both evincing a dash of their father's eccentricity, but joined to greater talent. Sir Walter took great pleasure in their society, but James being resident in London, the opportunity of enjoying his company had of late been rare. Upon the present occasion he had dined with me in the greatest health and spirits the evening before his departure for London, and in a week we had accounts of his having been seized by a sudden illness which carried him off. In a few weeks more his brother, Sir Alexander, was killed in a duel occasioned by a foolish political lampoon which he had written, and in a thoughtless manner suffered to find its way to a newspaper."—*Reminiscences.*

[2] See *Life*, vol. v. p. 87.

[3] Henry Savary, son of a banker in Bristol, had been tried for forgery a few months before.

[4] From *What d'ye call it?* by John Gay.

December 22.—I wrote six of my close pages yesterday, which is about twenty-four pages in print. What is more, I think it comes off twangingly. The story is so very interesting in itself, that there is no fear of the book answering.[1] Superficial it must be, but I do not disown the charge. Better a superficial book, which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull boring narrative, pausing to see further into a mill-stone at every moment than the nature of the mill-stone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a *minute philosopher*, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural scenery to look at grasses and chucky-stones. Yet, in their way, they give useful information; and so does the minute historian. Gad, I think that will look well in the preface. My bile is quite gone. I really believe it arose from mere anxiety. What a wonderful connection between the mind and body!

The air of "Bonnie Dundee" running in my head to-day, I [wrote] a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688–9.[2] I wonder if they are good. Ah! poor Will Erskine![3] thou couldst and wouldst have told me. I must consult J. B., who is as honest as was W. E. But then, though he has good taste too, there is a little of Big Bow-wow about it. Can't say what made me take a frisk so uncommon of late years, as to write verses of free-will. I suppose the same impulse which makes birds sing when the storm seems blown over.

Dined at Lord Minto's. There were Lord and Lady Ruthven, Will Clerk, and Thomas Thomson,—a right choice party. There was also my very old friend Mrs. Brydone, the relict of the traveller,[4] and daughter of Principal Robertson, and really worthy of such a connection—Lady Minto, who is also peculiarly agreeable—and her sister, Mrs. Admiral Adam, in the evening.

December 23.—The present Lord Minto is a very agreeable, well-informed, and sensible man, but he possesses neither the high breeding, ease of manner, nor eloquence of his father, the first Earl. That Sir Gilbert was indeed a man among a thousand. I knew him very intimately in the beginning of the century, and, which was very agreeable, was much at his house on very easy terms. He loved the Muses, and worshipped them in secret, and used to read some of his poetry, which was but middling.

[1] *Life of Napoleon.*—J. G. L.

[2] See Scott's *Poetical Works*, vol. xii. pp. 194–97.—J. G. L.

[3] William Erskine of Kinnedder was Scott's senior by two years at the bar, having passed Advocate in 1790. He became Sheriff of Orkney in 1809, and took his seat on the Bench as Lord Kinnedder, 29 January, 1822; he died on the 14th of August following. Scott and he met first in 1792, and, as is well known, he afterwards "became the nearest and most confidential of all his Edinburgh associates." In 1796 he arranged with the publishers for Scott's earliest literary venture, a thin 4to of some 48 pages entitled *The Chase*, etc. See *Life* throughout, more particularly vol. i. pp. 279–80, 333–4, 338–9; ii. pp. 103–4; iv. pp. 12, 166, 369; v. p. 174; vi. p. 393; vii. pp. 1, 5, 6, 70–74. See Appendix for Mr. Skene's account of the destruction of the letters from Scott to Erskine.

[4] Patrick Brydone, author of *A Tour Through Sicily and Malta.* 2 vols. 8vo, 1773.

Tom Campbell lived at Minto, but it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. He was kindly treated, but would not see it in the right view, and suspected slights, and so on, where no such thing was meant. There was a turn of Savage about Tom, though without his blackguardism—a kind of waywardness of mind and irritability that must have made a man of his genius truly unhappy. Lord Minto, with the mildest manners, was very tenacious of his opinions, although he changed them twice in the crisis of politics. He was the early friend of Fox, and made a figure towards the end of the American war, or during the struggles betwixt Fox and Pitt. Then came the Revolution, and he joined the Anti-Gallican party so keenly, that he declared against Addington's peace with France, and was for a time, I believe, a Wyndhamite. He was reconciled to the Whigs on the Fox and Grenville coalition; but I have heard that Fox, contrary to his wont, retained such personal feelings as made him object to Sir Gilbert Elliot's having a seat in the Cabinet; so he was sent as Governor-General to India—a better thing, I take it, for his fortune. He died shortly after his return,[1] at Hatfield or Barnet, on his way down to his native country. He was a most pleasing and amiable man. I was very sorry for his death, though I do not know how we should have met, for the contested election in 1805 [in Roxburghshire] had placed some coldness betwixt the present Lord and me. I was certainly anxious for Sir Alexander Don, both as friend of my most kind friend Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, and on political accounts; and those thwartings are what men in public life do not like to endure. After a cessation of friendship for some years, we have come about again. We never had the slightest personal dispute or disagreement. But politics are the blowpipe beneath whose influence the best cemented friendships too often dissever; and ours, after all, was only a very familiar acquaintance.

It is very odd that the common people at Minto and the neighbourhood will not believe to this hour that the first Earl is dead. They think he had done something in India which he could not answer for—that the house was rebuilt on a scale unusually large to give him a suite of secret apartments, and that he often walks about the woods and crags of Minto at night, with a white nightcap, and long white beard. The circumstance of his having died on the road down to Scotland is the sole foundation of this absurd legend, which shows how willing the vulgar are to gull themselves when they can find no one else to take the trouble. I have seen people who could read, write, and cipher, shrug their shoulders and look mysterious when this subject was mentioned. One very absurd addition was made on occasion of a great ball at Minto House, which it was said was given to draw all people away from the grounds, that the concealed Earl might have leisure for his exercise. This was on the

[1] Gilbert, Earl of Minto, died in June, 1814.—J. G. L.

principle in the German play,[1] where, to hide their conspiracy, the associates join in a chorus song.

We dined at home; Mr. Davidoff and his tutor kept an engagement with us to dinner notwithstanding the death of the Emperor Alexander. They went to the play with the womankind; I stayed at home to write.

December 24.—Wrote Walter and Jane, and gave the former an account of how things had been in the money market, and the loan of £10,000. Constable has a scheme of publishing the works of the Author of W[averley] in a superior style, at £1, 1s. volume. He says he will answer for making £20,000 of this, and liberally offered me any share of the profit. I have no great claim to any, as I have only to contribute the notes, which are light work; yet a few thousands coming in will be a good thing—besides the P[rinting] Office. Constable, though valetudinary, and cross with his partner, is certainly as good a pilot in these rough seas as ever man put faith in. His rally has put me in mind of the old song:—

> "The tailor raise and shook his duds,
> He gar'd the Bills flee aff in cluds,
> And they that stayed gat fearfu' thuds—
> The tailor proved a man, O."[2]

We are for Abbotsford to-day, with a light heart.

Abbotsford, December 25.—Arrived here last night at seven. Our halls are silent compared to last year, but let us be thankful—when we think how near the chance appeared but a week since that these halls would have been ours no longer. *Barbarus has segetes? Nullum numem abest, si sit prudentia.* There shall be no lack of wisdom. But come—*il faut cultiver notre jardin.*[3] Let us see: I will write out the "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee"; I will sketch a preface to *La Rochejacquelin* for *Constable's Miscellany*, and try about a specimen of notes for the W[averley Novels]. Together with letters and by-business, it will be a good day's work.

> "I make a vow,
> And keep it true."

I will accept no invitation for dinner, save one to Newton-Don, and Mertoun to-morrow, instead of Christmas Day. On this day of general devotion I have a particular call for gratitude!!

My God! what poor creatures we are! After all my fair proposals yesterday, I was seized with a most violent pain in the right kidney and parts adjacent, which, joined to deadly sickness which it brought on, forced me instantly to go to bed and send for Clark-

[1] See Canning's *German Play*, in the *Anti-Jacobin*.—J. G. L.

[2] See Johnson's *Musical Museum*, No. 490, slightly altered.

[3] See *Candide*.—J. G. L.

son.[1] He came and inquired, pronouncing the complaint to be gravel augmented by bile. I was in great agony till about two o'clock, but awoke with the pain gone. I got up, had a fire in my dressing-closet, and had Dalgleish to shave me—two trifles, which I only mention, because they are contrary to my hardy and independent personal habits. But although a man cannot be a hero to his valet, his valet in sickness becomes of great use to him. I cannot expect that this first will be the last visit of this cruel complaint; but shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil?

December 27.—Slept twelve hours at a stretch, being much exhausted. Totally without pain to-day, but uncomfortable from the effects of calomel, which, with me at least, is like the assistance of an auxiliary army, just one degree more tolerable than the enemy it chases away. Calomel contemplations are not worth recording. I wrote an introduction and a few notes to the *Memoirs of Madame La Rochejacquelin*,[2] being all that I was equal to.

Sir Adam Ferguson came over and tried to marry my verses to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee." They seem well adapted to each other. Dined with Lady Scott and Anne.

Worked at Pepys in the evening, with the purpose of review for Lockhart.[3] Notwithstanding the depressing effects of the calomel, I feel the pleasure of being alone and uninterrupted. Few men, leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I—few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification; and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should make an ample deduction from my inventive powers. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to waiting for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do: and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and an excitation of spirits supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society, and certainly upon many occasions it was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, "Turnkey, lock the cell!" My life, though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream, spent in

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."[4]

I have worn a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to divert

[1] James Clarkson, Esq., surgeon, Melrose, son to Scott's old friend, Dr. Clarkson of Selkirk. —J. G. L.

[2] See *Constable's Miscellany*, vol. v.—J. G. L.

[3] See the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1826 —or Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*.—J. G. L.

[4] *As You Like It*, Act IV. Sc. 3.—J. G. L.

present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future prospect by prospects more fair than can ever be realised. Somewhere it is said that this castle-building—this wielding of the aërial trowel—is fatal to exertions in actual life. I cannot tell; I have not found it so. I cannot, indeed, say like Madame Genlis, that in the imaginary scenes in which I have acted a part I ever prepared myself for anything which actually befell me; but I have certainly fashioned out much that made the present hour pass pleasantly away, and much that has enabled me to contribute to the amusement of the public. Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement.

December 28.—Somehow I think the attack on Christmas Day has been of a critical kind, and, having gone off so well, may be productive rather of health than continued indisposition. If one is to get a renewal of health in his fifty-fourth year, he must look to pay fine for it. Last night George Thomson[1] came to see how I was, poor fellow. He has talent, is well informed, and has an excellent heart; but there is an eccentricity about him that defies description. I wish to God I saw him provided in a country kirk. That, with a rational wife—that is, if there is such a thing to be gotten for him,—would, I think, bring him to a steady temper. At present he is between the tyning and the winning. If I could get him to set to any hard study, he would do something clever.

How to make a critic.—A sly rogue, sheltering himself under the generic name of Mr. Campbell, requested of me, through the penny-post, the loan of £50 for two years, having an impulse, as he said, to make this demand. As I felt no corresponding impulse, I begged to decline a demand which might have been as reasonably made by any Campbell on earth; and another impulse has determined the man of fifty pounds to send me anonymous abuse of my works and temper and selfish disposition. The severity of the joke lies in 14d. for postage, to avoid which his next epistle shall go back to the clerks of the Post Office, as not for S. W. S. How the severe rogue would be disappointed, if he knew I never looked at more than the first and last lines of his satirical effusion!

When I first saw that a literary profession was to be my fate, I endeavoured by all efforts of stoicism to divest myself of that irritable degree of sensibility — or, to speak plainly, of vanity — which makes the poetical race miserable and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for praise and for compliments I have always endeavoured [to keep down].

December 29.—Base feelings this same calomel gives one—mean, poor, and abject—a wretch, as Will Rose says:—

[1] Formerly tutor at Abbotsford. Mr. Lockhart says "I observe, as the sheet is passing through the press, the death of the Rev George Thomson—the happy 'Dominie Thomson' of the happy days of Abbotsford: he died at Edinburgh on the 8th of January, 1838."

"Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't."[1]

Then it makes one "wofully dogged and snappish," as Dr. Rutty, the Quaker, says in his *Gurnal*.[2]

Sent Lockhart four pages on Sheridan's plays; not very good, I think, but the demand came sudden. Must go to W—k![3] yet am vexed by that humour of contradiction which makes me incline to do anything else in preference. Commenced preface for new edition of my Novels. The city of Cork send my freedom in a silver box. I thought I was out of their grace for going to see Blarney rather than the Cove, for which I was attacked and defended in the papers when in Ireland. I am sure they are so civil that I would have gone wherever they wished me to go if I had had any one to have told me what I ought to be most inquisitive about.

"For if I should as lion come in strife
Into such a place, 't were pity of my life."[4]

December 30.—Spent at home and in labour—with the weight of unpleasant news from Edinburgh. J. B. is like to be pinched next week unless the loan can be brought forward. I must and have endeavoured to supply him. At present the result of my attempts is uncertain. I am even more anxious about C[onstable] & Co., unless they can get assistance from their London friends to whom they gave much. All is in God's hands. The worst can only be what I have before anticipated. But I must, I think, renounce the cigars. They brought back (using two this evening) the irritation of which I had no feelings while abstaining from them. Dined alone with Gordon,[5] Lady S., and Anne. James Curle, Melrose, has handsomely lent me £600; he has done kindly. I have served him before and will again if in my power.

December 31.—Took a good sharp walk the first time since my illness, and found myself the better in health and spirits. Being Hogmanay, there dined with us Colonel Russell and his sisters, Sir Adam Ferguson and Lady, Colonel Ferguson, with Mary and Margaret; an auld-warld party, who made themselves happy in the auld fashion. I felt so tired about eleven that I was forced to steal to bed.

[1] Burns's "O poortith cauld and restless love."

[2] John Rutty, M.D., a physician of some eminence in Dublin, died in 1775, and his executors published his very curious and absurd "Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies." Boswell describes Johnson as being much amused with the Quaker doctor's minute confessions. See the Life of Johnson's *sub anno* 1777.—J. G. L.

[3] *Woodstock*—contracted for in 1823.

[4] *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

[5] George Huntly Gordon, amanuensis to Scott.

1826.—JANUARY

January 1.—A year has passed—another has commenced. These solemn divisions of time influence our feelings as they recur. Yet there is nothing in it; for every day in the year closes a twelvemonth as well as the 31st December. The latter is only the solemn pause, as when a guide, showing a wild and mountainous road, calls on a party to pause and look back at the scenes which they have just passed. To me this new year opens sadly. There are these troublesome pecuniary difficulties, which however, I think, this week should end. There is the absence of all my children, Anne excepted, from our little family festival. There is, besides, that ugly report of the 15th Hussars going to India. Walter, I suppose, will have some step in view, and will go, and I fear Jane will not dissuade him.

A hard, frosty day — cold, but dry and pleasant under foot. Walked into the plantations with Anne and Anne Russell. A thought strikes me, alluding to this period of the year. People say that the whole human frame in all its parts and divisions is gradually in the act of decaying and renewing. What a curious timepiece it would be that could indicate to us the moment this gradual and insensible change had so completely taken place that no atom was left of the original person who had existed at a certain period, but there existed in his stead another person having the same limbs, thews, and sinews, the same face and lineaments, the same consciousness—a new ship built on an old plank—a pair of transmigrated stockings, like those of Sir John Cutler,[1] all green silk, without one thread of the original black silk left! Singular—to be at once another and the same.

January 2.—Weather clearing up in Edinburgh once more, and all will, I believe, do well. I am pressed to get on with *Woodstock*, and must try. I wish I could open a good vein of interest which would breathe freely. I must take my old way, and write myself into good-humour with my task. It is only when I dally with what I am about, look back, and aside, instead of keeping my eyes straight forward, that I feel these cold sinkings of the heart. All men I suppose do, less or more. They are like the sensation of a sailor when the ship is cleared for action, and all are at their places—gloomy

[1] The parsimonious yet liberal London merchant, whose miserly habits gave Arbuthnot the materials of the story. See Professor Brown's *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. i. p. 244, and Martin Scriblerus, cap. xii., Pope, vol. iv. p. 54, Edin. 1776.

enough; but the first broadside puts all to rights. Dined at Huntly Burn with the Fergusons *en masse*.

January 3.—Promises a fair day, and I think the progress of my labours will afford me a little exercise, which I greatly need to help off the calomel feeling. Walked with Colonel Russell from eleven till two—the first good day's exercise I have had since coming here. We went through all the Terrace, the Roman Planting,[1] over by the Stiel and Haxellcleuch, and so by the Rhymer's Glen to Chiefswood,[2] which gave my heart a twinge, so disconsolate it seemed. Yet all is for the best. Called at Huntly Burn, and shook hands with Sir Adam and his Lady just going off. When I returned, signed the bond for £10,000, which will disencumber me of all pressing claims;[3] when I get forward W——k and Nap. there will be £12,000 and upwards, and I hope to add £3000 against this time next year, or the devil must hold the dice. J. B. writes me seriously on the carelessness of my style. I do not think I am more careless than usual; but I dare say he is right. I will be more cautious.

January 4.—Despatched the deed yesterday executed. Mr. and Mrs. Skene, my excellent friends, came to us from Edinburgh. Skene, distinguished for his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelings and character, is Laird of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Having had an elder brother, his education was somewhat neglected in early life, against which disadvantage he made a most gallant [fight], exerting himself much to obtain those accomplishments which he has since possessed. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the cavalier into his early character. Of late he has given himself much to the study of antiquities. His wife, a most excellent person, was tenderly fond of Sophia. They bring so much old-fashioned kindness and good-humour with them, besides the recollections of other times, that they must be always welcome guests. Letter from Mr. Scrope,[4] announcing a visit.

January 5.—Got the desired accommodation with Coutts, which will put J. B. quite straight, but am a little anxious still about Constable. He has immense stock, to be sure, and most valuable, but he may have sacrifices to make to convert a large portion of it into ready money. The accounts from London are most disastrous. Many wealthy persons totally ruined, and many, many more have been obliged to purchase their safety at a price they will feel all their lives. I do not hear things are so bad in Edinburgh; and J. B.'s business has been transacted by the banks with liberality.

[1] This plantation now covers the remains of an old Roman road from the Great Camp on the Eildon Hills to the ford below Scott's house. —J. G. L.

[2] The residence for several years of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart.

[3] When settling his estate on his eldest son, Sir Walter had retained the power of burdening it with £10,000 for behoof of his younger children; he now raised the sum for the assistance of the struggling firms.—J. G. L. See Dec. 14, 1825.

[4] William Scrope, author of *Days of Deer Stalking*, roy. 8vo, 1839; and *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, roy. 8vo, 1843; died in his 81st year in 1852. Mr. Lockhart says of this enthusiastic sportsman that at this time "he had a lease of Lord Somerville's pavilion opposite Melrose, and lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with Sir Walter Scott."

Colonel Russell told us last night that the last of the Moguls, a descendant of Kubla-Khan, though having no more power than his effigies at the back of a set of playing-cards, refused to meet Lord Hastings, because the Governor-General would not agree to remain standing in his presence. Pretty well for the blood of Timur in these degenerate days!

Much alarmed. I had walked till twelve with Skene and Col. Russell, and then sat down to my work. To my horror and surprise I could neither write nor spell, but put down one word for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time, and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On waking my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and being disturbed in the course of the night, I had not slept it off.

Obliged to give up writing to-day—read Pepys instead. The Scotts of Harden were to have dined, but sent an apology,—storm coming on. Russells left us this morning to go to Haining.

January 6.—This seems to be a feeding storm, coming on by little and little. Wrought all day and dined quiet. My disorder is wearing off, and the quiet society of the Skenes suits with my present humour. I really thought I was in for some very bad illness. Curious expression of an Indian-born boy just come from Bengal, a son of my cousin George Swinton. The child saw a hare run across the fields, and exclaimed, "See, there is a little tiger!"

January 7, *Sunday*.—Knight, a young artist, son of the performer, came to paint my picture at the request of Terry. This is very far from agreeable, as I submitted to this distressing state of constraint last year to Newton, at request of Lockhart; to Leslie, at request of my American friend;[1] to Wilkie, for his picture of the King's arrival at Holyrood House; and some one besides. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and went away with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. But this young man is civil and modest; and I have agreed he shall sit in the room while I work, and take the best likeness he can, without compelling me into fixed attitudes or the yawning fatigues of an actual sitting. I think, if he has talent, he may do more my way than in the customary mode; at least I can't have the hang-dog look which the unfortunate Theseus has who is doomed to sit for what seems an eternity.[2]

[1] Mr. George Ticknor of Boston. He saw much of Scott and his family in the spring of 1819 in Edinburgh and at Abbotsford; and was again in Scotland in 1838. Both visits are well described in his journals, published in Boston in 1876.

Mrs. Lockhart was of opinion that Leslie's portrait of her father was the best extant, "and nothing equals it except Chantrey's bust."—Ticknor's *Life*, vol. i. p. 107.

Leslie himself thought Chantrey's was the best of all the portraits. "The gentle turn of the head, inclined a little forward and down, and the lurking humour in the eye and about the mouth, are Scott's own."—*Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie*, edited by Taylor, vol. i. p. 118.

[2] sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus . . .
VIRGIL.—J. G. L.

I wrought till two o'clock—indeed till I was almost nervous with correcting and scribbling. I then walked, or rather was dragged, through the snow by Tom Purdie, while Skene accompanied. What a blessing there is in a man like Tom, whom no familiarity can spoil, whom you may scold and praise and joke with, knowing the quality of the man is unalterable in his love and reverence to his master. Use an ordinary servant in the same way and he will be your master in a month. We should thank God for the snow as well as summer flowers. This brushing exercise has put all my nerves into tone again, which were really jarred with fatigue until my very backbone seemed breaking. This comes of trying to do too much. J. B.'s news are as good as possible.—Prudence, prudence, and all will do excellently.

January 8.—Frost and snow still. Write to excuse myself from attending the funeral of my aunt, Mrs. Curle, which takes place to-morrow at Kelso. She was a woman of the old Sandy-Knowe breed, with the strong sense, high principle, and indifferent temper which belonged to my father's family. She lived with great credit on a moderate income, and, I believe, gave away a great deal of it.[1]

January 9.—Mathews the comedian and his son came to spend a day at Abbotsford. The last is a clever young man, with much of his father's talent for mimicry. Rather forward though.[2] Mr. Scrope also came out, which fills our house.

January 10.—Bodily health, the mainspring of the microcosm, seems quite restored. No more flinching or nervous fits, but the sound mind in the sound body. What poor things does a fever-fit or an overflowing of the bile make of the masters of creation!

The snow begins to fall thick this morning—

> "The landlord then aloud did say,
> As how he wished they would go away."

To have our friends shut up here would be rather too much of a good thing.

The day cleared up and was very pleasant. Had a good walk and looked at the curling. Mr. Mathews made himself very amusing in the evening. He has the good-nature to show his accomplishments without pressing, and without the appearance of feeling pain. On the contrary, I dare say he enjoys the pleasure he communicates.

January 11.—I got proof-sheets, in which it seems I have repeated a whole passage of history which had been told before. James is in an awful stew, and I cannot blame him; but then he should con-

[1] In a letter of this date to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Scott, Sir Walter says:—"Poor aunt Curlie died like a Roman, or rather like one of the Sandy-Knowe bairns, the most stoical race I ever knew. She turned every one out of the room, and drew her last breath alone. So did my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, and several others of that family."—J. G. L.

[2] See letter addressed by C. J. Mathews to his mother, in which he says, "I took particular notice of everything in the room (Sir Walter's sanctum), and *if he had left me there, should certainly have read all his notes.*" *Memoirs*, edited by Dickens, 2 vols., London, 1879, vol. i. p. 284.

sider the *hyoscyamus* which I was taking, and the anxious botheration about the money-market. However, as Chaucer says:—

> "There is na workeman
> That can bothe worken wel and hastilie;
> This must be done at leisure parfitly."[1]

January 12.—Mathews last night gave us a very perfect imitation of old Cumberland, who carried the poetic jealousy and irritability further than any man I ever saw. He was a great flatterer too, the old rogue. Will Erskine used to admire him. I think he wanted originality. A very high-bred man in point of manners in society.

My little artist, Knight, gets on better with his portrait—the features are, however, too pinched, I think.

Upon the whole, the days pass pleasantly enough—work till one or two, then an hour or two's walk in the snow, then lighter work, or reading. Late dinner, and singing or chat in the evening. Mathews has really all the will, as well as the talent, to be amusing. He confirms my idea of ventriloquism (which is an absurd word), as being merely the art of imitating sounds at a greater or less distance, assisted by some little points of trick to influence the imagination of the audience—the vulgar idea of a peculiar organisation (beyond fineness of ear and of utterance) is nonsense.

January 13.—Our party are about to disperse—

> "Like youthful steers unyoked, east, north, and south."[2]

I am not sorry, being one of those whom too much mirth always inclines to sadness. The missing so many of my own family, together with the serious inconveniences to which I have been exposed, gave me at present a desire to be alone. The Skenes return to Edinburgh, so does Mr. Scrope—*item*, the little artist; Mathews to Newcastle; his son to Liverpool. So *exeunt omnes*.[3]

[1] *Merchant's Tale*, lines 9706–8, slightly altered.

[2] 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act IV. Sc. 2.—J. G. L.

[3] "I had long been in the habit of passing the Christmas with Sir Walter in the country, when he had great pleasure in assembling what he called 'a fireside party,' where he was always disposed to indulge in the free and unrestrained outpouring of his cheerful and convivial disposition. Upon one of these occasions the Comedian Mathews and his son were at Abbotsford, and most entertaining they were, giving us a full display of all their varied powers in scenic representations, narrations, songs, ventriloquism, and frolic of every description, as well as a string of most amusing anecdote, connected with the professional adventures of the elder, and the travels of the son, who seemed as much a genius as his father. He has never appeared on the stage, although abundantly fit to distinguish himself in that department, but has taken to the profession of architecture. Notwithstanding that the snow lay pretty deep on the ground, Sir Walter, old Mathews, and myself set out with the deerhounds and terriers to have a large range through the woods and high grounds; and a most amusing excursion it was, from the difficulties which Mathews, unused to that sort of scrambling, had to encounter, being also somewhat lame from an accident he had met with in being thrown out of a gig,—the good-humoured manner with which each of my two lame companions strove to get over the bad passes, their jokes upon it, alternately shouting for my assistance to help them through, and with all the liveliness of their conversation, as every anecdote which one told was in emulation tried to be outdone by the other by some incident equally if not more entertaining,—and it may be well supposed that the healthful exercise of a walk of this description disposed every one to enjoy the festivity which was to close the day."—*Mr. Skene's Reminiscences.*

Mathews assures me that Sheridan was generally very dull in society, and sate sullen and silent, swallowing glass after glass, rather a hindrance than a help. But there was a time when he broke out with a resumption of what had been going on, done with great force, and generally attacking some person in the company, or some opinion which he had expressed. I never saw Sheridan but in large parties. He had a Bardolph countenance, with heavy features, but his eye possessed the most distinguished brilliancy. Mathews says it is very simple in Tom Moore to admire how Sheridan came by the means of paying the price of Drury Lane Theatre, when all the world knows he never paid it at all; and that Lacy, who sold it, was reduced to want by his breach of faith.[1] Dined quiet with Anne, Lady Scott, and Gordon.

January 14.—An odd mysterious letter from Constable, who is gone post to London, to put something to rights which is wrong betwixt them, their banker, and another moneyed friend. It strikes me to be that sort of letter which I have seen men write when they are desirous that their disagreeable intelligence should be rather apprehended than avowed. I thought he had been in London a fortnight ago, disposing of property to meet this exigence, and so I think he should. Well, I must have patience. But these terrors and frights are truly annoying. Luckily the funny people are gone, and I shall not have the task of grinning when I am serious enough. Dined as yesterday.

A letter from J. B. mentioning Constable's journey, but without expressing much, if any, apprehension. He knows C. well, and saw him before his departure, and makes no doubt of his being able easily to extricate whatever may be entangled. I will not, therefore, make myself uneasy. I can help doing so surely, if I will. At least, I have given up cigars since the year began, and have now no wish to return to the habit, as it is called. I see no reason why one should not be able to vanquish, with God's assistance, these noxious thoughts which foretell evil but cannot remedy it.

January 15.—Like yesterday, a hard frost. Thermometer at 10; water in my dressing-room frozen to flint; yet I had a fine walk yesterday, the sun dancing delightfully on "grim Nature's visage hoar."[2] Were it not the plague of being dragged along by another person, I should like such weather as well as summer; but having Tom Purdie to do this office reconciles me to it. *I cannot cleik with John*, as old Mrs. Mure [of Caldwell] used to say. I mean, that an ordinary menial servant thus hooked to your side reminds me of the twin bodies mentioned by Pitscottie, being two trunks on the same waist and legs. One died before the other, and remained a dead burden on the back of its companion.[3] Such is close union with a person whom you can-

[1] See Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 191. This work was published late in 1825.—J. G. L.

[2] Burns's *Vision*.—J. G. L.

[3] Lindsay's *Chronicles of Scotland*, 2 vols. Edin. 1814, pp. 246-7.

not well converse with, and whose presence is yet indispensable to your getting on. An actual companion, whether humble or your equal, is still worse. But Tom Purdie is just the thing, kneaded up between the friend and servant, as well as Uncle Toby's bowling-green between sand and clay. You are certain he is proud as well as patient under his burthen, and you are under no more constraint than with a pony. I must ride him to-day if the weather holds up. Meantime I will correct that curious fellow Pepys' Diary,—I mean the article I have made of it for the *Quarterly*.

Edinburgh, January 16.—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill of £1000 to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see. Constable, it seems, who was to have set off in the last week of December, dawdled here till in all human probability his going or staying became a matter of mighty little consequence. He could not be there till Monday night, and his resources must have come too late. Dined with the Skenes.[1]

January 17.—James Ballantyne this morning—good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook.[2] He hopes no salvation; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologised for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the preses.

My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been S. W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum caeteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent.

I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth. All advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations. So does John Gibson,[3] and so I resolve to do. My wife and daughter

[1] Mr. Skene in his *Reminiscences* says:—"The family had been at Abbotsford, and it had long been their practice the day they came to town to take a family dinner at my house, which had accordingly been complied with upon the present occasion, and I never had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. The fatal intimation of his bankruptcy, however, awaited him at home, and next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come to him as soon as I had got up. Fearful that he had got a fresh attack of the complaint from which he had now for some years been free, or that he had been involved in some quarrel, I went to see him by seven o'clock, and found him already by candle-light seated at his writing-table, surrounded by papers which he was examining, holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said, 'Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined *de fond en comble*. It's a hard blow, but I must just bear up; the only thing which wrings me is poor Charlotte and the bairns.'"

[2] *Crook.* The chain and hook hanging from the crook-tree over the fire in Scottish cottages.

[3] [Sir Walter's private law-agent.] Mr. John Gibson, Junr., W.S., Mr. James Jollie, W.S., and Mr. Alexander Monypenny, W.S., were the three gentlemen who ultimately agreed to take charge, as trustees, of Sir Walter Scott's affairs; and certainly no gentlemen ever acquitted themselves of such an office in a manner more honourable to themselves, or more satisfactory to a client and his creditors.—J. G. L. Mr. Gibson wrote a little volume of *Reminiscences of Scott*, which was published in 1871. This old friend died in 1879. "In the month of January, 1826," says Mr. Gibson, "Sir Walter called upon me, and explained how mat-

are gloomy, but yet patient. I trust by my hold on the works to make it every man's interest to be very gentle with me. Cadell makes it plain that by prudence they will, in six months, realise £20,000, which can be attainable by no effort of their own.

January 18.—He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were over; but the worst *is* over. The Bank of Scotland has behaved very well; expressing a resolution to serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost; but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but linger it out.

January 19.—During yesterday I received formal visits from my friends, Skene and Colin Mackenzie (who, I am glad to see, looks well), with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope and Sir Henry Jardine[1] to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer—that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness. Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. When I saw him on 24th December, he proposed starting in three days, but dallied, God knows why, in a kind of infatuation, I think, till things had got irretrievably wrong. There would have been no want of support then, and his stock under his own management would have made a return immensely greater than it can under any other. *Now* I fear the loss must be great, as his fall will involve many of the country dealers who traded with him.

I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I *guess* (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visitors, and I *calculate* that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even yesterday I went about making notes on *Waverley*, according to Constable's plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to W[oodstock]. Heigho!

ters stood with the two houses referred to, adding that he himself was a partner in one of them—that bills were falling due and dishonoured—and that some immediate arrangement was indispensably necessary. In such circumstances, only two modes of proceeding could be thought of—either that he should avail himself of the Bankrupt Act, and allow his estate to be sequestrated, or that he should execute a trust conveyance for behoof of his creditors. The latter course was preferred for various reasons, but chiefly out of regard for his own feeling." *Reminiscences*, p. 12. See entry in Journal under Jan. 24.

[1] Sir John Hope of Pinkie and Craighall, 11th Baronet; Sir Henry Jardine, King's Remembrancer from 1820 to 1837; and Sir William Rae, Lord Advocate, son of Lord Eskgrove, were all Directors of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Knight came to stare at me to complete his portrait. He must have read a tragic page, compared to what he saw at Abbotsford.[1]

We dined of course at home, and before and after dinner I finished about twenty printed pages of *Woodstock*, but to what effect others must judge. A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.

January 20.—Indifferent night—very bilious, which may be want of exercise. A letter from Sir J. Sinclair, whose absurd vanity bids him thrust his finger into every man's pie, proposing that Hurst and Robinson should sell their prints, of which he says they have a large collection, by way of lottery like Boydell.

> "In scenes like these which break our heart
> Comes Punch, like you and——"

Mais pourtant, cultivons notre jardin. The public favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies—many attached friends. The popular ascendency which I have maintained is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances before the public. In fact, critics may say what they will, but "*hain* your reputation, and *tyne* your reputation," is a true proverb.[2]

Sir William Forbes called—the same kind, honest friend as ever, with all offers of assistance,[3] etc. etc. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men whose questions and control I apprehended.

Lord Chief Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy. It is the first time we have met since the *break up* of his hopes in the death of his eldest son on his return from India, where he was Chief in Council and highly esteemed.[4] The Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine, for I scarce knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office.[5] But I have since lived much with him, and taken

[1] John Prescott Knight, the young artist referred to, afterwards R.A., and Secretary to the Academy, wrote (in 1871) to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, an interesting account of the picture and its accidental destruction on the very day of Sir Walter's death. *Scott Exhibition Catalogue*, 4to, Edin. p. 199. Mr. Knight died in 1881.

[2] To *hain* anything is, *Anglicè*, to deal very carefully, penuriously about it—*tyne*, to lose. Scott often used to say "hain a pen and tyne a pen," which is nearer the proverb alluded to.—J. G. L.

[3] The late Sir William Forbes, Baronet, succeeded his father (the biographer of Beattie) as chief of the head private banking-house in Edinburgh. Scott's amiable friend died 24th Oct. 1828.—J. G. L.

[4] John Adam, Esq., died on shipboard on his passage homewards from Calcutta, 4th June 1825.—J. G. L.

[5] The Right Hon. W. Adam of Blairadam, born in 1751. When trial by Jury in civil cases was introduced into Scotland in 1815, he was made Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, which office he held till 1830.

Mr. Lockhart adds (*Life*, vol. v. p. 46): "This most amiable and venerable gentleman, my dear and kind friend, died at Edinburgh, on the 17th February 1839, in the 89th year of his age. He retained his strong mental faculties in their perfect vigour to the last days of this long life, and with them all the warmth of social feelings which had endeared him to all who were so happy as to have any opportunity of knowing him."

kindly to him as one of the most pleasant, kind-hearted, benevolent, and pleasing men I have ever known. It is high treason among the Tories to express regard for him, or respect for the Jury Court in which he presides. I was against that experiment as much as any one. But it is an experiment, and the establishment (which the fools will not perceive) is the only thing which I see likely to give some prospects of ambition to our bar, which has been otherwise so much diminished. As for the Chief Commissioner, I dare say he jobs, as all other people of consequence do, in elections, and so forth. But he is the personal friend of the King, and the decided enemy of whatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the Monarch. Besides, I love him for the various changes which he has endured through life, and which have been so great as to make him entitled to be regarded in one point of view as the most fortunate—in the other, the most unfortunate—man in the world. He has gained and lost two fortunes by the same good luck, and the same rash confidence, which raised, and now threatens, my *peculium*. And his quiet, honourable, and generous submission under circumstances more painful than mine,—for the loss of world's wealth was to him aggravated by the death of his youngest and darling son in the West Indies,—furnished me at the time and now with a noble example. So the Tories and Whigs may go be d—d together, as names that have disturbed old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindly feelings since the first day they were invented. Yes, —— them, they are spells to rouse all our angry passions, and I dare say, notwithstanding the opinion of my private and calm moments, I will open on the cry again so soon as something occurs to chafe my mood; and yet, God knows, I would fight in honourable contest with word or blow for my political opinions; but I cannot permit that strife to "mix its waters with my daily meal," those waters of bitterness which poison all mutual love and confidence betwixt the well-disposed on either side, and prevent them, if need were, from making mutual concessions and balancing the constitution against the ultras of both parties. The good man seems something broken by these afflictions.

January 21.—Susannah in *Tristram Shandy* thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure trouble and vexation are not. The watches of the night pass wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations. But let it pass.

> "Well, Goodman Time, or blunt, or keen,
> Move thou quick, or take thy leisure,
> Longest day will have its e'en,
> Weariest life but treads a measure."

I have seen Cadell, who is very much downcast for the risk of their copyrights being thrown away by a hasty sale. I suggested that if they went very cheap, some means might be fallen on to keep up their value or purchase them in. I fear the split betwixt Con-

stable and Cadell will render impossible what might otherwise be hopeful enough. It is the Italian race-horses, I think, which, instead of riders, have spurs tied to their sides, so as to prick them into a constant gallop. Cadell tells me their gross profit was sometimes £10,000 a year, but much swallowed up with expenses, and his partner's draughts, which came to £4000 yearly. What there is to show for this, God knows. Constable's apparent expenses were very much within bounds.

Colin Mackenzie entered, and with his usual kindness engages to use his influence to recommend some moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors, such as may permit him to go on and turn that species of property to account, which no man alive can manage so well as he.

Followed Mr. Gibson with a most melancholy tale. Things are so much worse with Constable than I apprehended that I shall neither save Abbotsford nor anything else. Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it—blessed be the name of the Lord!

January 22.—I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck; *i.e.* if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then *Woodstock* and *Bony* may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad,

"And lay my bones far from the *Tweed*."

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distrait*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all.[1] There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it

[1] Mr. Pole had long attended Sir Walter Scott's daughters as teacher of the harp. In the end Scott always spoke of his conduct as the most affecting circumstance that accompanied his disasters.—J. G. L. For Mr. Pole's letter see *Life*, vol. viii. p. 205. Mr. Pole went to live in England and died at Kensington.

—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting L. S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament, my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy R[utherfor]d,[1] poor Will Erskine—these would have been mourners indeed.

Well—exertion—exertion. O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he too would be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public. I have a funeral-letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill at the meeting and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never rose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place I shall appear at. He dead, and I ruined; this is what you call a meeting.[2]

January 23.—Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days —*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind. I know not if my imagination has flagged; probably it has; but at least my powers of labour have not diminished during the last melancholy week. On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual Novel size.

Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in Princes Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.[3]

[1] Scott's mother's sister. See *Life*, vols. i., iii., v., and vi.

[2] Chevalier Yelin, the friend and travelling companion of Baron D'Eichthal, was a native of Bavaria. His wife had told him playfully that he must not leave Scotland without having seen the great bard; and he prolonged his stay in Edinburgh until Scott's return, hoping to meet him at the Royal Society on this evening.

[3] On the morning of this day Sir Walter wrote the following note to his friend:—

"Dear Skene,—If you are disposed for a walk in your gardens any time this morning, I would gladly accompany you for an hour, since keeping the house so long begins rather to hurt me, and you, who supported the other day the weight of my body, are perhaps best disposed to endure the gloom of my mind.—Yours ever, W. S.

"Castle Street, 23 *January*."

The walks have been conducted on the whole with much taste, though Skene has undergone much criticism, the usual reward of public exertions, on account of his plans. It is singular to walk close beneath the grim old Castle, and to think what scenes it must have seen, and how many generations of three score and ten have risen and passed away. It is a place to cure one of too much sensation over earthly subjects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them.

January 24.—Constable came yesterday, and saw me for half an hour. He seemed irritable, but kept his temper under command. Was a little shocked when I intimated that I was disposed to regard the present works in progress as my own. I think I saw two things:—(1) That he is desirous to return into the management of his own affairs without Cadell, if he can. (2) That he relies on my connection as the way of helping us out of the slough. Indeed he said he was ruined utterly without my countenance. I certainly will befriend him if I can, but Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum—the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business. I will see my way before making any bargain, and I will help them, I am sure, if I can, without endangering my last cast for freedom. Worked out my task yesterday. My kind friend Mrs. Coutts has got the cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, in which he was peculiarly interested.

"I will call when you please: all hours after twelve are the same to me."

On his return from this walk, Mr. Skene wrote out his recollections of the conversation that had taken place. Of his power to rebuild his shattered fortunes, Scott said, "'But woe's me, I much mistrust my vigour, for the best of my energies are already expended. You have seen, my dear Skene, the Roman coursers urged to their speed by a loaded spur attached to their backs to whet the rusty metal of their age,—ay! it is a leaden spur indeed, and it goads hard.'

"I added, 'But what do you think, Scott, of the bits of flaming paper that are pasted on the flanks of the poor jades? If we could but stick certain small documents on your back, and set fire to them, I think you might submit for a time to the pricking of the spur.' He laughed, and said, 'Ay! Ay!—these weary bills, if they were but as the thing that is not—come, cheer me up with an account of the Roman Carnival.' And, accordingly, with my endeavour to do so, he seemed as much interested as if nothing had happened to discompose the usual tenor of his mind, but still our conversation ever and anon dropt back into the same subject, in the course of which he said to me, 'Do you know I experience a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse,—in standing, as it were, in the breach that has overthrown my fortunes, and saying, Here I stand, at least an honest man. And God knows, if I have enemies, this I may at least with truth say, that I have never wittingly given cause of enmity in the whole course of my life, for even the burnings of political hate seemed to find nothing in my nature to feed the flame. I am not conscious of having borne a grudge towards any man, and at this moment of my overthrow, so help me God, I wish well and feel kindly to every one. And if I thought that any of my works contained a sentence hurtful to any one's feelings, I would burn it. I think even my novels (for he did not disown any of them) are free from that blame.'

"He had been led to make this protestation from my having remarked to him the singularly general feeling of goodwill and sympathy towards him which every one was anxious to testify upon the present occasion. The sentiments of resignation and of cheerful acquiescence in the dispensation of the Almighty which he expressed were those of a Christian thankful for the blessings left, and willing, without ostentation, to do his best. It was really beautiful to see the workings of a strong and upright mind under the first lash of adversity calmly reposing upon the consolation afforded by his own integrity and manful purposes. 'Lately,' he said, 'you saw me under the apprehension of the decay of my mental faculties, and I confess that I was under mortal fear when I found myself writing one word for another, and misspelling every word, but that wore off, and was perhaps occasioned by the effects of the medicine I had been taking, but have I not reason to be thankful that that misfortune did not assail me?—Ay! few have more reason to feel grateful to the Disposer of all events than I have.'"—*Mr. Skene's Reminiscences.*

I went to the Court for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smile as they wish me good-day, as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts." Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best bred—all, I believe, meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on. A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author, who, having choused the public of many thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it. If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course I would have advised a client to take, and would have the effect of saving my land, which is secured by my son's contract of marriage. I might save my library, etc., by assistance of friends, and bid my creditors defiance. But for this I would, in a court of honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to allow myself to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the [power] of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me.

Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin, the literary foreigner mentioned on 22d. How many and how various are the ways of affliction! Here is this poor man dying at a distance from home, his proud heart broken, his wife and family anxiously expecting letters, and doomed only to learn they have lost a husband and father for ever. He lies buried on the Calton Hill, near learned and scientific dust—the graves of David Hume and John Playfair being side by side.

January 25.—Anne is ill this morning. May God help us! If it should prove serious, as I have known it in such cases, where am I to find courage or comfort? A thought has struck me—Can we do nothing for creditors with the goblin drama, called *Fortunes of Devorgoil?* Could it not be added to *Woodstock* as a fourth volume? Terry refused a gift of it, but he was quite and entirely wrong; it is not good, but it may be made so. Poor Will Erskine liked it much.[1]

[1] "The energy with which Sir Walter had set about turning his resources, both present and past, to immediate account, with a view to prove to his creditors, with as little delay as possible, that all that could depend upon himself should be put in operation to retrieve his affairs, made him often reluctant to quit his study however much he found himself exhausted. However, the employment served to occupy his mind, and prevent its brooding over the misfortune which had befallen him, and joined to the natural contentedness of his disposition prevented any approach of despondency. 'Here is an old effort of mine to compose a melo-drama' (showing me one day a bundle of papers which he had found in his

Gave my wife her £12 allowance. £24 to last till Wednesday fortnight.

January 26.—Spoke to J. B. last night about *Devorgoil*, who does not seem to relish the proposal, alleging the comparative failure of *Halidon Hill*. Ay, says Self-Conceit, but he has not read it; and when he does, it is the sort of wild fanciful work betwixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do not estimate. Pepys thought Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* the most silly play he had ever seen, and Pepys was probably judging on the same grounds with J. B., though presumptuous enough to form conclusions against a very different work from any of mine. How if I send it to Lockhart by and by?

I called to-day at Constable's; both partners seemed secure that Hurst and Robinson were to go on and pay. Strange that they should have stopped. Constable very anxious to have husbanding of the books. I told him the truth that I would be glad to have his assistance, and that he should have the benefit of the agency, but that he was not to consider past transactions as a rule for selling them in future, since I must needs make the most out of the labours I could: *item*, that I, or whoever might act for me, would of course, after what has happened, look especially to the security. He said if Hurst and Robinson were to go on, bank notes would be laid down. I conceive indeed that they would take *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* almost at loss rather than break the connection in the public eye. Sir William Arbuthnot and Mr. Kinnear were very kind. But *cui bono?*[1]

repositories). 'This trifle would have been long ago destroyed had it not been for our poor friend Kinnedder, who arrested my hand as he thought it not bad, and for his sake it was kept. I have just read it over, and, do you know, with some satisfaction. Faith, I have known many worse things make their way very well in the world, so, God willing, it shall e'en see the light, if it can do aught in the hour of need to help the hand that fashioned it.' Upon asking the name of this production, he said, 'I suspect I must change it, having already forestalled it by the *Fortunes of Nigel*. I had called it by the *Fortunes of Devorgoil*, but we must not begin to double up in that way, for if you leave anything hanging loose, you may be sure that some malicious devil will tug at it. I think I shall call it *The Doom of Devorgoil*. It will make a volume of itself, and I do not see why it should not come out by particular desire as a fourth volume to *Woodstock*. They have some sort of connection, and it would not be a difficult matter to bind the connection a little closer. As the market goes, I have no doubt of the Bibliopolist pronouncing it worth £1000, or £1500.' I asked him if he meant it for the stage. 'No, no; the stage is a sorry job, that course will not do for these hard days; besides, there is too much machinery in the piece for the stage.' I observed that I was not sure of that, for pageant and machinery was the order of the day, and had Shakespeare been of this date he might have been left to die a deer-stealer. 'Well, then, with all my heart, if they can get the beast to lead or to drive, they may bring it on the stage if they like. It is a sort of goblin tale, and so was the *Castle Spectre*, which had its run.' I asked him if the *Castle Spectre* had yielded Lewis much. 'Little of that, in fact to its author absolutely nothing, and yet its merits ought to have brought something handsome to poor Mat. But Sheridan, then manager, you know, generally paid jokes instead of cash, and the joke that poor Mat got was, after all, not a bad one. Have you heard it? Don't let me tell you a story you know.' As I had not heard it, he proceeded. 'Well, they were disputing about something, and Lewis had clenched his argument by proposing to lay a bet about it. I shall lay what you ought long ago to have paid me for my *Castle Spectre*. "No, no, Mat," said Sheridan, "I never lay large bets; but come, I will bet a trifle with you—I'll bet what the *Castle Spectre* was worth." Now Constable managed differently; he paid well and promptly, but devil take him, it was all spectral together. Moonshine and no merriment. He sowed my field with one hand, and as liberally scattered the tares with the other.'"—*Mr. Skene's Reminiscences.*

[1] These two gentlemen were at this time Directors of the Bank of Scotland.

Gibson comes with a joyful face announcing all the creditors had unanimously agreed to a private trust. This is handsome and confidential, and must warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape. I will not doubt—to doubt is to lose. Sir William Forbes took the chair, and behaved as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship. They[1] are deeper concerned than most. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together—desperate, and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking-matches, and, finally, with the kindest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. Down—down—a hundred thoughts.

Jane Russell drank tea with us.

I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is it not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I remember some of the wild Buccaneers, in their impiety, succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches and burning brimstone and assafœtida in making a tolerable imitation of *hell*—but the pirates' *heaven* was a wretched affair. It is one of the worst things about this system of ours, that it is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

January 27.—Slept better and less bilious, owing doubtless to the fatigue of the preceding night, and the more comfortable news. I drew my salaries of various kinds amounting to £300 and upwards and sent, with John Gibson's consent, £200 to pay off things at Abbotsford which must be paid. Wrote Laidlaw with the money, directing him to make all preparations for reduction.[2] Anne ill of rheumatism: I believe caught cold by vexation and exposing herself to bad weather.

The Celtic Society present me with the most splendid broadsword I ever saw; a beautiful piece of art, and a most noble weapon. Honourable Mr. Stuart (second son of the Earl of Moray), General Graham Stirling, and MacDougal, attended as a committee to present it. This

[1] Sir W. Forbes and Co.'s Banking House.

[2] An extract from what is probably the letter to Laidlaw written on this day was printed in *Chambers's Journal* for July 1845. The italics are the editor's:—

"For you, my dear friend, we must part—that is, as laird and factor—and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance, which set me so good an example, are like to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence, and I will have the advantage of your company and advice, and probably your service as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence, and if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honourable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, the better to save expense, and also time. Lady Scott's spirits were affected at first, but she is getting better. *For myself, I feel like the Eildon Hills—quite firm, though a little cloudy.*

"I do not dislike the path that lies before me. I have seen all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit. What can I say more, except that I will write to you the instant I know what is to be done."

was very kind of my friends the Celts, with whom I have had so many merry meetings. It will be a rare legacy to Walter;—for myself, good lack! it is like Lady Dowager Don's prize in a lottery of hardware; she—a venerable lady who always wore a haunch-hoop, silk négligé, and triple ruffles at the elbow—having the luck to gain a pair of silver spurs and a whip to correspond.

January 28.—Ballantyne and Cadell wish that Mr. Alex. Cowan should be Constable's Trustee instead of J. B.'s. Gibson is determined to hold by Cowan. I will not interfere, although I think Cowan's services might do us more good as Constable's Trustee than as our own, but I will not begin with thwarting the managers of my affairs, or even exerting strong influence; it is not fair. These last four or five days I have wrought little; to-day I set on the steam and ply my paddles.

January 29.—The proofs of vol. i.[1] came so thick in yesterday that much was not done. But I began to be hard at work to-day, and must not *gurnalise* much.

Mr. Jollie, who is to be my trustee, in conjunction with Gibson, came to see me;—a pleasant and good-humoured man, and has high reputation as a man of business. I told him, and I will keep my word, that he would at least have no trouble by my interfering and thwarting their management, which is the not unfrequent case of trusters and trustees.[2]

Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me when he was making his will that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to show. Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal. No doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive.[3]

January 30.—*False delicacy.* Mr. Gibson, Mr. Cowan, Mr. J. B., were with me last night to talk over important matters, and suggest an individual for a certain highly confidential situation. I was led to mention a person of whom I knew nothing but that he was an honest and intelligent man. All seemed to acquiesce, and agreed to move the thing to the party concerned this morning, and so Mr. G. and Mr. C. left me, when J. B. let out that it was their unanimous opinion that we should be in great trouble were the individual appointed, from faults of temper, etc., which would make it difficult to get on

[1] *Life of Bonaparte.* (?)

[2] "In the management of his Trust," Mr. Gibson remarks, "everything went on harmoniously—the chief labour devolving upon myself, but my co-Trustees giving their valuable aid and advice when required."—*Reminiscences*, p. 16.

[3] The total liabilities of the three firms amounted in round numbers to nearly half-a-million sterling. Sir Walter, as the partner of Ballantyne and Co., was held responsible for about £130,000;—this large sum was ultimately paid in full by Scott and his representatives. The other two firms paid their creditors about 10 per cent. of the amounts due. It must be kept in mind, however, as far as Constable's house was concerned, that their property appears to have been foolishly sacrificed by forced sales of copyrights and stock.

with him. With a hearty curse I hurried J. B. to let them know that I had no partiality for the man whatever, and only named him because he had been proposed for a similar situation elsewhere. This is provoking enough, that they would let me embarrass my affairs with a bad man (an unfit one, I mean) rather than contradict me. I dare say great men are often used so.

I laboured freely yesterday. The stream rose fast—if clearly, is another question; but there is bulk for it, at least—about thirty printed pages.

"And now again, boys, to the oar."

January 31.—There being nothing in the roll to-day, I stay at home from the Court, and add another day's perfect labour to *Woodstock*, which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose by a succession of petty interruptions. I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole; I am as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich, indeed, but cumbrous, and always more a burden than a comfort. I am free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. I have known, in my day, all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. I sleep and eat, and work as I was wont; and if I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, Time must salve that sore, and to Time I trust it.

Since the 14th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house save G. H. Gordon[1] one morning at breakfast. This happened never before since I had a house of my own. But I have played Abou Hassan long enough; and if the Caliph came I would turn him back again.

[1] Mr. Gordon was at this time Scott's amanuensis; he *copied*, that is to say, the MS. for press.—J. G. L.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, etc. God Almighty forbid! that were too unnatural in me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer. They talk of India still. With my damaged fortune I cannot help them to remain by exchange, and so forth. He expects, if they go, to go out eldest Captain, when, by staying two or three years, he will get the step of Major. His whole thoughts are with his profession, and I understand that when you quit or exchange, when a regiment goes on distant or disagreeable service, you are not accounted as serious in your profession; God send what is for the best! Remitted Charles a bill for £40—£35 advance at Christmas makes £75. He must be frugal.

Attended the Court, and saw J. B. and Cadell as I returned. Both very gloomy. Came home to work, etc., about two.

February 2.—An odd visit this morning from Miss Jane Bell of North Shields, whose law-suit with a Methodist parson of the name of Hill made some noise. The worthy divine had in the basest manner interfered to prevent this lady's marriage by two anonymous letters, in which he contrived to refer the lover, to whom they were addressed, for further corroboration to *himself*. The whole imposition makes the subject of a little pamphlet published by Marshall, Newcastle. The lady ventured for redress into the thicket of English law—lost one suit—gained another, with £300 damages, and was ruined. The appearance and person of Miss Bell are prepossessing. She is about thirty years old, a brunette, with regular and pleasing features, marked with melancholy,—an enthusiast in literature, and probably in religion. She had been at Abbotsford to see me, and made her way to me here, in the vain hope that she could get her story worked up into a novel; and certainly the thing is capable of interesting situations. It throws a curious light upon the aristocratic or rather hieratic influence exercised by the Methodist preachers within the *connection*, as it is called. Admirable food this would be for the *Quarterly*, or any other reviewers who might desire to feed fat their grudge against these sectarians. But there are two reasons against such a publication. First, it would do the poor sufferer no good. Secondly, it might hurt the Methodistic connection very much, which I for one would not like to injure. They have their faults, and are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy, and spiritual ambition, and priestcraft.

On the other hand, they do infinite good, carrying religion into classes in society where it would scarce be found to penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of its doctrines, upon calm reasoning, and upon rational argument. Methodists add a powerful appeal to the feelings and passions; and though I believe this is often exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consider upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sense of religion, and the practice of morality necessarily connected with it. It is much to the discredit of the Methodist clergy, that when this calumniator was actually convicted of guilt morally worse than many men are hanged for, they only degraded him from the *first* to the *second* class of their preachers,—leaving a man who from mere hatred at Miss Bell's brother, who was a preacher like himself, had proceeded in such a deep and infamous scheme to ruin the character and destroy the happiness of an innocent person, in possession of the pulpit, and an authorised teacher of others. If they believed him innocent they did too much—if guilty, far too little.[1]

I wrote to my nephew Walter to-day, cautioning him against a little disposition which he has to satire or *méchanceté*, which may be a great stumbling-block in his course in life. Otherwise I presage well of him. He is lieutenant of engineers, with high character for mathematical science — is acute, very well-mannered, and, I think, good-hearted. He has seen enough of the world too, to regulate his own course through life, better than most lads at his age.

February 3.—This is the first morning since my troubles that I felt at waking

> "I had drunken deep
> Of all the blessedness of sleep."[2]

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be grateful for. There is to be a meeting of the creditors to-day, but I care not for the issue. If they drag me into the Court, *obtorto collo*, instead of going into this scheme of arrangement, they would do themselves a great injury, and, perhaps, eventually do me good, though it would give me much pain. James Ballantyne is severely critical on what he calls imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe in *Woodstock*. Many will think with him, yet I am of opinion he is quite wrong, or, as friend J. F[errier] says, *wrong*.[3] In the first place, I am to look on the mere fact of another author having treated a subject happily as a bird looks on a potato-bogle which scares it away from a field otherwise as free to its depredations as any one's else! In 2d place, I have taken a wide difference: my object is

[1] *The Cause of Truth Defended*, etc. Two Trials of the Rev. T. Hill, Methodist Preacher, for defamation of the character of Miss Bell, etc. etc. 8vo. Hull and London, 1827.

[2] Coleridge's *Christabel*, Part II.

[3] James Ferrier, one of the Clerks of Session,—the father of the authoress of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny*. Mr. Ferrier was born in 1744, and died in 1829.

not to excite fear of supernatural things in my reader, but to show the effect of such fear upon the agents in the story—one a man of sense and firmness—one a man unhinged by remorse—one a stupid uninquiring clown—one a learned and worthy, but superstitious divine. In the third place, the book turns on this hinge, and cannot want it. But I will try to insinuate the refutation of Aldiboronti's exception into the prefatory matter.

From the 19th January to the 2d February inclusive is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. I think, for a bet, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up two or three hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a year; but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes.

John Gibson came to tell me in the evening that a meeting to-day had approved of the proposed trust. I know not why, but the news gives me little concern. I heard it as a party indifferent. I remember hearing that Mandrin[1] testified some horror when he found himself bound alive on the wheel, and saw an executioner approach with a bar of iron to break his limbs. After the second and third blow he fell a-laughing, and being asked the reason by his confessor, said he laughed at his own folly which had anticipated increased agony at every blow, when it was obvious that the *first* must have jarred and confounded the system of the nerves so much as to render the succeeding blows of little consequence. I suppose it is so with the moral feelings; at least I could not bring myself to be anxious whether these matters were settled one way or another.

February 4.—Wrote to Mr. Laidlaw to come to town upon Monday and see the trustees. To farm or not to farm, that is the question. With our careless habits, it were best, I think, to risk as little as possible. Lady Scott will not exceed with ready money in her hand; but calculating on the produce of a farm is different, and neither she nor I are capable of that minute economy. Two cows should be all we should keep. But I find Lady S. inclines much for the four. If she had her youthful activity, and could manage things, it would be well, and would amuse her. But I fear it is too late a week.

Returned from Court by Constable's, and found Cadell had fled to the sanctuary, being threatened with ultimate diligence by the Bank of Scotland. If this be a vindictive movement, it is harsh, useless, and bad of them, and flight, on the contrary, seems no good sign on

[1] "Authentic Memoirs of the remarkable Life and surprising Exploits of Mandarin, Captain-General of the French Smugglers, who for the space of nine months resolutely stood in defiance of the whole army of France," etc. 8vo. Lond. 1755. See *Waverley Novels*, vol. xxxvii. p. 434, Note.—J. G. L.

his part. I hope he won't prove his father or grandfather at Prestonpans:—

"Cadell dressed among the rest,
Wi' gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that day,
Wi' pistols set before, man.
The cause was gude, he'd spend his blude
Before that he would yield, man,
But the night before he left the corps,
And never faced the field, man."[1]

Harden and Mrs. Scott called on Mamma. I was abroad. Henry called on me. Wrote only two pages (of manuscript) and a half today. As the boatswain said, one can't dance always *nowther*, but, were we sure of the quality of the stuff, what opportunities for labour does this same system of retreat afford us! I am convinced that in three years I could do more than in the last ten, but for the mine being, I fear, exhausted. Give me my popularity—*an awful postulate!*—and all my present difficulties shall be a joke in five years; and it is *not* lost yet, at least.

February 5.—Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bile or anything to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

"I think the Romans call it stoicism."[2]

Missie was in the drawing-room, and overheard William Clerk and me laughing excessively at some foolery or other in the back-room, to her no small surprise, which she did not keep to herself. But do people suppose that he was less sorry for his poor sister,[3] or I for my lost fortune? If I have a very strong passion in the world, it is *pride*, and that never hinged upon world's gear, which was always with me—Light come, light go.

February 6.—Letters received yesterday from Lord Montagu, John Morritt, and Mrs. Hughes—kind and dear friends all—with solicitous inquiries. But it is very tiresome to tell my story over again, and I really hope I have few more friends intimate enough to ask me for it. I dread letter-writing, and envy the old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen or ink. What then? One must write; it is a part of the law we live on. Talking of writing, I finished my six pages, neat and handsome, yesterday. *N.B.* At night I fell asleep, and the oil dropped from the lamp upon my manuscript. Will this extreme unction make it go smoothly down with the public?

[1] See *Tranent Muir* by Skirving.
[2] Addison, *Cato*, i. 4.
[3] See p. 52.

Thus idly we "profane the sacred time"
By silly prose, light jest, and lighter rhyme.[1]

I have a song to write, too, and I am not thinking of it. I trust it will come upon me at once—a sort of catch it should be.[2] I walked out, feeling a little overwrought. Saw Constable and turned over Clarendon. Cadell not yet out of hiding. This is simple work. Obliged to borrow £240, to be refunded in spring, from John Gibson, to pay my nephew's outfit and passage to Bombay. I wish I could have got this money otherwise, but I must not let the orphan boy, and such a clever fellow, miscarry through my fault. His education, etc., has been at my expense ever since he came from America.

February 7.—Had letters yesterday from Lady Davy and Lady Louisa Stuart,[3] two very different persons. Lady Davy, daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy Antigua merchant, has been known to me all my life. Her father was a relation of ours of a Scotch calculation. He was of a good family, Kerr of Bloodielaws, but decayed. Miss Jane Kerr married first Mr. Apreece, son of a Welsh Baronet. The match was not happy. I had lost all acquaintance with her for a long time, when about twenty years ago we renewed it in London. She was then a widow, gay, clever, and most actively ambitious to play a distinguished part in London society. Her fortune, though handsome and easy, was not large enough to make way by dint of showy entertainments, and so forth. So she took the *blue* line, and by great tact and management actually established herself as a leader of literary fashion. Soon after, she visited Edinburgh for a season or two, and studied the Northern Lights. One of the best of them, poor Jack Playfair,[4] was disposed "to shoot madly from his sphere,"[5] and, I believe, asked her, but he was a little too old. She found a fitter husband in every respect in Sir Humphry Davy, to whom she gave a handsome fortune, and whose splendid talents and situation as President of the Royal Society gave her naturally a distinguished place in the literary society of the Metropolis. Now this is a very curious instance of an active-minded woman forcing her way to the point from which she seemed furthest excluded. For, though clever and even witty, she had no peculiar accomplishment, and certainly no good taste either for science or letters naturally. I was once in the Hebrides with her, and I admired to observe how amidst sea-sickness,

[1] Variation from 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

[2] See "Glee for King Charles," *Waverley Novels*, vol. xl. p. 40.—J. G. L.

[3] Lady Louisa Stuart, youngest daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, and grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

[4] The well known Mathematician and Natural Philosopher. Professor Playfair died in 1819 in his seventy-second year.

Have you seen the famed Bas bleu, the gentle dame Apreece,
Who at a glance shot through and through the Scots Review,
And changed its swans to geese?
Playfair forgot his mathematics, astronomy, and hydrostatics,
And in her presence often swore, he knew not two and two made four.
[Squib of 1811.]

[5] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 2.

fatigue, some danger, and a good deal of indifference as to what she saw, she gallantly maintained her determination to see everything.[1] It marked her strength of character, and she joined to it much tact, and always addressed people on the right side. So she stands high, and deservedly so, for to these active qualities, more French I think than English, and partaking of the Creole vivacity and suppleness of character, she adds, I believe, honourable principles and an excellent heart. As a lion-catcher, I could pit her against the world. She flung her lasso (see Hall's *South America*) over Byron himself. But then, poor soul, she is not happy. She has a temper, and Davy has a temper, and these tempers are not one temper, but two tempers, and they quarrel like cat and dog, which may be good for stirring up the stagnation of domestic life, but they let the world see it, and that is not so well. Now in all this I may be thought a little harsh on my friend, but it is between my *Gurnal* and me, and, moreover, I would cry heartily if anything were to ail my little cousin, though she be addicted to rule the Cerulean atmosphere.[2] Then I suspect the cares of this as well as other empires overbalance its pleasures. There must be difficulty in being always in the right humour to hold a court. There are usurpers to be encountered, and insurrections to be put down, an incessant troop, *bienséances* to be discharged, a sort of etiquette which is the curse of all courts. An old lion cannot get hamstrung quietly at four hundred miles distance, but the Empress must send him her condolence and a pot of lipsalve. To be sure the monster is consanguinean, as Sir Toby says.[3]

Looked in at Constable's coming home; Cadell emerged from Alsatia; borrowed Clarendon. Home by half-past twelve.

My old friend Sir Peter Murray[4] called to offer his own assistance, Lord Justice-Clerk's, and Abercromby's, to negotiate for me a seat upon the Bench [of the Court of Session] instead of my Sheriffdom and Clerkship. I explained to him the use which I could make of my pen was not, I thought, consistent with that situation; and that, besides, I had neglected the law too long to permit me to think of it; but this was kindly and honourably done. I can see people think me much worse off than I think myself. They may be right; but I will not be beat till I have tried a rally, and a bold one.

February 8.—Slept ill, and rather bilious in the morning. Many of the Bench now are my juniors. I will not seek *ex eleemosynâ* a place which, had I turned my studies that way, I might have aspired to long ago *ex meritis*. My pen should do much better for me than the odd £1000 a year. If it fails, I will lean on what they leave me. Another chance might be, if it fails, in the patronage which might, after a year or two, place me in Exchequer. But I do not count on

[1] This journey was made in 1810.—See *Life*, Chapter xxi. vol. iii. p. 271.

[2] Lady Davy survived her distinguished husband for more than a quarter of a century; she died in London, May, 1855.

[3] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[4] Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre, then a baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland; he died in June, 1837.

this unless, indeed, the D[uke] of B[uccleuch], when he comes of age, should choose to make play.

Got to my work again, and wrote easier than the two last days.

Mr. Laidlaw[1] came in from Abbotsford and dined with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negro-driving principle of self-interest, the only principle I know which *never* swerves from its objects. We choose all the active, young, and powerful men, turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for a guinea cannot do the work of five; but I will contrive to make it easier to the sufferers.

February 9.—A stormy morning, lowering and blustering, like our fortunes. *Mea virtute me involvo.* But I must say to the Muse of fiction, as the Earl of Pembroke said to the ejected nuns of Wilton, "Go spin, you jades, go spin!" Perhaps she has no *tow* on her *rock*.[2] When I was at Kilkenny last year we went to see a nunnery, but could not converse with the sisters because they were in strict retreat. I was delighted with the red-nosed Padre, who showed us the place with a sort of proud, unctuous humiliation, and apparent dereliction of the world, that had to me the air of a complete Tartuffe; a strong, sanguine, square-shouldered son of the Church, whom a Protestant would be apt to warrant against any sufferings he was like to sustain by privation. My purpose, however, just now was to talk of the "strict retreat," which did not prevent the nuns from walking in their little garden, breviary in hand, peeping at us, and allowing us to peep at them. Well, now, *we* are in *strict retreat*; and if we had been so last year, instead of gallivanting to Ireland, this affair might not have befallen—if literary labour could have prevented it. But who could have suspected Constable's timbers to have been rotten from the beginning?

Visited the Exhibition on my way home from the Court. The new rooms are most splendid, and several good pictures. The Institution has subsisted but five years, and it is astonishing how much superior the worst of the present collection are to the teaboard-looking things which first appeared. John Thomson, of Duddingston, has far the finest picture in the Exhibition, of a large size — subject *Dunluce*, a ruinous castle of the Antrim family, near the Giant's Causeway, with one of those terrible seas and skies which only Thomson can paint. Found Scrope there improving a picture of his own, an Italian scene

[1] This cherished and confidential friend had been living at Kaeside from 1817, and acting as steward on the estate. Mr. Laidlaw died in Ross-shire in 1845.

Mr. Lockhart says, "I have the best reason to believe that the kind and manly character of Dandie [Dinmont in *Guy Mannering*], the gentle and delicious one of his wife, and some at least of the most picturesque peculiarities of the *ménage* at Charlieshope were filled up from Scott's observation, years after this period [1792], of a family, with one of whose members he had, through the best part of his life, a close and affectionate connection. To those who were familiar with him, I have perhaps already sufficiently indicated the early home of his dear friend, William Laidlaw." *Life*, vol. i. p. 268. See also vol. ii. p. 59; v. pp. 210–15, 251; vii. p. 168; viii. p. 68, etc.

[2] Flax on her distaff.

in Calabria. He is, I think, greatly improved, and one of the very best amateur painters I ever saw—Sir George Beaumont scarcely excepted. Yet, hang it, *I do* except Sir George.

I would not write to-day after I came home. I will not say could not, for it is not true; but I was lazy; felt the desire *far niente*, which is the sign of one's mind being at ease. I read *The English in Italy*,[1] which is a clever book. Byron used to kick and frisk more contemptuously against the literary gravity and slang than any one I ever knew who had climbed so high. Then, it is true, I never knew any one climb so high; and before you despise the eminence, carrying people along with you, as convinced that you are not playing the fox and the grapes, you must be at the top. Moore told me some delightful stories of him. One was that while they stood at the window of Byron's Palazzo in Venice, looking at a beautiful sunset, Moore was naturally led to say something of its beauty, when Byron answered in a tone that I can easily conceive, "Oh! come, d—n me, Tom, don't be poetical." Another time, standing with Moore on the balcony of the same Palazzo, a gondola passed with two English gentlemen, who were easily distinguished by their appearance. They cast a careless look at the balcony and went on. Byron crossed his arms, and half stooping over the balcony said, "Ah! d—n ye, if ye had known what two fellows you were staring at, you would have taken a longer look at us." This was the man, quaint, capricious, and playful, with all his immense genius. He wrote from impulse, never from effort; and therefore I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me. We have, however, many men of high poetical talent, but none, I think, of that ever-gushing and perennial fountain of natural water.

Mr. Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr. Gibson told him he would dispose of my affairs, were it any but S. W. S.[2] No doubt, so should I, and am wellnigh doing so at any rate. But, *fortuna juvante!* much may be achieved. At worst, the prospect is not very discouraging to one who wants little. Methinks I have been like Burns's poor labourer.

> "So constantly in Ruin's sight,
> The view o't gives me little fright."

[*Edinburgh*,] *February* 10.—Went through, for a new day, the task of buttoning, which seems to me somehow to fill up more of my morning than usual—not, certainly, that such is really the case, but that my mind attends to the process, having so little left to hope or fear. The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious

[1] *The English in Italy*. 3 vols., Lond. 1825, ascribed to the Marquis of Normanby.

[2] "S. W. S." Scott, in writing of himself, often uses these three letters in playful allusion to a freak of his trusty henchman Tom Purdie, who, in his joy on hearing of the baronetcy, proceeded to mark every sheep on the estate with a large letter "S" in addition to the owner's initials, W. S., which, according to custom, had already been stamped on their backs.

to any task which was exercising my invention.[1] When I get over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am at a loss, "Never mind, we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." If I have forgot a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. There is a passage about this sort of matutinal inspiration in the Odyssey,[2] which would make a handsome figure here if I could read or write Greek. I will look into Pope for it, who, ten to one, will not tell me the real translation. I think the first hour of the morning is also favourable to the bodily strength. Among other feats, when I was a young man, I was able at times to lift a smith's anvil with one hand, by what is called the *horn*, or projecting piece of iron on which things are beaten to turn them round. But I could only do this before breakfast, and shortly after rising. It required my full strength, undiminished by the least exertion, and those who choose to try it will find the feat no easy one. This morning I had some good ideas respecting *Woodstock* which will make the story better. The devil of a difficulty is, that one puzzles the skein in order to excite curiosity, and then cannot disentangle it for the satisfaction of the prying fiend they have raised. A letter from Sir James Mackintosh of condolence, prettily expressed, and which may be sung to the old tune of "Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor." A brother son of chivalry dismounted by mischance is sure to excite the compassion of one laid on the arena before him.

Yesterday I had an anecdote from old Sir James Steuart Denham,[3] which is worth writing down. His uncle, Lord Elcho, was, as is well known, engaged in the affair of 1745. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of matters from beginning to end. But after the left wing of the Highlanders was repulsed and broken at Culloden, Elcho rode up to the Chevalier and told him all was lost, and that nothing remained except to charge at the head of two thousand men, who were

[1] Moore also felt that the morning was his happiest time for work, but he preferred "composing" in bed! He says somewhere that he would have passed half his days in bed for the purpose of composition had he not found it too relaxing.

[2] Macaulay, too, when engaged in his *History*, was in the habit of writing three hours before breakfast daily.

[2] I am assured by Professor Butcher that there is no such passage in the Odyssey, but he suggests "that what Scott had in his mind was merely the Greek idea of a *waking vision* being a true one. They spoke of it as a ὕπαρ opposed to an ὄναρ, a mere dream. These waking visions are usually said to be seen towards morning.

"In the Odyssey there are two such visions which turn out to be realities:—that of Nausicaa, Bk. vi. 20, etc., and that of Penelope, Bk. xix. 535, etc. In the former case we are told that the vision occurred just before dawn; l. 48–49, *αὐτίκα δ' Ἠὼς ἠλθεν*, 'straightway came the Dawn,' etc. In the latter, there is no special mention of the hour. The vision, however, is said to be not a dream, but a true vision which shall be accomplished (547, *οὐκ ὄναρ ἀλλ' ὕπαρ ἐσθλὸν, ὅ τοι τετελεσμένον ἔσται*).

"Such passages as these, which are frequent in Greek literature, might easily have given rise to the notion of a 'matutinal inspiration,' of which Scott speaks."

[3] General Sir James Steuart Denham of Coltness, Baronet, Colonel of the Scots Greys. His father, the celebrated political economist, took part in the Rebellion of 1745, and was long afterwards an exile. The reader is no doubt acquainted with "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters" addressed to him and his wife, Lady Frances.—J. G. L. See also Mrs. Calderwood's *Letters*, 8vo. Edin. 1884. Sir James died in 1839.

still unbroken, and either turn the fate of the day or die sword in hand, as became his pretensions. The Chevalier gave him some evasive answer, and, turning his horse's head, rode off the field. Lord Elcho called after him (I write the very words), "There you go for a damned cowardly Italian," and never would see him again, though he lost his property and remained an exile in the cause. Lord Elcho left two copies of his memoirs, one with Sir James Steuart's family, one with Lord Wemyss. This is better evidence than the romance of Chevalier Johnstone; and I have little doubt it is true. Yet it is no proof of the Prince's cowardice, though it shows him to have been no John of Gaunt. Princes are constantly surrounded with people who hold up their own *life* and *safety* to them as by far the most important stake in any contest; and this is a doctrine in which conviction is easily received. Such an eminent person finds everybody's advice, save here and there that of a desperate Elcho, recommend obedience to the natural instinct of self-preservation, which very often men of inferior situations find it difficult to combat, when all the world are crying to them to get on and be damned, instead of encouraging them to run away. At Prestonpans the Chevalier offered to lead the van, and he was with the second line, which, during that brief affair, followed the first very close. Johnstone's own account, carefully read, brings him within a pistol-shot of the first line. At the same time, Charles Edward had not a head or heart for great things, notwithstanding his daring adventure; and the Irish officers, by whom he was guided, were poor creatures. Lord George Murray was the soul of the undertaking.[1]

February 11.—Court sat till half-past one. I had but a trifle to do, so wrote letters to Mrs. Maclean Clephane and nephew Walter. Sent the last, £40 in addition to £240 sent on the 6th, making his full equipment £280. A man, calling himself Charles Gray of Carse, wrote to me, expressing sympathy for my misfortunes, and offering me half the profits of what, if I understand him right, is a patent medicine, to which I suppose he expects me to stand trumpeter. He endeavours to get over my objections to accepting his liberality (supposing me to entertain them) by assuring me his conduct is founded on a *sage selfishness*. This is diverting enough. I suppose the Commissioners of Police will next send me a letter of condolence, begging my acceptance of a broom, a shovel, and a scavenger's greatcoat, and assuring me that they had appointed me to all the emoluments of a well-frequented crossing. It would be doing more than they have done of late for the cleanliness of the streets, which, witness my shoes, are in a piteous pickle. I thanked the selfish sage with due decorum—for what purpose can anger serve? I remember once be-

1 "Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke."—*Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745, etc.* 4to, p. 140. London, 1810.—J. G. L.

fore, a mad woman, from about Alnwick, baited me with letters and plans—first for charity to herself or some protégé. I gave my guinea. Then she wanted to have half the profit of a novel which I was to publish under my name and auspices. She sent me the manuscript, and a *moving* tale it was, for some of the scenes lay in the *cabinet à l'eau*. I declined the partnership. Lastly, my fair correspondent insisted I was a lover of speculation, and would be much profited by going shares in a patent medicine which she had invented for the benefit of little babies, I believe. I dreaded to have anything to do with such a Herod-like affair, and begged to decline the honour of her correspondence in future. I should have thought the thing a quiz, but that the novel was real and substantial. Anne goes to Ravelston today to remain to-morrow. Sir Alexander Don called, and we had a good laugh together.

February 12.—Having ended the second volume of *Woodstock* last night, I have to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest road, and either found or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing, I never could lay down a plan—or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always diluted some passages, and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the plan, but according to the success, or otherwise, with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly labored, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice, and sometimes three times over. This may be called in Spanish the *Dar donde diere* mode of composition, in English *hab nab at a venture*; it is a perilous style, I grant, but I cannot help it. When I chain my mind to ideas which are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape, that I think away the whole vivacity and spirit of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame, and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however; *consilium non currum cape.*

Read a few pages of Will D'Avenant, who was fond of having it supposed that Shakespeare intrigued with his mother. I think the pretension can only be treated as Phaeton's was, according to Fielding's farce—

"Besides, by all the village boys I'm shamed,
You, the sun's son, you rascal?—you be damn'd."

Egad—I'll put that into *Woodstock*.[1] It might come well from the old admirer of Shakespeare. Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then?—it is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, it is easy to swear they were written, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition. Walked with Skene on the Calton Hill.

February 13.—The Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts opens to-day, with a handsome entertainment in the Exhibition-room, as at Somerset House. It strikes me that the direction given by amateurs and professors to their *protégés* and pupils, who aspire to be artists, is upon a pedantic and false principle. All the Fine Arts have it for their highest and more legitimate end and purpose, to affect the human passions, or smooth and alleviate for a time the more unquiet feelings of the mind—to excite wonder, or terror, or pleasure, or emotion of some kind or other. It often happens that, in the very rise and origin of these arts, as in the instance of Homer, the principal object is obtained in a degree not equalled by his successors. But there is a degree of execution which, in more refined times, the poet or musician begins to study, which gives a value of its own to their productions of a different kind from the rude strength of their predecessors. Poetry becomes complicated in its rules—music learned in its cadences and harmonies—rhetoric subtle in its periods. There is more given to the labour of executing—less attained by the effect produced. Still the nobler and popular end of these arts is not forgotten; and if we have some productions too learned, too *recherchés* for public feeling, we have, every now and then, music that electrifies a whole assembly, eloquence which shakes the forum, and poetry which carries men up to the third heaven. But in painting it is different; it is all become a mystery, the secret of which is lodged in a few connoisseurs, whose object is not to praise the works of such painters as produce effect on mankind at large, but to class them according to their proficiency in the inferior rules of the art, which, though most necessary to be taught and learned, should yet only be considered as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*—the steps by which the higher and ultimate object of a great popular effect is to be attained. They have all embraced the very style of criticism which induced Michael Angelo to call some Pope a poor creature, when, turning his attention from the general effect of a noble statue, his Holiness began to criticise the hem of the robe. This seems to me the cause of the decay of this delightful art, especially in history, its noblest branch. As I speak to myself, I may say that a painting should, to be excel-

[1] The lines are given in *Woodstock*, with the following apology: "We observe this couplet in Fielding's farce of *Tumbledown Dick*, founded on the same classical story. As it was current in the time of the Commonwealth, it must have reached the author of *Tom Jones* by tradition, for no one will suspect the present author of making the anachronism."

lent, have something to say to the mind of a man, like myself, well-educated, and susceptible of those feelings which anything strongly recalling natural emotion is likely to inspire. But how seldom do I see anything that moves me much! Wilkie, the far more than Teniers of Scotland, certainly gave many new ideas. So does Will Allan, though overwhelmed with their rebukes about colouring and grouping, against which they are not willing to place his general and original merits. Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw—leaping, and bounding, and grinning on the canvas. Leslie has great powers; and the scenes from Molière by [Newton] are excellent. Yet painting wants a regenerator—some one who will sweep the cobwebs out of his head before he takes the palette, as Chantrey has done in the sister art. At present we are painting pictures from the ancients, as authors in the days of Louis Quatorze wrote epic poems according to the recipe of Madame Dacier and Co. The poor reader or spectator has no remedy; the compositions are *secundum artem*, and if he does not like them, he is no judge—that's all.

February 14.—I had a call from Glengarry[1] yesterday, as kind and friendly as usual. This gentleman is a kind of Quixote in our age, having retained, in their full extent, the whole feelings of clanship and chieftainship, elsewhere so long abandoned. He seems to have lived a century too late, and to exist, in a state of complete law and order, like a Glengarry of old, whose will was law to his sept. Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him, and his efforts are unceasing to show kindness to those of his clan who are disposed fully to admit his pretensions. To dispute them is to incur his resentment, which has sometimes broken out in acts of violence which have brought him into collision with the law. To me he is a treasure, as being full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the Highlanders in general. Strong, active, and muscular, he follows the chase of the deer for days and nights together, sleeping in his plaid when darkness overtakes him in the forest. He was fortunate in marrying a daughter of Sir William Forbes, who, by yielding to his peculiar ideas in general, possesses much deserved influence with him. The number of his singular exploits would fill a volume;[2] for, as his pretensions are high, and not always willingly yielded to, he is every now and then giving rise to some rumour. He is, on many of these occasions, as much sinned against as sinning; for men, knowing his temper, sometimes provoke him, conscious that Glengarry, from his character for violence, will always be put in the wrong by the public. I have seen him behave in a very manly manner when thus tempted. He has of late prosecuted a quarrel, ridiculous enough in the present

[1] Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry. He died in January, 1828.—J. G. L.

[2] "We have had Maréchal Macdonald here. We had a capital account of Glengarry visiting the interior of a convent in the ancient Highland garb, and the effect of such an apparition on the nuns, who fled in all directions."—Scott to Skene, Edinburgh, 24th June, 1825.

day, to have himself admitted and recognised as Chief of the whole Clan Ranald, or surname of Macdonald. The truth seems to be, that the present Clanranald is not descended from a legitimate Chieftain of the tribe; for, having accomplished a revolution in the sixteenth century, they adopted a Tanist, or Captain—that is, a Chief not in the direct line of succession, a certain Ian Moidart, or John of Moidart, who took the title of Captain of Clanranald, with all the powers of Chief, and even Glengarry's ancestor recognized them as chiefs *de facto* if not *de jure*. The fact is, that this elective power was, in cases of insanity, imbecility, or the like, exercised by the Celtic tribes; and though Ian Moidart was no chief by birth, yet by election he became so, and transmitted his power to his descendants, as would King William III., if he had had any. So it is absurd to set up the *jus sanguinis* now, which Glengarry's ancestors did not, or could not, make good, when it was a right worth combating for. I wrought out my full task yesterday.

Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seems dejected, apprehensive of another trustee being preferred to Cowan, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, etc., on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr. Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable. I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th January, except my own family and Mr. Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house. Poor No. 39.[1] One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me very well. All our furniture, too, is to go—a hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with all the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business. But *sursum corda*.

My two friends came as expected, also Missie, and stayed till half-past ten. Promised Sharpe the set of Piranesi's views in the dining-parlour. They belonged to my uncle, so I do not like to sell them.[2]

February 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line of *Woodstock*. Partly, I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. Partly, I was a little too far beyond the press. I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always makes me work best. Needs must when the devil drives—and drive

1 No. 39 Castle Street, which had been occupied by him from 1802, when he removed from No. 10 in the same street. The situation suited him, as the houses of nearly all his friends were within a circle of a few hundred yards. For description see *Life*, vol. v. pp. 321, 333–4, etc.

2 See below, *March* 12.

he does even according to the letter. I must work to-day, however. Attended a meeting of the Faculty about our new library. I spoke —saying that I hoped we would now at length act upon a general plan, and look forward to commencing upon such a scale as would secure us at least for a century against the petty and partial management, which we have hitherto thought sufficient, of fitting up one room after another. Disconnected and distant, these have been costing large sums of money from time to time, all now thrown away. We are now to have space enough for a very large range of buildings, which we may execute in a simple taste, leaving Government to ornament them if they shall think proper — otherwise, to be plain, modest, and handsome, and capable of being executed by degrees, and in such portions as convenience may admit of.

Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs,—he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give him, my advice, I fear, will be of little service. I am sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on.

February 16.—"Misfortune's gowling bark"[1] comes louder and louder. By assigning my whole property to trustees for behoof of creditors, with two works in progress and nigh publication, and with all my future literary labours, I conceived I was bringing into the field a large fund of payment, which could not exist without my exertions, and that thus far I was entitled to a corresponding degree of indulgence. I therefore supposed, on selling this house, and various other property, and on receiving the price of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, that they would give me leisure to make other exertions, and be content with the rents of Abbotsford, without attempting a sale. This would have been the more reasonable, as the very printing of these works must amount to a large sum, of which they will reap the profits. In the course of this delay I supposed I was to have the chance of getting some insight both into Constable's affairs and those of Hurst and Robinson. Nay, employing these houses, under precautions, to sell the works, the publisher's profit would have come in to pay part of their debts. But Gibson last night came in after dinner, and gave me to understand that the Bank of Scotland see this in a different point of view, and consider my contribution of the produce of past, present, and future labours, as compensated in full by their accepting of the trust-deed, instead of pursuing the mode of sequestration, and placing me in the *Gazette*. They therefore expected the trustees instantly to commence a law-suit to reduce the marriage settlement, which settles the estate upon Walter, thus loading me with a most expensive suit, and, I suppose, selling library and whatever they can lay hold on.

[1] Burns's *Dedication* to Gavin Hamilton—

"May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the *Clerk*."

Now this seems unequal measure, and would besides of itself totally destroy any power of fancy or genius, if it deserves the name, which may remain to me. A man cannot write in the House of Correction; and this species of *peine forte et dure* which is threatened would render it impossible for one to help himself or others. So I told Gibson I had my mind made up as far back as the 24th of January, not to suffer myself to be harder pressed than law would press me. If this great commercial company, through whose hands I have directed so many thousands, think they are right in taking every advantage and giving none, it must be my care to see that they take none but what law gives them. If they take the sword of the law, I must lay hold of the shield. If they are determined to consider me as an irretrievable bankrupt, they have no title to object to my settling upon the usual terms which the Statute requires. They probably are of opinion that I will be ashamed to do this by applying publicly for a sequestration. Now, my feelings are different. I am ashamed to owe debts I cannot pay; but I am not ashamed of being classed with those to whose rank I belong. The disgrace is in being an actual bankrupt, not in being made a legal one. I had like to have been too hasty in this matter. I must have a clear understanding that I am to be benefited or indulged in some way, if I bring in two such funds as those works in progress, worth certainly from £10,000 to £15,000.

Clerk came in last night and drank wine and water.

Slept ill, and bilious in the morning. *N.B.*—I smoked a cigar, the first for this present year, yesterday evening.

February 17.—Slept sound, for Nature repays herself for the vexation the mind sometimes gives her. This morning put interlocutors on several Sheriff-Court processes from Selkirkshire. Gibson came to-night to say that he had spoken at full length with Alexander Monypenny, proposed as trustee on the part of the Bank of Scotland, and found him decidedly in favour of the most moderate measures, and taking burthen on himself for the Bank of Scotland proceeding with such lenity as might enable me to have some time and opportunity to clear these affairs out. I repose trust in Mr. M. entirely. His father, old Colonel Monypenny, was my early friend, kind and hospitable to me when I was a mere boy. He had much of old Withers about him, as expressed in Pope's epitaph—

> "O youth in arms approved!
> O soft humanity in age beloved."[1]

His son David, and a younger brother, Frank, a soldier who perished by drowning on a boating party from Gibraltar, were my school-fellows; and with the survivor, now Lord Pitmilly,[2] I have

[1] "O born to arms! O worth in youth approved,
O soft humanity in age beloved!"
—See Pope, *Epitaphs*, 9.

[2] David Monypenny had been on the Bench from 1813; he retired in 1830, and died at the age of eighty-one in 1850.

always kept up a friendly intercourse. Of this gentleman, on whom my fortunes are to depend, I know little. He was Colin Mackenzie's partner in business while my friend pursued it, and he speaks highly of him: that's a great deal. He is secretary to the Pitt Club, and we have had all our lives the habit *idem sentire de republica*: that's much too. Lastly, he is a man of perfect honour and reputation; and I have nothing to ask which such a man would not either grant or convince me was unreasonable. I have, to be sure, some of my constitutional and hereditary obstinacy; but it is in me a dormant quality. Convince my understanding, and I am perfectly docile; stir my passions by coldness or affronts, and the devil would not drive me from my purpose. Let me record, I have striven against this besetting sin. When I was a boy, and on foot expeditions, as we had many, no creature could be so indifferent which way our course was directed, and I acquiesced in what any one proposed; but if I was once driven to make a choice, and felt piqued in honour to maintain my proposition, I have broken off from the whole party, rather than yield to any one. Time has sobered this pertinacity of mind; but it still exists, and I must be on my guard against it.

It is the same with me in politics. In general I care very little about the matter, and from year's end to year's end have scarce a thought connected with them, except to laugh at the fools who think to make themselves great men out of little, by swaggering in the rear of a party. But either actually important events, or such as seemed so by their close neighbourhood to me, have always hurried me off my feet, and made me, as I have sometimes afterwards regretted, more forward and more violent than those who had a regular jog-trot way of busying themselves in public matters. Good luck; for had I lived in troublesome times, and chanced to be on the unhappy side, I had been hanged to a certainty. What I have always remarked has been that many who have hallooed me on at public meetings, and so forth, have quietly left me to the odium which a man known to the public always has more than his own share of; while, on the other hand, they were easily successful in pressing before me, who never pressed forward at all, when there was any distribution of public favours or the like. I am horribly tempted to interfere in this business of altering the system of banks in Scotland; and yet I know that if I can attract any notice, I will offend my English friends without propitiating one man in Scotland. I will think of it till to-morrow. It is making myself of too much importance after all.

February 18. — I set about Malachi Malagrowther's Letter on the late disposition to change everything in Scotland to an English model, but without resolving about the publication. They do treat us very provokingly.

> "O Land of Cakes! said the Northern bard,
> Though all the world betrays thee,

One faithful pen thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."[1]

Called on the Lord Chief Commissioner, who, understanding there was a hitch in our arrangements, had kindly proposed to execute an arrangement for my relief. I could not, I think, have thought of it at any rate. But it is unnecessary.

February 19.—Finished my letter (Malachi Malagrowther) this morning, and sent it to James B., who is to call with the result this forenoon. I am not very anxious to get on with *Woodstock*. I want to see what Constable's people mean to do when they have their trustee. For an unfinished work they must treat with the author. It is the old story of the varnish spread over the picture, which nothing but the artist's own hand could remove. A finished work might be seized under some legal pretence.

Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain—curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. It passes the time, however, especially in that listless mood when your mind is half on your book, half on something else. You catch something to arrest the attention every now and then, and what you miss is not worth going back upon; idle man's studies, in short. Still things occur to one. Something might be made out of the Pass or Fountain of Tears,[2] a tale of chivalry,—taken from the Passage of Arms, which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelvemonth.[3] The first mention perhaps of red-hot balls appears in the siege of Oudenarde by the citizens of Ghent. *Chronique*, p. 293. This would be light summer work.

J. B. came and sat an hour. I led him to talk of *Woodstock*; and, to say truth, his approbation did me much good. I am aware it *may* —nay, *must*—be partial; yet is he Tom Tell-truth, and totally unable to disguise his real feelings.[4] I think I make no habit of feeding

[1] Parody on Moore's *Minstrel Boy*.—J. G. L.

[2] "Le Pas de la Fontaine des Pleurs."—*Chroniques Nationales*.

[3] This hint was taken up in *Count Robert of Paris*.—J. G. L.

[4] James Ballantyne gives an interesting account of an interview a dozen years before this time, when "Tom Telltruth" had a somewhat delicate task to perform:—

"*The Lord of the Isles* was by far the least popular of the series, and Mr. Scott was very prompt at making such discoveries. In about a week after its publication he took me into his library, and asked me what the people were saying about *The Lord of the Isles*. I hesitated, much in the same manner that Gil Blas might be supposed to do when a similar question was put by the Archbishop of Grenada, but he very speedily brought the matter to a point—'Come, speak out, my good fellow, what has put it in your head to be on ceremony with me? But the result is in one word—disappointment!' My silence admitted his inference to its fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds (for it is a singular fact, that before the public, or rather the booksellers, gave *their* decision he no more knew whether he had written well or ill, than whether a die, which he threw out of a box, was to turn out a sise or an ace). However, he almost instantly resumed his spirits and expressed his wonder rather that his popularity had lasted so long, than that it should have given way at last. At length, with a perfectly cheerful manner, he said, 'Well, well, James, but you know we must not droop—for you know we can't and won't give over—we must just try something

on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow, who, after eating a cherry-tart, proceeded to lick the plate. But when one is flagging, a little praise (if it can be had genuine and unadulterated by flattery, which is as difficult to come by as the genuine mountain-dew) is a cordial after all. So now—*vamos corazon*—let us atone for the loss of the morning.

February 20.—Yesterday, though late in beginning, I nearly finished my task, which is six of my close pages, about thirty pages of print, to a full and uninterrupted day's work. To-day I have already written four, and with some confidence. Thus does flattery or praise oil the wheels. It is but two o'clock. Skene was here remonstrating against my taking apartments at the Albyn Club,[1] and recommending that I should rather stay with them.[2] I told him that was altogether impossible; I hoped to visit them often, but for taking a permanent residence I was altogether the country mouse, and voted for

> "——A hollow tree,
> A crust of bread and liberty."[3]

The chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact.

February 21.—Corrected the proofs of *Malachi*[4] this morning; it may fall dead, and there will be a squib lost; it may chance to light

else, and the question is, what it 's to be?' Nor was it any wonder he spoke thus, for he could not fail to be unconsciously conscious, if I dare use such a term, of his own gigantic, and as yet undeveloped, powers, and was somewhat under forty years old. I am by no means sure whether he then alluded to *Waverley*, as if he had mentioned it to me for the first time, for my memory has greatly failed me touching this, or whether he alluded to it, as in fact appears to have been the case, as having been commenced and laid aside several years before, but I well recollect that he consulted me with his usual openness and candour respecting his probability of succeeding as a novelist, and I confess my expectations were not very sanguine. He saw this and said, 'Well, I don't see why I should not succeed as well as other people. Come, faint heart never won fair lady—let us try.' I remember when the work was put into my hands, I could not get myself to think much of the Waverley Honour Scenes, but to my shame be it spoken, when he had reached the exquisite scenes of Scottish manners at Tully-Veolan, I thought them, and pronounced them, vulgar! When the success of the book so utterly knocked me down as a man of taste, all that the good-natured Author observed was, 'Well, I really thought you might be wrong about the Scotch. Why, Burns had already attracted universal attention to all about Scotland, and I confess I could not see why I should not be able to keep the flame alive, merely because I wrote in prose in place of rhyme.'"—*Memorandum.*

[1] This was a club-house on the London plan, in Princes Street [No. 54], a little eastward from the Mound. On its dissolution soon afterwards, Sir W. was elected by acclamation into the elder Society, called the *New Club*, who had then their house in St. Andrew Square [No. 3], and since 1837 in Princes Street [No. 85].

[2] Mr. Skene's house was No. 126 Princes Street. Scott's written answer has been preserved:—

"My Dear Skene,—A thousand thanks for your kind proposal. But I am a solitary monster by temper, and must necessarily couch in a den of my own. I should not, I assure you, have made any ceremony in accepting your offer had it at all been like to suit me.

"But I must make an arrangement which is to last for years, and perhaps for my lifetime; therefore the sooner I place myself on my footing it will be so much the better.—Always, dear Skene, your obliged and faithful,

W. Scott.

[3] Pope's *Imitation of Horace*, Bk. ii. Sat. 6. —J. G. L.

[4] These letters appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* in February and March, 1826. "They were then collected into a pamphlet, and ran through numerous editions; in the subsequent discussions in Parliament, they were frequently referred to; and although an elaborate answer by the then Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Croker, attracted much notice, and was, by the Government of the time, expected to neutralise the effect of the northern lucubrations—the proposed measure, as regarded Scotland, was ultimately abandoned, and that result was universally ascribed to Malachi Malagrowther."—Scott's *Misc. Works*, vol. xxi.

on some ingredients of national feeling and set folk's beards in a blaze—and so much the better if it does. I mean better for Scotland—not a whit for me. Attended the hearing in P[arliament] House till near four o'clock, so I shall do little to-night, for I am tired and sleepy. One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, always sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of Exchequer always excepted.

February 22.—Paid Lady Scott her fortnight's allowance, £24.

Ballantyne breakfasted, and is to negotiate about *Malachi* with Constable and Blackwood. It reads not amiss; and if I can get a few guineas for it I shall not be ashamed to take them; for paying Lady Scott, I have just left between £3 and £4 for any necessary occasion and my salary does not become due until 20th March, and the expense of removing, etc., is to be provided for:

> "But shall we go mourn for that, my dear?
> The cold moon shines by night,
> And when we wander here and there,
> We then do go most right."[1]

The mere scarcity of money (so that actual wants are provided) is not poverty—it is the bitter draft to owe money which we cannot pay. Laboured fairly at *Woodstock* to-day, but principally in revising and adding to *Malachi*, of which an edition as a pamphlet is anxiously desired. I have lugged in my old friend Cardrona[2]—I hope it will not be thought unkindly. The Banks are anxious to have it published. They were lately exercising lenity towards me, and if I can benefit them, it will be an instance of the "King's errand lying in the cadger's gate."

February 23.—Corrected two sheets of *Woodstock* this morning. These are not the days of idleness. The fact is, that the not seeing company gives me a command of my time which I possessed at no other period in my life, at least since I knew how to make some use of my leisure. There is a great pleasure in sitting down to write with the consciousness that nothing will occur during the day to break the spell. Detained in the Court till past three, and came home just in time to escape a terrible squall. I am a good deal jaded, and will not work till after dinner. There is a sort of drowsy vacillation of mind attends fatigue with me. I can command my pen

[1] *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 2, slightly altered.

[2] The late Mr. Williamson of Cardrona in Peeblesshire, was a strange humorist, of whom Sir Walter told many stories. The allusion here is to the anecdote of the *Leetle Anderson* in the first of *Malachi's* Epistles.—See Scott's *Prose Miscellanies*, vol. XXI. p. 289.—J. G. L.

as the school copy recommends, but cannot equally command my thought, and often write one word for another. Read a little volume called *The Omen*[1]—very well written—deep and powerful language. *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*, it is Lockhart or I am strangely deceived. It is passed for Wilson's though, but Wilson has more of the falsetto of assumed sentiment, less of the depth of gloomy and powerful feeling.

February 24.—Went down to printing-office after the Court, and corrected *Malachi*. J. B.'s name is to be on the imprint, so he will subscribe the book. He reproaches me with having taken much more pains on this temporary pamphlet than on works which have a greater interest on my fortunes. I have certainly bestowed enough of revision and correction. But the cases are different. In a novel or poem, I run the course alone—here I am taking up the cudgels, and may expect a drubbing in return. Besides, I do feel that this is public matter in which the country is deeply interested; and, therefore, is far more important than anything referring to my fame or fortune alone. The pamphlet will soon be out—meantime *Malachi* prospers and excites much attention.[2] The Banks have bespoke 500 copies. The country is taking the alarm; and I think the Ministers will not dare to press the measure. I should rejoice to see the old red lion ramp a little, and the thistle again claim its *nemo me impune*. I do believe Scotsmen will show themselves unanimous at least where their cash is concerned. They shall not want backing. I incline to cry with Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost*,

"More Atés, more Atés! stir them on."

I suppose all imaginative people feel more or less of excitation from a scene of insurrection or tumult, or of general expression of national feeling. When I was a lad, poor Davie Douglas[3] used to accuse me of being *cupidus novarum rerum*, and say that I loved the stimulus of a broil. It might be so then, and even still—

"Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires."[4]

Whimsical enough that when I was trying to animate Scotland against the currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of trust, assign-

[1] *The Omen*, by Galt, had just been published.—See Sir Walter's review of this novel in the *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xviii. p. 333. John Galt died at Greenock in April, 1839. —J. G. L.

[2] "A Letter from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq., to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, on the proposed Change of Currency, and other late alterations as they affect, or are intended to affect, the kingdom of Scotland. 8vo, Edin. 1826.

The motto to the epistle was:—

"When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taittie to the drum,
Out claymore and down wi' gun,
And to the rogues again."

In the next edition it was suppressed, as some friends thought it might be misunderstood. Mr. Croker in his reply had urged that if the author appealed to the edge of the claymore at Prestonpans, he might refer him to the point of the bayonet at Culloden.—See Croker's *Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 317–320, and Scott's *Life*, vol. viii. pp. 301–5.

[3] Lord Reston, who died at Gladsmuir in 1819. He was one of Scott's companions at the High School.—See *Life*, vol. i. p. 40.

[4] See Gray's *Elegy*.—J. G. L.

ing my whole estate to be subscribed by me; so that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I was proclaiming myself incapable of managing my own. What of that? The eminent politician, *Quidnunc*,[1] was in the same condition. Who would think of their own trumpery debts, when they are taking the support of the whole system of Scottish banking on their shoulders? Odd enough too—on this day, for the first time since the awful 17th January, we entertain at dinner—Lady Anna Maria Elliot,[2] W. Clerk, John A. Murray,[3] and Thomas Thomson,[4] as if we gave a dinner on account of my *cessio fori*.

February 25.—Our party yesterday went off very gaily; much laugh and fun, and I think I enjoyed it more from the rarity of the event—I mean from having seen society at home so seldom of late. My head aches slightly though; yet we were but a bottle of Champagne, one of Port, one of old Sherry, and two of Claret, among four gentlemen and three ladies. I have been led from this incident to think of taking chambers near Clerk, in Rose Court.[5] Methinks the retired situation should suit me well. There a man and woman would be my whole establishment. My superfluous furniture might serve, and I could ask a friend or two to dinner, as I have been accustomed to do. I will look at the place to-day.

I must set now to a second epistle of *Malachi* to the Athenians. If I can but get the sulky Scottish spirit set up, the devil won't turn them.

> "Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
> We'll over the Border, and give them a brush;
> There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour;
> Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver."[6]

February 26.—Spent the morning and till dinner on *Malachi's* second epistle to the Athenians. It is difficult to steer betwixt the natural impulse of one's national feelings setting in one direction, and the prudent regard to the interests of the empire and its internal peace and quiet, recommending less vehement expression. I will endeavour to keep sight of both. But were my own interests alone concerned, d—n me but I would give it them hot! Had some valuable communications from Colin Mackenzie and Lord Medwyn, which will supply my plentiful lack of facts.

Received an anonymous satire in doggrel, which, having read the first verse and last, I committed to the flames. Peter Murray, son of

[1] In Arthur Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer, or What News?*

[2] Lady Anna Maria Elliot, daughter of the first Earl of Minto. She married Sir Rufane Donkin in 1832.

[3] Afterwards Lord Advocate, 1834 and 1835, and Judge under the title of Lord Murray from 1839; he died in 1859.

[4] The learned editor of the Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, in 10 vols. folio, Edin. 1814-24; he succeeded Sir Walter as President of the Bannatyne Club in 1832, and died in 1852.

[5] Rose Court, where Mr. Clerk had a bachelor's establishment, was situated immediately behind St. Andrew's Church, George Street. The name disappeared from our Street Directories shortly after Mr. Clerk's death in 1847.

[6] Burns, in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, No. 319.

the clever Lord Elibank, called and sat half-an-hour—an old friend, and who, from the peculiarity and originality of his genius, is one of the most entertaining companions I have ever known.[1] But I must finish *Malachi*.

February 27.—*Malachi* is getting on; I must finish him to-night. I dare say some of my London friends will be displeased—Canning perhaps, for he is *engoué* of Huskisson. Can't help it.

The place I looked at won't do; but I really must get some lodging, for, reason or none, Dalgleish[2] will not leave me, and cries and makes a scene. Now if I stayed alone in a little set of chambers, he would serve greatly for my accommodation. There are some nice places of the kind in the New Buildings, but they are distant from the Court, and I cannot walk well on the pavement. It is odd enough that just when I had made a resolution to use my coach frequently I ceased to keep one—in town at least.

February 28.—Completed *Malachi* to-day. It is more serious than the first, and in some places perhaps too peppery. Never mind, if you would have a horse kick, make a crupper out of a whin-cow,[3] and I trust to see Scotland kick and fling to some purpose. *Woodstock* lies back for this. But *quid non pro patria?*

[1] One of the nineteen original members of *The Club*.—See Mr. Irving's letter with names, *Life*, vol. i. pp. 207–8, and Scott's joyous visit in 1793 to Meigle, pp. 292–4.

[2] Dalgleish was Sir Walter's butler. He said he cared not how much his wages were reduced—but go he would not.—J. G. L.

[3] Whin-cow—*Anglicè*, a bush of furze.—J. G. L.

MARCH

March 1.—*Malachi* is in the *Edinburgh Journal* to-day, and reads like the work of an uncompromising right-forward Scot of the old school. Some of the cautious and pluckless instigators will be afraid of their confederate; for if a man of some energy and openness of character happens to be on the same side with these truckling jobbers, they stand as much in awe of his vehemence as doth the inexperienced conjurer who invokes a fiend whom he cannot manage. Came home in a heavy shower with the Solicitor. I tried him on the question, but found him reserved and cautious. The future Lord Advocate must be cautious; but I can tell my good friend John Hope that, if he acts the part of a firm and resolute Scottish patriot, both his own country and England will respect him the more. Ah! Hal Dundas, there was no such truckling in thy day!

Looked out a quantity of things to go to Abbotsford; for we are flitting, if you please.[1] It is with a sense of pain that I leave behind a parcel of trumpery prints and little ornaments, once the pride of Lady S——'s heart, but which she sees consigned with indifference to the chance of an auction. Things that have had their day of importance with me I cannot forget, though the merest trifles. But I am glad that she, with bad health and enough to vex her, has not the same useless mode of associating recollections with this unpleasant business. The best part of it is the necessity of leaving behind, viz., getting rid of, a set of most wretched daubs of landscapes, in great gilded frames, of which I have often been heartily ashamed. The history of them was curious. An amateur artist (a lady) happened to fall into misfortunes, upon which her landscapes, the character of which had been buoyed up far beyond their proper level, sank even beneath it, and it was low enough. One most amiable and accomplished old lady continued to encourage her pencil, and to order picture after picture, which she sent in presents to her friends. I suppose I have eight or ten of them, which I could not avoid accepting. There will be plenty of laughing when they come to be sold. It would be a good joke enough to cause it to be circulated that they were performances of my own in early youth, and they would be looked on and bought up as curiosities. True it is that I took

[1] The full-length picture of Sir Walter (with the two dogs, Camp and the deerhound) by Raeburn, painted in 1809, was at this time given to Mr. Skene, and remained in his possession till 1831, when it was sent to Abbotsford, where it now hangs.—See Letter, Scott to Skene, under January 16th, 1831.

lessons of oil-painting in youth from a little Jew animalcule, a smouch called Burrell, a clever sensible creature though; but I could make no progress either in painting or drawing. Nature denied me correctness of eye and neatness of hand, yet I was very desirous to be a draughtsman at least, and laboured harder to attain that point than at any other in my recollection, to which I did not make some approaches. My oil-paintings were to Miss —— above commemorated what hers are to Claude Lorraine. Yet Burrell was not useless to me altogether neither; he was a Prussian, and I got from him many a long story of the battles of Frederic, in whose armies his father had been a commissary, or perhaps a spy. I remember his picturesque account of seeing a party of the Black Hussars bringing in some forage carts which they had taken from a body of the Cossacks, whom he described as lying on the top of the carts of hay, mortally wounded, and, like the Dying Gladiator, eyeing their own blood as it ran down through the straw. I afterwards took lessons from Walker, whom we used to call Blue-beard. He was one of the most conceited persons in the world, but a good teacher—one of the ugliest countenances he had too—enough, as we say, to spean weans.[1] The man was always extremely precise in the quality of everything about him, his dress, accommodations, and everything else. He became insolvent, poor man, and for some reason or other I attended the meeting of those concerned in his affairs. Instead of ordinary accommodations for writing, each of the persons present was equipped with a large sheet of drawing paper and a swan's quill. It was mournfully ridiculous enough. Skirving[2] made an admirable likeness of Walker, not a single scar or mark of the smallpox which seamed his countenance, but the too accurate brother of the brush had faithfully laid it down in longitude and latitude. Poor Walker destroyed it (being in crayons) rather than let the caricature of his ugliness appear at the sale of his effects. I did learn myself to take some vile views from Nature. When Will Clerk and I lived very much together, I used sometimes to make them under his instruction. He to whom, as to all his family, art is a familiar attribute, wondered at me as a Newfoundland dog would at a greyhound which showed fear of the water.

Going down to Liddesdale once, I drew the castle of Hermitage in my fashion, and sketched it so accurately that with a few verbal instructions Clerk put it into regular form, Williams[3] (the Grecian) copied over Clerk's, and *his* drawing was engraved as the frontispiece of the first volume of the Kelso edition, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.[4] Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? Because it pleases me to record that this thrice-transmitted

[1] Spean a wean, *i.e.* wean a child.

[2] Archibald Skirving (1749–1819), well known as a portrait painter in chalk and crayons in Edinburgh in the early part of this century.

[3] H. W. Williams, a native of Wales, who settled in Edinburgh at the beginning of this century. His *Travels in Italy and Greece* were published in 1820, and the *Views in Greece* in 1827. This work was completed in 1829, the year in which he died.

[4] Vols. i. and ii. were published in 1802.

drawing, though taken originally from a sketch of mine, was extremely like Hermitage, which neither of my colleagues in the task had ever seen? No, that's not the reason. You want to put off writing *Woodstock*, just as easily done as these memoranda, but which it happens your duty and your prudence recommend, and therefore you are loath to begin.

"Heigho,
I can't say no;
But this piece of task-work off I can stave, O,
For Malachi's posting into an octavo;
To correct the proof-sheets only this night I have, O,
So, Madame Conscience, you've gotten as good as you gave, O
But to-morrow's a new day and we'll better behave, O,
So I lay down the pen, and your pardon I crave, O."

In the evening Mr. Gibson called and transacted business.

March 2.—I have a letter from Colin Mackenzie, approving *Malachi*,—"Cold men may say it is too strong; but from the true men of Scotland you are sure of the warmest gratitude." I never have yet found, nor do I expect it on this occasion, that ill-will dies in debt, or what is called gratitude distresses herself by frequent payments. The one is like a ward-holding and pays its reddendo in hard blows. The other a blanch-tenure, and is discharged for payment of a red rose or a peppercorn. He that takes the forlorn hope in an attack, is often deserted by those that should support him, and who generally throw the blame of their own cowardice upon his rashness. We shall see this will end in the same way. But I foresaw it from the beginning. The bankers will be persuaded that it is a squib which may burn their own fingers, and will curse the poor pyrotechnist that compounded it; if they do, they be d—d. Slept indifferently, and dreamed of Napoleon's last moments, of which I was reading a medical account last night, by Dr. Arnott. Horrible death—a cancer on the pylorus. I would have given something to have lain still this morning and made up for lost time. But *desidiae valedixi*. If you once turn on your side after the hour at which you ought to rise, it is all over. Bolt up at once. Bad night last—the next is sure to be better.

"When the drum beats, make ready;
When the fife plays, march away—
To the roll-call, to the roll-call, to the roll-call,
Before the break of day."

Dined with Chief-Commissioner, Admiral Adam, W. Clerk, Thomson, and I. The excellent old man was cheerful at intervals—at times sad, as was natural. A good blunder he told us, occurred in the Annandale case, which was a question partly of domicile. It was proved that leaving Lochwood, the Earl had given up his *kain* and

carriages;[1] this an English Counsel contended was the best of all possible proofs that the noble Earl designed an absolute change of residence, since he laid aside his *walking-stick* and his *coach*.

First epistle of *Malachi* is getting out of print, or rather is out of print already.

March 3.—Could not get the last sheets of *Malachi*, Second Epistle, last night, so they must go out to the world uncorrected—a great loss, for the last touches are always most effectual; and I expect misprints in the additional matter. We were especially obliged to have it out this morning, that it may operate as a gentle preparative for the meeting of inhabitants at two o'clock. *Vogue la galère*—we shall see if Scotsmen have any pluck left. If not, they may kill the next Percy themselves. It is ridiculous enough for me, in a state of insolvency for the present, to be battling about gold and paper currency. It is something like the humorous touch in Hogarth's *Distressed Poet*, where the poor starveling of the Muses is engaged, when in the abyss of poverty, in writing an Essay on payment of the National Debt; and his wall is adorned with a plan of the mines of Peru. Nevertheless, even these fugitive attempts, from the success which they have had, and the noise they are making, serve to show the truth of the old proverb—

> "When house and land are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent."

On the whole, I am glad of this brulzie, as far as I am concerned; people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity—no more "poor-manning." Who asks how many punds Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

> "He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew so loud and shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang ilka hill"?[2]

This sounds conceited enough, yet is not far from truth.

The meeting was very numerous, 500 or 600 at least, and unanimous, save in one Mr. Howden, who having been all his life, as I am told, in bitter opposition to Ministers, proposed on the present occasion that the whole contested measure should be trusted to their wisdom. I suppose he chose the opportunity of placing his own opinion in opposition, single opposition too, to that of a large assembly. The speaking was very moderate. Report had said that Jeffrey, J. A. Murray, and other sages of the economical school, were to unbuckle their mails, and give us their opinions. But no such great

[1] *Kain* in Scotch law means payment in *kind*. *Carriages* in the same phraseology stands for services in driving with horse and cart.

[2] Ballad of *Hardyknute*, slightly altered.—J. G. L.

guns appeared. If they had, having the multitude on my side, I would have tried to break a lance with them. A few short but well-expressed resolutions were adopted unanimously. These were proposed by Lord Rollo, and seconded by Sir James Fergusson, Bart. I was named one of a committee to encourage all sorts of opposition to the measure. So I have already broken through two good and wise resolutions—one, that I would not write on political controversy; another, that I would not be named on public committees. If my good resolves go this way, like *snaw aff a dyke*—the Lord help me!

March 4.—Last night I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of *Malachi*, says, "The Ministers are sore beyond imagination at present; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose." I conclude he means Canning is offended. I can't help it, as I said before—*fiat justitia, ruat coelum.* No cause in which I had the slightest personal interest should have made me use my pen 'gainst them, blunt or pointed as it may be. But as they are about to throw this country into distress and danger, by a measure of useless and uncalled-for experiment, they must hear the opinion of the Scotsmen, to whom it is of no other consequence than as a general measure affecting the country at large,—and mine they *shall* hear. I had determined to lay down the pen. But now they shall have another of *Malachi*, beginning with buffoonery, and ending as seriously as I can write it. It is like a frenzy that they will agitate the upper and middling classes of society, so very friendly to them, with unnecessary and hazardous [projects].

> "Oh, thus it was they loved them dear,
> And sought how to requite 'em,
> And having no friends left but they,
> They did resolve to fight them."

The country is very high just now. England may carry the measure if she will, doubtless. But what will be the consequence of the distress ensuing, God only can foretell.

Lockhart, moreover, inquires about my affairs anxiously, and asks what he is to say about them; says, "He has inquiries every day; kind, most kind all, and among the most interested and anxious, Sir William Knighton,[1] who told me the King was quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it." *This* I can well believe, for the King, educated as a prince, has, nevertheless, as true and kind a heart as any subject in his dominions. He goes on: "I do think they would give you a Baron's gown as soon as possible," etc. I have written to him in answer, showing I have enough to carry me on, and can dedicate my literary efforts to clear my land. The preferment would suit me well, and the late Duke of Buccleuch gave me his interest for it.

[1] Sir W. Knighton was Physician and Private Secretary to George IV. Rogers (*Table-Talk*, p. 289) says no one had more influence with the King. Sir William died in 1836; his *Memoirs* were published in 1838, edited by his widow

I dare say the young duke would do the same, for the unvaried love I have borne his house; and by and by he will have a voice potential. But there is Sir William Rae in the meantime, whose prevailing claim I would never place my own in opposition to, even were it possible by a *tour de force*, such as L. points at, to set it aside. Meantime, I am building a barrier betwixt me and promotion. Any prospect of the kind is very distant and very uncertain. *Come time, come rath*, as the German says.

In the meanwhile, now I am not pulled about for money, etc., methinks I am happier without my wealth than with it. Everything is paid. I have no one wishing to *make up a sum* of money, and writing for his account to be paid. Since 17th January I have not laid out a guinea, out of my own hand, save two or three in charity, and six shillings for a pocket-book. But the cash with which I set out having run short for family expenses I drew on Blackwood, through Ballantyne, which was honoured, for £25, to account of *Malachi's Letters*, of which another edition of 1000 is ordered, and gave it to Lady Scott, because our removal will require that in hand. This is for a fortnight succeeding Wednesday next, being the 8th March current. On the 20th my quarter comes in, and though I have something to pay out of it, I shall be on velvet for expense—and regular I will be. Methinks all trifling objects of expenditure seem to grow light in my eyes. That I may regain independence, I must be saving. But ambition awakes, as love of quiet indulgence dies and is mortified within me. "Dark Cuthullin will be renowned or dead."[1]

March 5.—Something of toddy and cigar in that last quotation, I think. Yet I only smoked two, and liquefied with one glass of spirits and water. I have sworn I will not blot out what I have once written here.

Malachi goes on, but I am dubious about the commencement—it must be mended at least—reads prosy.

Had letters from Walter and Jane, the dears. All well. Regiment about to move from Dublin.

March 6.—Finished third *Malachi*, which I don't much like. It respects the difficulty of finding gold to replace the paper circulation. Now this should have been considered first. The admitting that the measure may be imposed is yielding up the question, and *Malachi* is like a commandant who should begin to fire from interior defences before his outworks were carried. If Ballantyne be of my own opinion I will suppress it. We are all in a bustle shifting things to Abbotsford. I believe we shall stay here till the beginning of next week. It is odd, but I don't feel the impatience for the country which I have usually experienced.

March 7.—Detained in the Court till *three* by a hearing. Then to the Committee appointed at the meeting on Friday, to look after

[1] Ossian.—J. G. L.

the small-note business. A pack of old *fainéants*, incapable of managing such a business, and who will lose the day from mere coldness of heart. There are about a thousand names at the petition. They have added no designations—a great blunder; for *testimonia sunt ponderanda, non numeranda* should never be lost sight of. They are disconcerted and helpless; just as in the business of the King's visit, when everybody threw the weight on me, for which I suffered much in my immediate labour, and after bad health it brought on a violent eruption on my skin, which saved me from a fever at the time, but has been troublesome more or less ever since. I was so disgusted with seeing them sitting in ineffectual helplessness spitting on the hot iron that lay before them, and touching it with a timid finger, as if afraid of being scalded, that at another time I might have dashed in and taken up the hammer, summoned the deacons and other heads of public bodies, and by consulting them have carried them with me. But I cannot waste my time, health, and spirits in fighting thankless battles. I left them in a quarter of an hour, and presage, unless the country make an alarm, the cause is lost. The philosophical reviewers manage their affairs better—hold off—avoid committing themselves, but throw their *vis inertiæ* into the opposite scale, and neutralise the feelings which they cannot combat. To force them to fight on disadvantageous ground is our policy. But we have more sneakers after Ministerial favour than men who love their country, and who upon a liberal scale would serve their party. For to force the Whigs to avow an unpopular doctrine in popular assemblies, or to wrench the government of such bodies from them, would be a *coup de maître*. But they are alike destitute of manly resolution and sound policy. D—n the whole nest of them! I have corrected the last of *Malachi*, and let the thing take its chance. I have made enemies enough, and indisposed enough of friends.

March 8.—At the Court, though a teind day. A foolish thing happened while the Court were engaged with the teinds. I amused myself with writing on a sheet of paper notes of Frederick Maitland's account of the capture of Bonaparte; and I have lost these notes—shuffled in perhaps among my own papers, or those of the teind clerks. What a curious document to be found in a process of valuation!

Being jaded and sleepy, I took up Le Duc de Guise on Naples.[1] I think this, with the old Memoires on the same subject which I have at Abbotsford, would enable me to make a pretty essay for the *Quarterly*. We must take up *Woodstock* now in good earnest. Mr. Cowan, a good and able man, is chosen trustee in Constable's affairs, with full power. From what I hear, the poor man is not sensible of the

[1] Pastoret: *Le Duc de Guise à Naples, etc., en* 1647 *et* 1648. 8vo, 1825; also *Memoires relating his passage to Naples and heading the Second Revolt of that people.* Englished, sm. 8vo, 1669.

"The Reviewal then meditated was afterwards published in *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. p. 355, but not included in the *Misc. Prose Works.*"—*Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 36.

nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matters perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help them, and have arrived at a *flocci-pauci-nihili-pili*-fication of money, and I thank Shenstone for inventing that long word.[1] They are removing the wine, etc., to the carts, and you will judge if our flitting is not making a noise in the world—or in the street at least.

March 9.—I foresaw justly,

> "When first I set this dangerous stone a-rolling,
> 'Twould fall upon myself."[2]

Sir Robert Dundas to-day put into my hands a letter of between thirty and forty pages, in angry and bitter reprobation of *Malachi*, full of general averments and very untenable arguments, all written at me by name, but of which I am to have no copy, and which is to be shown to me *in extenso*, and circulated to other special friends, to whom it may be necessary to "give the sign to hate."[3] I got it at two o'clock, and returned [it] with an answer four hours afterwards, in which I have studied not to be tempted into either sarcastic or harsh expressions.[4] A quarrel it is however, in all the forms, between my old friend and myself, and his lordship's reprimand is to be *read out in order* to all our friends. They all know what I have said is true, but that will be nothing to the purpose if they are desired to consider it as false. As for Lord Melville, I do not wonder that he is angry, though he has little reason, for he, our *watchman stented*, has from time to time suffered all manner of tampering to go on under his nose with the institutions and habits of Scotland. As for myself, I was quite prepared for my share of displeasure. It is very curious that I should have foreseen all this so distinctly as far back as 17th February. Nobody at least can plague me for interest with Lord Melville as they used to do. By the way, from the tone of his letter, I think his lordship will give up the measure, and I will be the peace-offering. All will agree to condemn me as too warm—too rash—and get rich on privileges which they would not have been able to save but for a little rousing of spirit, which will not perhaps fall asleep again.[5] A gentleman called on the part of a Captain [Rutherford], to make inquiry about the Border Rutherfords. Not being very *cleever*, as John Fraser used to say, at these pedigree matters, referred him to Mrs. Dr. Russell and Robt. Rutherford. The noble Captain conceits he has some title to the honours of Lord Rutherford. Very

[1] W. Shenstone's *Essays* (1765), p. 115, or *Works* (1764–69), vol. iii. p. 49.
I am indebted to Dr. J. A. H. Murray for this reference, which he kindly supplied from the materials for his great English Dictionary on Historical Principles.

[2] *King Henry VIII.*, Act v. Sc. 2, slightly altered.—J. G. L.

[3] "Watch the sign to hate."—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

[4] See *Arniston Memoirs*, 8vo, Edin. 1888, for text of Lord Melville's letter and Sir Walter's reply, pp. 315–326.

[5] "Seldom has any political measure called forth so strong and so universal an expression of public opinion. In every city and in every county public meetings were held to deprecate the destruction of the one pound and guinea notes."—*Annual Register* (1826), p. 24.

odd—when there is a vacant or dormant title in a Scottish family or *name*, everybody, and all connected with the clan, conceive they have *quodam modo* a right to it. Not being engrossed by any individual, it communicates part of its lustre to every individual in the tribe, as if it remained in common stock for that purpose.

March 10.—I am not made entirely in the same mould of passions like other people. Many men would deeply regret a breach with so old a friend as Lord Melville, and many men would be in despair at losing the good graces of a Minister of State for Scotland, and all pretty visions about what might be done for myself and my sons, especially Charles. But I think my good lord doth ill to be angry, like the patriarch of old, and I have, in my odd sans souciance character, a good handful of meal from the grist of the Jolly Miller, who

> "Once
> Dwelled on the river Dee;
> I care for nobody, no, not I,
> Since nobody cares for me."

Breakfasted with me Mr. Franks, a young Irishman from Dublin, who brought letters from Walter and Captain Longmore of the Royal Staff. He has written a book of poetry, *Tales of Chivalry and Romance*, far from bad, yet wants spirit. He talks of publishing his recollections in the Peninsula, which must be interesting, for he has, I think, sense and reflection.

Sandie Young[1] came in at breakfast-time with a Monsieur Brocque of Montpelier.

Saw Sir Robert Dundas at Court, who condemns Lord Melville, and says he will not show his letter to any one; in fact it would be exactly placarding me in a private and confidential manner. He is to send my letter to Lord Melville. Colin Mackenzie concurs in thinking Lord Melville quite wrong. "*He must cool in the skin he het in.*"

On coming home from the Court a good deal fatigued, I took a nap in my easy-chair, then packed my books, and committed the refuse to Jock Stevenson—

> "Left not a limb on which a Dane could triumph."

Gave Mr. Gibson my father's cabinet, which suits a man of business well. Gave Jock Stevenson the picture of my old favourite dog Camp, mentioned in one of the introductions to *Marmion*, and a little crow-quill drawing of Melrose Abbey by Nelson, whom I used to call the Admiral. Poor fellow! he had some ingenuity, and was, in a moderate way, a good penman and draughtsman. He left his situation of amanuensis to go into Lord Home's militia regiment, but his

[1] Alex. Young of Harburn, a steady Whig of the old school, and a steady and esteemed friend of Sir Walter's.—J. G. L.

dissipated habits got the better of a strong constitution, and he fell into bad ways and poverty, and died, I believe, in the hospital at Liverpool. Strange enough that Henry Weber, who acted afterwards as my amanuensis for many years, had also a melancholy fate ultimately. He was a man of very superior attainments, an excellent linguist and geographer, and a remarkable antiquary. He published a collection of ancient Romances, superior, I think, to the elaborate Ritson. He also published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, but too carelessly done to be reputable. He was a violent Jacobin, which he thought he disguised from me, while I, who cared not a fig about the poor young man's politics, used to amuse myself with teasing him. He was an excellent and affectionate creature, but unhappily was afflicted with partial insanity, especially if he used strong liquors, to which, like others with that unhappy tendency, he was occasionally addicted. In 1814[1] he became quite insane, and, at the risk of my life, I had to disarm him of a pair of loaded pistols, which I did by exerting the sort of authority which, I believe, gives an effectual control in such cases. His friends, who were respectable, placed him in the York Asylum, where he pined away and died, I think, in 1814 or 1815.[2] My patronage in this way has not been lucky to the parties protected. I hope poor George Huntly Gordon will escape the influence of the evil star. He has no vice, poor fellow, but his total deafness makes him helpless.

March 11.—This day the Court rose after a long and laborious sederunt. I employed the remainder of the day in completing a set of notes on Captain Maitland's manuscript narrative of the reception of Napoleon Bonaparte on board the *Bellerophon*. It had been previously in the hands of my friend Basil Hall, who had made many excellent corrections in point of style; but he had been hypercritical in wishing (in so important a matter where everything depends on accuracy) this expression to be altered for delicacy's sake,—that to be omitted for fear of giving offence,—and that other to be abridged for fear of being tedious. The plain sailor's narrative for me, written on the spot, and bearing in its minuteness the evidence of its veracity.

Lord Elgin sent me, some time since, a curious account of his imprisonment in France, and the attempts which were made to draw him into some intrigue which might authorise treating him with rigour.[3] He called to-day and communicated some curious circumstances, on the authority of Fouché, Denon, and others, respecting Bonaparte and the empress Maria Louise, whom Lord Elgin had conversed with on the subject in Italy. His conduct towards her was something like that of Ethwald to Elburga, in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedy,[4] making her postpone her high rank by birth to the authority

[1] See *Life*, vol. iv. pp. 146–148.

[2] Henry Weber died in 1818.

[3] See Life of Bonaparte. *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xi. pp. 346–351.—J. G. L.

[4] *Plays on the Passions*, 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1802, vol. ii. pp. 211–215.

which he had acquired by his talents. Dinner was usually announced for a particular hour, and Napoleon's business often made him late. She was not permitted to sit down to table, an etiquette which was reasonable enough. But from the hour of dinner till the Emperor appeared she was to be in the act of sitting down; that is to say, he was displeased if he found her engaged with a book, with work, or with anything else. She was obliged to be in a state of absolute "being about to sit down." She seemed a good deal *gênée* by something of that kind, though remembering with pride she had been Empress, it might almost be said of the world. The rest for to-morrow.

March 12.—Resumed *Woodstock*, and wrote my task of six pages. I was interrupted by a slumberous feeling which made me obliged to stop once or twice. I shall soon have a remedy in the country, which affords the pleasanter resource of a walk when such feelings come on. I hope I am the reverse of the well-known line, "sleepy myself, to give my readers sleep." I cannot *gurnalise* at any rate, having wrought my eyes nearly out.[1]

March 13.—Wrote to the end of a chapter, and knowing no more than the man in the moon what comes next, I will put down a few of Lord Elgin's remembrances, and something may occur to me in the meanwhile. When M[aria] Louise first saw B[onaparte], she was in the carriage with his representative general, when she saw a horseman ride forward at the gallop, passing and repassing the carriage in a manner which, joined to the behaviour of her companion, convinced her who it was, especially as he endeavoured, with a curiosity which would not have been tolerated in another, to peep into the windows. When she alighted at the inn at ——, Napoleon presented himself, pulled her by the ear, and kissed her forehead.

Bonaparte's happiest days passed away when he dismissed from about him such men as Talleyrand and Fouché, whose questions and objections compelled him to recur upon, modify, and render practicable the great plans which his ardent conception struck out at a heat. When he had Murat and such persons about him, who marvelled and obeyed, his schemes, equally magnificent, were not so well matured, and ended in the projector's ruin.

I have hinted in these notes that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits, with a fluttering of the heart and depression of

[1] He had, however, snatched a moment to write the following playful note to Mr. Sharpe, little dreaming that the sportive allusion to his return in May would be so sadly realised:—"My dear Charles,—You promised when I *displenished* this house that you would accept of the prints of Roman antiquities, which I now send. I believe they were once in some esteem, though now so detestably smoked that they will only suit your suburban villa in the Cowgate when you remove to that classical residence. I also send a print which is an old favourite of mine, from the humorous correspondence between Mr. Mountebank's face and the monkey's. I leave town to-day or to-morrow at furthest. When I return in May I shall be

Bachelor Bluff, bachelor Bluff,
Hey for a heart that's rugged and tough.

I shall have a beefsteak and a bottle of wine of a Sunday, which I hope you will often take share of,—Being with warm regard always yours, Walter Scott."—Sharpe's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 359–60.

spirits, just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture, the stripping of walls of pictures, and rooms of ornaments; the leaving a house we have so long called our home is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind it, and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday, not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recusant spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces! There lie letters which made the heart throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting—as are perhaps their owners. Riddles which time has read—schemes which he has destroyed or brought to maturity—memorials of friendships and enmities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my *Gurnal* as poor Byron did to Moore, "Damn it, Tom, don't be poetical."

Memorandum.—I received some time since from Mr. Riddoch, of Falkirk, a sort of iron mallet, said to have been found in the ruins of Grame's Dike; there it was reclaimed about three months since by the gentleman on whose lands it was found, a Doctor—by a very polite letter from his man of business. Having unluckily mislaid his letter, and being totally unable either to recollect the name of the proprietor or the professional gentleman, I returned this day the piece of antiquity to Mr. Riddoch, who sent it to me. Wrote at the same time to Tom Grahame of Airth, mentioning what I had done. "Touch my honour, touch my life—there is the spoon."[1]

March 14.—J. B. called this morning to take leave, and receive directions about proofs, etc. Talks of the uproar about *Malachi*; but I am tired of *Malachi*—the humour is off, and I have said what I wanted to say, and put the people of Scotland on their guard, as well as Ministers, if they like to be warned. They are gradually destroying what remains of nationality, and making the country *tabula rasa* for doctrines of bold innovation. Their loosening and grinding down all those peculiarities which distinguished us as Scotsmen will throw the country into a state in which it will be universally turned to democracy, and instead of canny Saunders, they will have a very dangerous North British neighbourhood.

Some [English] lawyer expressed to Lord Elibank an opinion, that at the Union the English law should have been extended all over Scotland. "I cannot say how that might have answered our purpose,"

[1] Apropos of the old Scotch lady who had surreptitiously pocketed a silver spoon, one of a set of a dozen which were being passed round for examination in an auction room. Suspicion resting on her, she was asked to allow her person to be searched, but she indignantly produced the article, with "Touch my honour," etc.

said Lord Patrick, who was never nonsuited for want of an answer, "but it would scarce have suited *yours*, since by this time the *Aberdeen Advocates*[1] would have possessed themselves of all the business in Westminster Hall."

What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the sickening effects of it are dispiriting to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or the mind that inflicts it upon the body? I cannot tell; but it is a severe price to pay for the *Fata Morgana* with which Fancy sometimes amuses men of warm imaginations. As to body and mind, I fancy I might as well inquire whether the fiddle or fiddlestick makes the tune. In youth this complaint used to throw me into involuntary passions of causeless tears. But I will drive it away in the country by exercise. I wish I had been a mechanic: a turning-lathe or a chest of tools would have been a God-send; for thought makes the access of melancholy rather worse than better. I have it seldom, thank God, and, I believe, lightly, in comparison of others.

It was the fiddle after all was out of order, not the fiddlestick; the body, not the mind. I walked out; met Mrs. Skene, who took a turn with me in Princes Street. Bade Constable and Cadell farewell, and had a brisk walk home, which enables me to face the desolation here with more spirit. News from Sophia. She has had the luck to get an anti-druggist in a Dr. Gooch, who prescribes care for Johnnie instead of drugs, and a little home-brewed ale instead of wine; and, like a liberal physician, supplies the medicine he prescribes. As for myself, while I have scarce stirred to take exercise for four or five days, no wonder I had the mulligrubs. It is an awful sensation though, and would have made an enthusiast of me, had I indulged my imagination on devotional subjects. I have been always careful to place my mind in the most tranquil posture which it can assume during my private exercises of devotion.

I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly during the last few days, by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of *O'Donnel*,[2] which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining. I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas! poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch,

[1] The *Attorneys* of Aberdeen are styled *advocates*. This valuable privilege is said to have been bestowed at an early period by some (sportive) monarch.—J. G. L.

[2] This clever book was published in 1814 at the same time as *Waverley*. Had it contained nothing else than the sketch of Bran, the great Irish wolf-hound, it would have commended itself to Scott. The authoress died in 1859.

which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early![1]

March 15.—This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street, for the last time. "The cabin was convenient," and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you! Not to desert the Lares all at once, Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me, I go, as aforesaid, this morning.

"Ha til mi tulidh'!——"[2]

Abbotsford, 9 *at night*.—The naturally unpleasant feelings which influenced me in my ejectment, for such it is virtually, readily evaporated in the course of the journey, though I had no pleasanter companions than Mrs. Mackay, the house-keeper, and one of the maids; and I have a shyness of disposition, which looks like pride, but it is not, which makes me awkward in speaking to my household domestics. With an out-of-doors labourer, or an old woman gathering sticks, I can talk for ever. I was welcomed here on my arrival by the tumult, great of men and dogs, all happy to see me. One of my old labourers killed by the fall of a stone working at Gattonside Bridge. Old Will Straiton, my man of wisdom and proverbs, also dead. He was entertaining from his importance and self-conceit, but really a sensible old man. When he heard of my misfortunes, he went to bed, and said he would not rise again, and kept his word. He was very infirm when I last saw him. Tom Purdie in great glory, being released from all farm duty, and destined to attend the woods, and be my special assistant. The gardener Bogie is to take care of what small farm we have left, which little would make me give up entirely.

March 16.—Pleasant days make short Journals, and I have little to say to-day. I wrote in the morning at *Woodstock*; walked from one till four; was down at Huntly Burn and paid my respects to the ladies. The spring seems promising, and everything in great order. Visited Will Straiton's widow, who squeezed out among many tears a petition for a house. I do not think I shall let her have one, as

[1] It is worth noting that a quarter of a century after Sir Walter had written these lines, we find Macaulay stating that, in his opinion, "there are in the world no compositions which approach nearer perfection."

Scott had already criticised Miss Austen in the 27th No. of the *Quarterly*. She died in 1817.

[2] "I return no more,"—see *Mackrimmon's Lament* by Scott.—*Poetical Works*, vol. xi. p. 332.

she has a bad temper, but I will help her otherwise; she is greedy besides, as was the defunct philosopher William. In a year or two I shall have on the toft field a gallant show of extensive woodland, sweeping over the hill, and its boundaries carefully concealed. In the evening, after dinner, read Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*[1]—decidedly the worst of her compositions.

March 17.—Sent off a packet to J. B.; only three pages copy, so must work hard for a day or two. I wish I could wind up my bottom handsomely — an odd but accredited phrase. The conclusion will be luminous; we must try to make it dashing. Go spin, you jade, go spin. Have a good deal to do between-hands, in sorting up the newly arrived accession of books.

I need not have exulted so soon in having attained ease and quiet. I am robbed of both with a vengeance. A letter from Lockhart, with one enclosed from Sophia, announces the medical people think the child is visibly losing strength, that its walking becomes more difficult, and, in short, that the spine seems visibly affected. They recommend tepid baths in sea-water, so Sophia has gone down to Brighton, leaving Lockhart in town, who is to visit her once a week. Here is my worst augury verified.[2] The bitterness of this probably impending calamity is extreme. The child was almost too good for this world; beautiful in features; and, though spoiled by every one, having one of the sweetest tempers, as well as the quickest intellect I ever saw; a sense of humour quite extraordinary in a child, and, owing to the general notice which was taken of him, a great deal more information than suited his years. He was born in the eighth month, and such children are never strong—seldom long-lived. I look on this side and that, and see nothing but protracted misery, a crippled frame, and decayed constitution, occupying the attention of his parents for years, and dying at the end of that period, when their hearts were turned on him; or the poor child may die before Sophia's confinement, and that may again be a dangerous and bad affair; or she may, by increase of attention to him, injure her own health. In short, to trace into how many branches such a misery may flow is impossible. The poor dear love had so often a slow fever, that when it pressed its little lips to mine, I always foreboded to my own heart what all I fear are now aware of.

Lockhart writes me that Croker is the author of the Letters in the *Courier* against *Malachi*, and that Canning is to make another attack on me in the House of Commons.[3] These things would make

[1] Published as far back as 1792. An appreciative criticism on Mrs. Smith's works will be found in Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. iv. pp. 58–70.

[2] See this Journal, 2 December last.

[3] The letters of *Malachi* were treated by some members of the House of Commons as incentives to rebellion, and senators gravely averred that not many years ago they would have subjected the author to condign punishment.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, declared that he did not dread "the flashing of that Highland claymore though evoked from its scabbard by the incantations of the mightiest magician of the age."—Speech of Rt. Hon. F. J. Robinson.

a man proud. I will not answer, because I must show up Sir William Rae, and even Lord Melville, and I have done enough to draw public attention, which is all I want. Let them call me ungrateful, unkind, and all sorts of names, so they keep their own fingers free of this most threatening measure. It is very curious that each of these angry friends—Melville, Canning, and Croker—has in former days appealed to me in confidence against each other.

While I smoked my cigar after dinner, my mind has been running into four threads of bitter fancies, or rather into three decidedly bitter, and one that is indifferent. There is the distress incumbent on the country by these most untimely proceedings, which I would stop with my life were that adequate to prevent them. 2d, there is the unpleasant feeling of seeing a number of valued friends pass from me; that I cannot help. 3d, there is the gnawing misery about that sweet child and its parents. 4th, there is the necessity of pursuing my own labours, for which perhaps I ought to be thankful, since it always wrenches one's mind aside from what it must dwell on with pain. It is odd that the state of excitation with me rather increases than abates the power of labour. I must finish *Woodstock* well if I can: otherwise how the Philistines will rejoice!

March 18.—Slept indifferently, and under the influence of Queen Mab, seldom auspicious to me, dreamed of reading the tale of the Prince of the Black Marble Islands to little Johnnie, extended on a paralytic chair, and yet telling all his pretty stories about Ha-papa, as he calls me, and Chiefswood—and waked to think I should see the little darling no more, or see him as a thing that had better never have existed. Oh, misery! misery! that the best I can wish for him is early death, with all the wretchedness to his parents that is like to ensue! I intended to have stayed at home to-day; but Tom more wisely had resolved that I should walk, and hung about the window with his axe and my own in his hand till I turned out with him, and helped to cut some fine paling.

March 19.—I have a most melancholy letter from Anne. Lady S., the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed on to see Dr. Abercrombie, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected; yet the avowal of the truth and its probable consequences are overwhelming. They are to stay a little longer in town to try the effects of a new medicine. On Wednesday they propose to return hither—a new affliction, where there was enough before; yet her constitution is so good that if she will be guided by advice, things may be yet ameliorated. God grant it! for really these misfortunes come too close upon each other.

A letter from Croker of a very friendly tone and tenor, which I will answer accordingly, not failing, however, to let him know that if I do not reply it is not for fear of his arguments or raillery,

far less from diffidence in my cause. I hope and trust it will do good.[1]

Maxpopple[2] and two of his boys arrived to take part of my poor dinner. I fear the little fellows had little more than the needful, but they had all I had to give them.

I wrote a good deal to-day notwithstanding heavy thoughts.

March 20. — Despatched proofs and copy this morning; and Swanston, the carpenter, coming in, I made a sort of busy idle day of it with altering and hanging pictures and prints, to find room for those which came from Edinburgh, and by dint of being on foot from ten to near five, put all things into apple-pie order. What strange beings we are! The serious duties I have on hand cannot divert my mind from the most melancholy thoughts; and yet the talking with these workmen, and the trifling occupation which they give me, serves to dissipate my attention. The truth is, I fancy that a body under the impulse of violent motion cannot be stopped or forced back, but may indirectly be urged into a different channel. In the evening I read, and sent off my Sheriff-Court processes.

I have a sort of grudging to give reasons why *Malachi* does not reply to the answers which have been sent forth. I don't know—I am strongly tempted—but I won't. To drop the tone might seem mean, and perhaps to maintain it would only exasperate the quarrel, without producing any beneficial results, and might be considered as a fresh insult by my alienated friends, so on the whole I won't.

The thing has certainly had more effect than it deserves; and I suspect my Ministerial friends, if they love me less, will not hold me cheaper for the fight I have made. I am far from saying *oderint dum emerint*, but there is a great difference betwixt that and being a mere protégé, a poor broken-down man, who was to be assisted when existing circumstances, that most convenient of all apologies and happiest of all phrases, would permit.

March 21.—Perused an attack on myself, done with as much ability as truth, by no less a man than Joseph Hume, the night-work man of the House of Commons, who lives upon petty abuses, and is a very useful man by so doing. He has had the kindness to say that I am interested in keeping up the taxes; I wish I had anything else to do with them than to pay them. But he lies, and is an ass, and not worth a man's thinking about. Joseph Hume, indeed!—I say Joseph Hum,—and could add a Swiftian rhyme, but forbear.

Busy in unpacking and repacking. I wrote five pages of *Woodstock*, which work begins

"To appropinque an end."[3]

March 22.—A letter from Lord Downshire's man of business

[1] Both letters are quoted in Lockhart's *Life*, vol. viii. pp. 299–305. See also *Croker's Correspondence and Diaries*, edited by Louis J. Jennings, 3 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1884, vol. i. pp. 315–319.

[2] W. Scott, Esq., afterwards of Raeburn, Sir Walter's Sheriff-substitute.

[3] Hudibras.—J. G. L.

about funds supposed to belong to my wife, or to the estate of my late brother-in-law. The possessor of the secret wants some reward. If any is granted, it should be a percentage on the net sum received, with the condition no cure—no pay. I expect Lady S., and from Anne's last letter hope to find her better than the first anticipation led me to dread.

Sent off proofs and copy, and shall indulge a little leisure to-day to collect my ideas and stretch my limbs. I am again far before the press.

March 23.—Lady Scott arrived yesterday to dinner. She was better than I expected, but Anne, poor soul, looked very poorly, and had been much worried with the fatigue and discomfort of the last week. Lady S. takes the digitalis, and, as she thinks, with advantage, though the medicine makes her very sick. Yet, on the whole, things are better than my gloomy apprehensions had anticipated.

I wrote to Lockhart and to Lord Downshire's Agent,—G. Handley, Esq., Pentonville, London.

Took a good brushing walk, but not till I had done a good task.

March 24.—Sent off copy, proofs, etc. J. B. clamorous for a motto.

It is foolish to encourage people to expect mottoes and such-like decoraments. You have no credit for success in finding them, and there is a disgrace in wanting them. It is like being in the habit of showing feats of strength, which you at length gain praise by accomplishing, while some shame occurs in failure.

March 25.—The end winds out well enough. I have almost finished to-night; indeed I might have done so had I been inclined, but I had a walk in a hurricane of snow for two hours and feel a little tired. Miss Margaret Ferguson came to dinner with us.[1]

March 26.—Here is a disagreeable morning, snowing and hailing, with gleams of bright sunshine between, and all the ground white, and all the air frozen. I don't like this jumbling of weather. It is ungenial, and gives chilblains. Besides, with its whiteness, and its coldness, and its glister, and its discomfort, it resembles that most disagreeable of all things, a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll. I do not know what is so like this disagreeable day, when the sun is so bright, and yet so uninfluential, that

> "One may gaze upon its beams
> Till he is starved with cold."

No matter, it will serve as well as another day to finish *Woodstock*. Walked out to the lake, and coquetted with this disagreeable weather,

[1] One of Sir Walter's kindly "*weird sisters*" and neighbours, daughters of Professor Ferguson. They had occupied the house at Toftfield (on which Scott at the ladies' request bestowed the name of Huntly Burn) from the spring of 1818. Miss Margaret has been described as extremely like her brother Sir Adam in the turn of thought and of humour.—See *Life*, vol. vi. p. 322.

whereby I catch chilblains in my fingers and cold in my head. Fed the swans.

Finished *Woodstock*, however, *cum tota sequela* of title-page, introduction, etc., and so, as Dame Fortune says in *Quevedo*,

"Go wheel, and may the devil drive thee."[1]

March 27.—Another bright cold day. I answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One, whom I had already assisted in some law business, on the footing of her having visited my mother, requested me to write to Mr. Peel, saying, on her authority, that her second son, a youth of infinite merit and accomplishment, was fit for any situation in a public office, and that I requested he might be provided accordingly. Another widowed dame, whose claim is having read *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, besides a promise to read all my other works—Gad, it is a rash engagement!—demands that I shall either pay £200 to get her cub into some place or other, or settle him in a seminary of education. Really this is very much after the fashion of the husbandman of Miguel Turra's requests of Sancho when Governor.[2] "Have you anything else to ask, honest man?" quoth Sancho. But what are the demands of an honest man to those of an honest woman, and she a widow to boot? I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children, and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living.

Went to Galashiels and settled the dispute about Sandie's wall.

March 28.—We have now been in solitude for some time—myself nearly totally so, excepting at meals, or on a call as yesterday from Henry and William Scott of Harden. One is tempted to ask himself, knocking at the door of his own heart, Do you love this extreme loneliness? I can answer conscientiously, *I do*. The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition awakening with other passions threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy, which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description. If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other. If thrown into society, I always have, and always will endeavour to bring pleasure with

[1] *Fortune in her Wits, and the Hour of all Men*, Quevedo's Works, Edin. 1798, vol. iii. p. 107.

[2] *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. cap. 47.

me, at least to show willingness to please. But for all this "I had rather live alone," and I wish my appointment, so convenient otherwise, did not require my going to Edinburgh. But this must be, and in my little lodging I will be lonely enough.

Had a very kind letter from Croker disowning the least idea of personal attack in his answer to *Malachi*.

Reading at intervals a novel called *Granby*; one of that very difficult class which aspires to describe the actual current of society, whose colours are so evanescent that it is difficult to fix them on the canvas. It is well written, but over-laboured—too much attempt to put the reader exactly up to the thoughts and sentiments of the parties. The women do this better: Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen have all had their portraits of real society, far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature.[1]

March 29.—Worked in the morning. Had two visits from Colonels Russell and Ferguson. Walked from one till half-past four. A fine, flashy, disagreeable day; snow-clouds sweeping past among sunshine, driving down the valley, and whitening the country behind them.

Mr. Gibson came suddenly in after dinner. Brought very indifferent news from Constable's house. It is not now hoped that they will pay above three or four shillings in the pound. Robinson supposed not to be much better.

Mr. G. goes to London immediately, and is to sell *Woodstock* to Robinson if he can, otherwise to those who will, John Murray, etc. This work may fail, perhaps, though better than some of its predecessors. If so, we must try some new manner. I think I could catch the dogs yet.

A beautiful and perfect lunar rainbow to-night.

March 30.—Mr. Gibson looks unwell, and complains of cold—bitter bad weather for his travelling, and he looks but frail.

These indifferent news he brought me affect me but to a little degree. It is being too confident to hope to ensure success in the long series of successive struggles which lie before me. But somehow, I do fully entertain the hope of doing a good deal.

March 31.—

> "He walked and wrote poor soul, what then?
> Why then, he wrote and walked again."

But I am begun *Nap. Bon.* again, which is always a change, because it gives a good deal of reading and research, whereas *Woodstock* and such like, being extempore from my mother-wit, is a sort of spinning of the brains, of which a man tires. The weather seems milder today.

[1] *Granby* was written by a young man, Thos. H. Lister, some years afterwards known as the author of *The Life and Administration of the First Earl of Clarendon*, 3 vols. 8vo, 1837–38. Mr. Lister died in his 41st year in 1842.

APRIL

April 1.—*Ex uno die disce omnes.* Rose at seven or sooner, studied, and wrote till breakfast with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I will feel sleepy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalgleish brings the dinner summons. Then I will have a chat with Lady S. and Anne; some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat—and man's chief business, in Dr. Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coquetting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whisky and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half hour of chat; then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night; a little bread and then a glass of porter, and to bed.

And this, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life—and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor Johnnie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well—for the latter—I fear—I fear—

April 2.—I am in a wayward mood this morning. I received yesterday the last proof-sheets of *Woodstock*, and I ought to correct them. Now, this *ought* sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free goodwill, sooner than I would *must* it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly, and silly folly too; and so *must* shall be for once obeyed after I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound. Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock—when I think I will treat resolution, not to a dram, as the drunken fellow said after he had passed the dram-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyesight is somewhat uncertain and wavering. I think it must be from the stomach. The whole page waltzes before my eyes. J. B. writes

gloomily about *Woodstock*; but commends the conclusion. I think he is right. Besides, my manner is nearly caught, and, like Captain Bobadil,[1] I have taught nearly a hundred gentlemen to fence very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself. I will strike out something new.

April 3.—I have from Ballantyne and Gibson the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8228 in all, ready money—a matchless sum for less than three months' work.[2] If Napoleon does as well, or near it, it will put the trust affairs in high flourish. Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with [such] success, amply replace my losses, and put me on a steadier footing than ever. I have a curious fancy: I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I will succeed in clearing my way or not. I have a little toothache keeps me from working much to-day, besides I sent off, per Blucher, copy for *Napoleon*, as well as the d——d proofs.

A blank forenoon! But how could I help it, Madam Duty? I was not lazy; on my soul I was not. I did not cry for half holiday for the sale of *Woodstock*. But in came Colonel Ferguson with Mrs. Stewart of Blackhill, or hall, or something, and I must show her the garden, pictures, etc. This lasts till one; and just as they are at their lunch, and about to go off, guard is relieved by the Laird and Lady Harden, and Miss Eliza Scott—and my dear Chief, whom I love very much, though a little obsidional or so, remains till three. That same crown, composed of the grass which grew on the walls of besieged places, should be offered to visitors who stay above an hour in any eident[3] person's house. Wrote letters this evening.

April 4.—Wrote two pages in the morning. Then went to Ashestiel in the sociable, with Colonel Ferguson. Found my cousin Russell settled kindly to his gardening, and his projects. He seems to have brought home with him the enviable talent of being interested and happy in his own place. Ashestiel looks worst, I think, at this period of the year; but is a beautiful place in summer, where I passed nine happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere? None that I remember, save those at the High School, which I thoroughly detested on account of the confinement. I disliked serving in my father's office, too, from the same hatred to restraint. In other respects, I have had unhappy days—unhappy weeks—even, on one or two occasions, unhappy months; but Fortune's finger has never been able to play a dirge on me for a quarter of a year together.

I am sorry to see the Peel-wood, and other natural coppice, decaying and abridged about Ashestiel—

[1] Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

[2] The reader will understand that the Novel was sold for behoof of James Ballantyne & Co.'s creditors, and that this sum includes the cost of printing the first edition as well as paper.—J. G. L.

[3] Eident, *i. e* eagerly diligent.—J. G. L.

"The horrid plough has razed the green,
Where once my children play'd;
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
The schoolboys' summer shade."[1]

There was a very romantic pasturage called the Cow-park, which I was particularly attached to, from its wild and sequestered character. Having been part of an old wood which had been cut down, it was full of copse—hazel, and oak, and all sorts of young trees, irregularly scattered over fine pasturage, and affording a hundred intricacies so delicious to the eye and the imagination. But some misjudging friend had cut down and cleared away without mercy, and divided the varied and sylvan scene, which was divided by a little rivulet, into the two most formal things in nature—a thriving plantation, many-angled as usual, and a park laid down in grass; wanting therefore the rich graminivorous variety which Nature gives its carpet, and having instead a braird of six days' growth—lean and hungry growth too—of ryegrass and clover. As for the rill, it stagnates in a deep square ditch, which silences its prattle, and restrains its meanders with a witness. The original scene was, of course, imprinted still deeper on Russell's mind than mine, and I was glad to see he was intensely sorry for the change.

April 5.—Rose late in the morning, past eight, to give the cold and toothache time to make themselves scarce, which they have obligingly done. Yesterday every tooth on the right side of my head was absolutely waltzing. I would have drawn by the half dozen, but country dentists are not to be lippened to.[2] To-day all is quiet, but a little swelling and stiffness in the jaw. Went to Chiefswood at one, and marked with regret forty trees indispensably necessary for paling—much like drawing a tooth; they *are* wanted and will never be better, but I am avaricious of grown trees, having so few.

Worked a fair task; dined, and read Clapperton's journey and Denham's into Bornou. Very entertaining, and less botheration about mineralogy, botany, and so forth, than usual. Pity Africa picks up so many brave men, however. Work in the evening.

April 6.—Wrote in the morning. Went at one to Huntly Burn, where I had the great pleasure to hear, through a letter from Sir Adam, that Sophia was in health, and Johnnie gaining strength. It is a fine exchange from deep and aching uncertainty on so interesting a subject, to the little spitfire feeling of "Well, but they might have taken the trouble to write"; but so wretched a correspondent as myself has not much to say, so I will just grumble sufficiently to maintain the patriarchal dignity.

I returned in time to work; and to receive a shoal of things from J. B. Among others, a letter from an Irish lady, who, for the *beaux yeux*, which I shall never look upon, desires I will forthwith send her

[1] These lines slightly altered from Logan.—J. G. L.

[2] Lippened, *i.e.* relied upon.—J. G. L.

all the Waverley Novels, which are published, with an order to furnish her with all others in course as they appear, which she assures me will be an *era* in her life. She may find out some other epocha.

April 7.—Made out my morning's task; at one drove to Chiefswood, and walked home by the Rhymer's Glen, Mar's Lee, and Haxell-Cleugh. Took me three hours. The heath gets somewhat heavier for me every year—but never mind, I like it altogether as well as the day I could tread it best. My plantations are getting all into green leaf, especially the larches, if theirs may be called leaves, which are only a sort of hair, and from the number of birds drawn to these wastes, I may congratulate myself on having literally made the desert to sing. As I returned, there was, in the phraseology of that most precise of prigs in a white collarless coat and *chapeau bas*, Mister Commissary Ramsay—"a rather dense inspissation of rain." Deil care.

> "Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
> That might enjoy such quiet walks as these?"[1]

Yet misfortune comes our way too. Poor Laidlaw lost a fine prattling child of five years old yesterday.

It is odd enough—Iden, the Kentish Esquire, has just made the ejaculation which I adopted in the last page, when he kills Cade, and posts away up to Court to get the price set upon his head. Here is a letter come from Lockhart, full of Court news, and all sort of news, —best is his wife is well, and thinks the child gains in health.

Lockhart erroneously supposes that I think of applying to Ministers about Charles, and that notwithstanding Croker's terms of pacification I should find *Malachi* stick in my way. I would not make such an application for millions; I think if I were to ask patronage it would [not] be through them, for some time at least, and I might have better access.[2]

April 8.—We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes—and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity about them when they come only like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorise diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe; when the one comes to chalkstones, and the other to prison, though, there would be the devil. Or compare the effects of Sieur Gout and absolute poverty upon the stomach—the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other.

Laidlaw's infant, which died on Wednesday, is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery

[1] 2 *King Henry VI.*, Act iv. Sc. 10, slightly varied.

[2] In a letter of the same day he says—"My interest, as you might have known, lies Windsor way."—J. G. L.

with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce full of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Coulter[1]) but glad that I shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and looked the mourner well, he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemed to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could.

I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdness, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance; the gay band of the dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators,—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snuffle, and the whine and the scream, should be all blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker. Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—not one of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident—seeming just accessories, and no more—this *is* affecting.

April 9.—I worked at correcting proofs in the morning, and, what is harder, at correcting manuscript, which fags me excessively. I was dead sick of it by two o'clock, the rather as my hand, O revered "Gurnal," be it said between ourselves, gets daily worse.

Lockhart's *Review*.[2] Don't like his article on Sheridan's life. There is no breadth in it, no general views, the whole flung away in smart but party criticism. Now, no man can take more general and liberal views of literature than J. G. L. But he lets himself too easily into that advocatism of style, which is that of a pleader, not a judge

[1] William Coulter, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, died in office, April, 1810, and was said to have been greatly consoled on his deathbed by the prospect of so grand a funeral as must needs occur in his case.—Scott *used to take him off* as saying, at some public meeting, "Gentlemen, though doomed to the trade of a stocking-weaver, I was born with the soul of a *Sherpio*" (Scipio).

[2] *Quarterly Review*, No. 66: Lockhart's review of Sheridan's Life.

or a critic, and is particularly unsatisfactory to the reader. Lieut.-Col. Ferguson dined here.

April 10.—Sent off proofs and copy galore before breakfast, and might be able to give idleness a day if I liked. But it is as well reading for *Boney* as for anything else, and I have a humour to make my amusement useful. Then the day is changeable, with gusts of wind, and I believe a start to the garden will be my best out-of-doors exercise. No thorough hill-expedition in this gusty weather.

April 11.—Wrought out my task, although I have been much affected this morning by the Morbus, as I call it. Aching pain in the back, rendering one posture intolerable, fluttering of the heart, idle fears, gloomy thoughts and anxieties, which if not unfounded are at least bootless. I have been out once or twice, but am driven in by the rain. Mercy on us, what poor devils we are! I shook this affection off, however. Mr. Scrope and Col. Ferguson came to dinner, and we twaddled away the evening well enough.

April 12.—I have finished my task this morning at half-past eleven—easily and early—and, I think, not amiss. I hope J. B. will make some great points of admiration!!!—otherwise I will be disappointed. If this work answers—if it *but* answers, it must set us on our legs; I am sure worse trumpery of mine has had a great run. Well, I will console myself and do my best! But fashion changes, and I am getting old, and may become unpopular, but it is time to cry out when I am hurt. I remember with what great difficulty I was brought to think myself something better than common,[1]—and

[1] It is interesting to read what James Ballantyne has recorded on this subject.—"Sir Walter at all times laboured under the strangest delusion as to the merits of his own works. On this score he was not only inaccessible to compliments, but even insensible to the truth; in fact, at all times, he hated to talk of any of his productions; as, for instance, he greatly preferred Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* to any of his own romances. I remember one day, when Mr. Erskine and I were dining with him, either immediately before or immediately after the publication of one of the best of the latter, and were giving it the high praise we thought it deserved, he asked us abruptly whether we had read *Frankenstein*. We answered that we had not. 'Ah,' he said, 'have patience, read *Frankenstein*, and you will be better able to judge of ——.' You will easily judge of the disappointment thus prepared for us. When I ventured, as I sometimes did, to press him on the score of the reputation he had gained, he merely asked, as if he determined to be done with the discussion, 'Why, what is the value of a reputation which probably will not last above one or two generations?' One morning, I recollect, I went into his library, shortly after the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, and finding Miss Scott there, who was then a very young girl, I asked her, 'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the *Lady of the Lake*, with which everybody is so much enchanted?' Her answer was, with affecting simplicity, 'Oh, I have not read it. Papa says there's nothing so bad for young girls as reading bad poetry.' Yet he could not be said to be hostile to compliments in the abstract—nothing was so easy as to flatter him about a farm or a field, and his manner on such an occasion plainly showed that he was really open to such a compliment, and liked it. In fact, I can recall only one instance in which he was fairly cheated into pleasure by a tribute paid to his literary merit, and it was a striking one. Somewhere betwixt two and three years ago I was dining at the Rev. Dr. Brunton's, with a large and accomplished party, of whom Dr. Chalmers was one. The conversation turned upon Sir Walter Scott's romances generally, and the course of it led me very shortly afterwards to call on Sir Walter, and address him as follows—I knew the task was a bold one, but I thought I saw that I should get well through it—'Well, Sir Walter,' I said, 'I was dining yesterday, where your works became the subject of very copious conversation.' His countenance immediately became overcast—and his answer was, 'Well, I think I must say your party might have been better employed.' 'I knew it would be your answer,'—the conversation continued,—'nor would I have mentioned it, but that Dr. Chalmers was present, and was by far the most decided in his expressions of pleasure and admiration of any of the party.' This instantly roused him to the most vivid animation. 'Dr. Chalmers?' he repeated; 'that throws new

now I will not in mere faintness of heart give up good hopes. So Fortune protect the bold. I have finished the whole introductory sketch of the Revolution—too long for an introduction. But I think I may now go to my solitary walk.

April 13.—On my return from my walk yesterday I learnt with great concern the death of my old friend, Sir Alexander Don. He cannot have been above six- or seven-and-forty. Without being much together, we had, considering our different habits, lived in much friendship, and I sincerely regret his death. His habits were those of a gay man, much connected with the turf; but he possessed strong natural parts, and in particular few men could speak better in public when he chose. He had tact, wit, power of sarcasm, and that indescribable something which marks the gentleman. His manners in society were extremely pleasing, and as he had a taste for literature and the fine arts, there were few more pleasant companions, besides being a highly-spirited, steady, and honourable man. His indolence prevented his turning these good parts towards acquiring the distinction he might have attained. He was among the *détenus* whom Bonaparte's iniquitous commands confined so long in France;[1] and coming there into possession of a large estate in right of his mother, the heiress of the Glencairn family, he had the means of being very expensive, and probably then acquired those gay habits which rendered him averse to serious business. Being our member for Roxburghshire, his death will make a stir amongst us. I prophesy Harden[2] will be here to talk about starting his son Henry.

Accordingly the Laird and Lady called. I exhorted him to write to Lord Montagu[3] instantly. I do not see what they can do better, and unless some pickthank intervene to insinuate certain irritating suspicions, I suppose Lord M. will make no objection. There can be no objection to Henry Scott for birth, fortune, or political principle; and I do not see where we could get a better representative.

April 14.—Wrote to Lord M. last night. I hope they will keep the peace in the county. I am sure it would be to me a most distressing thing if Buccleuch and Harden were to pull different ways, being so intimate with both families.

I did not write much yesterday, not above two pages and a half. I have begun *Boney*, though, and *c'est toujours quelque chose*. This morning I sent off proofs and manuscript. Had a letter from the famous Denis Davidoff, the Black Captain, whose abilities as a parti-

light on the subject—to have produced any effect upon the mind of such a man as Dr. Chalmers is indeed something to be proud of. Dr. Chalmers is a man of the truest genius. I will thank you to repeat all you can recollect that he said on the subject.' I did so accordingly, and I can recall no other similar instance."—*James Ballantyne's MS.*

[1] For the life led by many of the *détenus* in France before 1814, and for anecdotes regarding Sir Alexander Don, see Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas' *Memoirs*, 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1832, vol. ii. chaps. 7 and 8.

[2] Hugh Scott of Harden, afterwards (in 1835) Lord Polwarth—succeeded by his son Henry, in 1841.

[3] Henry Jas. Scott, who succeeded to the Barony of Montagu on the demise of his grandfather, the Duke of Montagu, was the son of Henry, 3d Duke of Buccleuch. At Lord M.'s death in 1845 the Barony of Montagu expired.

san were so much distinguished during the retreat from Moscow. If I can but wheedle him out of a few anecdotes, it would be a great haul.

A kind letter from Colin Mack[enzie]; he thinks the Ministry will not push the measure against Scotland. I fear they will; there is usually an obstinacy in weakness. But I will think no more about it. Time draws on. I have been here a month. Another month carries me to be a hermit in the city instead of the country. I could scarce think I had been here a week. I wish I was able, even at great loss, to retire from Edinburgh entirely. Here is no bile, no visits, no routine, and yet on the whole, things are as well perhaps as they are.

April 15.—Received last night letters from Sir John Scott Douglas, and from that daintiest of Dandies, Sir William Elliot of Stobs, canvassing for the county. Young Harry's[1] the lad for me. But will he be the lad for Lord Montagu?—there is the point. I should have given him a hint to attend to Edgerston. Perhaps being at Minto, and not there, may give offence, and a bad report from that quarter would play the devil. It is rather too late to go down and tell them this, and, to say truth, I don't like the air of making myself busy in the matter.

Poor Sir Alexander Don died of a disease in the heart; the body was opened, which was very right. Odd enough, too, to have a man, probably a friend two days before, slashing at one's heart as if it were a bullock's. I had a letter yesterday from John Gibson. The House of Longman and Co. guarantee the sale [of *Woodstock*] to Hurst, and take the work, if Hurst and Robinson (as is to be feared) can make no play.

Also I made up what was due of my task both for 13th and 14th. So hey for a Swiftianism—

> "I loll in my chair,
> And around me I stare
> With a critical air,
> Like a calf at a fair;
> And, say I, Mrs. Duty,
> Good-morrow to your beauty,
> I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
> And hope I can suit ye."

Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty; don't keep talking then, but get to your work again. Here is a day's task before you —the siege of Toulon. Call you that a task? d— me, I 'll write it as fast as *Boney* carried it on.

April 16.—I am now far ahead with *Nap.* I wrote a little this morning, but this forenoon I must write letters, a task in which I am far behind.

> "Heaven sure sent letters for some wretch's plague."[2]

[1] Henry Scott, afterwards Lord Polwarth.

[2] Slightly altered from Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard.*

Lady Scott seems to make no way, yet can scarce be said to lose any. She suffers much occasionally, especially during the night. Sleeps a great deal when at ease; all symptoms announce water upon the chest. A sad prospect.

In the evening a despatch from Lord Melville, written with all the familiarity of former times, desiring me to ride down and press Mr. Scott of Harden to let Henry stand, and this in Lord Montagu's name as well as his own, so that the two propositions cross each other on the road, and Henry is as much desired by the Buccleuch interest as he desires their support.

Jedburgh, April 17.—Came over to Jedburgh this morning, to breakfast with my good old friend Mr. Shortreed, and had my usual warm reception. Lord Gillies held the Circuit Court, and there was no criminal trial for any offence whatsoever. I have attended these circuits with tolerable regularity since 1792, and though there is seldom much of importance to be done, yet I never remember before the Porteous roll[1] being quite blank. The judge was presented with a pair of white gloves, in consideration of its being a maiden circuit. Harden came over and talked about his son's preferment, naturally much pleased.

Received £100 from John Lockhart, for review of Pepys;[2] but this is by far too much; £50 is plenty. Still I must impeticos the gratility for the present,[3]—for Whitsunday will find me only with £300 in hand, unless Blackwood settles a few scores of pounds for *Malachi*.

Wrote a great many letters. Dined with the Judge, where I met the disappointed candidate, Sir John Scott Douglas, who took my excuse like a gentleman. Sir William Elliot, on the other hand, was, being a fine man, very much out of sorts, that having got his own consent, he could not get that of the county. He showed none of this, however, to me.

April 18.—This morning I go down to Kelso from Jedburgh to poor Don's funeral. It is, I suppose, forty years since I saw him first. I was staying at Sydenham, a lad of fourteen, or by 'r Lady some sixteen; and he, a boy of six or seven, was brought to visit me on a pony, a groom holding the leading rein—and now, I, an old grey man, am going to lay him in his grave. Sad work. I detest funerals; there is always a want of consistency; it is a tragedy played by strolling performers, who are more likely to make you laugh than cry. No chance of my being made to laugh to-day. The very road I go is a road of grave recollections. Must write to Charles seriously on the choice of his profession, and I will do it now.

[1] The Catalogue of Criminals brought before the Circuit Courts at one time was termed in Scotland the Portuous Roll. The name appears to have been derived from the practice in early times of delivering to the judges lists of Criminals for Trials *in Portu*, or in the gateway as they entered the various towns on their circuit ayres.—Chambers's *Book of Scotland*, p. 310.

Jamieson suggests that the word may have come from "Porteous" as originally applied to a Breviary, or portable book of prayers, which might easily be transferred to a portable roll of indictments.

[2] *Quarterly Review*, No. 66, Pepys' *Diary*

[3] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[*Abbotsford,*] *April* 19.—Returned last night from the house of death and mourning to my own, now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. Found Lady S. had tried the foxglove in quantity, till it made her so sick she was forced to desist. The result cannot yet be judged. Wrote to Mrs. Thomas Scott to beg her to let her daughter Anne, an uncommonly, sensible, steady, and sweet-tempered girl, come and stay with us a season in our distress, who I trust will come forthwith.

Two melancholy things. Last night I left my pallet in our family apartment, to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining, when to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it.

The funeral yesterday was very mournful; about fifty persons present, and all seemed affected. The domestics in particular were very much so. Sir Alexander was a kind, though an exact master. It was melancholy to see those apartments, where I have so often seen him play the graceful and kind landlord filled with those who were to carry him to his long home.

There was very little talk of the election, at least till the funeral was over.

April 20.—Lady Scott's health in the same harassing state of uncertainty, yet on my side with more of hope than I had two days since.

Another death; Thomas Riddell, younger of Camiston, Sergeant-Major of the Edinburgh Troop in the sunny days of our yeomanry, and a very good fellow.

The day was so tempting that I went out with Tom Purdie to cut some trees, the rather that my task was very well advanced. He led me into the wood, as the blind King of Bohemia was led by his four knights into the thick of the battle at Agincourt or Crecy,[1] and then, like the old King, "I struck good strokes more than one," which is manly exercise.

April 21.—This day I entertained more flattering hopes of Lady Scott's health than late events permitted. I went down to Mertoun with Colonel Ferguson, who returned to dine here, which consumed time so much that I made a short day's work.

Had the grief to find Lady Scott had insisted on coming downstairs and was the worse of it. Also a letter from Lockhart, giving a poor account of the infant. God help us! earth cannot.

April 22.—Lady Scott continues very poorly. Better news of the child.

Wrought a good deal to-day, rather correcting sheets and acquiring information than actually composing, which is the least toilsome of the three.

J. G. L. kindly points out some solecisms in my style, as "amid"

[1] See Froissart's account of the Battle of Crecy, Bk. i. cap. 129.

for "amidst," "scarce" for "scarcely." "Whose," he says, is the proper genitive of "which" only at such times as "which" retains its quality of impersonification. Well! I will try to remember all this, but after all I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. I never learned grammar; and not only Sir Hugh Evans but even Mrs. Quickly might puzzle me about Giney's case and horum harum horum.[1] I believe the Bailiff in *The Good-natured Man* is not far wrong when he says, "One man has one way of expressing himself, and another another, and that is all the difference between them."[2] Went to Huntly Burn to-day and looked at the Colonel's projected approach. I am sure if the kind heart can please himself he will please me.

April 23.—A glorious day, bright and brilliant, and, I fancy, mild. Lady Scott is certainly better, and has promised not to attempt quitting her room.

Henry Scott has been here, and his canvass cames on like a moor burning.

April 24.—Good news from Brighton. Sophia is confined; both she and her baby are doing well, and the child's name is announced to be Walter—a favourite name in our family, and I trust of no bad omen. Yet it is no charm for life. Of my father's family I was the second Walter, if not the third. I am glad the name came my way, for it was borne by my father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather; also by the grandsire of that last-named venerable person who was the first laird of Raeburn.

Hurst and Robinson, the Yorkshire tykes, have failed after all their swaggering, and Longman and Co. take *Woodstock*. But if *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* take with the public I shall care little about their insolvency, and if they do not, I don't think their solvency would have lasted long. Constable is sorely broken down.

> "Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That's sorry yet for thee."[3]

His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand, but, I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense*. It is best to think so at least, unless the contrary be demonstrated. To nourish angry passions against a man whom I really liked would be to lay a blister on my own heart.

April 25.—Having fallen behind on the 23d, I wrought pretty hard yesterday; but I had so much reading, and so many proofs to correct, that I did not get over the daily task, so am still a little behind, which I shall soon make up. I have got *Nap.*, d—n him, into

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 1.
[2] See Goldsmith's Comedy, Act III.
[3] *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 2.

Italy, where with bad eyes and obscure maps, I have a little difficulty in tracing out his victorious chess-play.

Lady Scott was better yesterday, certainly better, and was sound asleep when I looked in this morning. Walked in the afternoon. I looked at a hooded crow building in the thicket with great pleasure. It is a shorter date than my neighbour Torwoodlee[1] thought of, when he told me, as I was bragging a little of my plantations, that it would be long ere crows built in them.

April 26.—Letters from Walter and Lochkarts; all well and doing well. Lady S. continues better, so the clouds are breaking up. I made a good day's work yesterday, and sent off proofs, letters, and copy this morning; so, if this fine day holds good, I will take a drive at one.

There is an operation called putting to rights—*Scotticè, redding up*—which puts me into a fever. I always leave any attempt at it half executed, and so am worse off than before, and have only embroiled the fray. Then my long back aches with stooping into the low drawers of old cabinets, and my neck is strained with staring up to their attics. Then you are sure never to get the thing you want. I am certain they creep about and hide themselves. Tom Moore[2] gave us the insurrection of the papers. That was open war, but this is a system of privy plot and conspiracy, by which those you seek creep out of the way, and those you are not wanting perk themselves in your face again and again, until at last you throw them into some corner in a passion, and then they are the objects of research in their turn. I have read in a French Eastern tale of an enchanted person called *L'homme qui cherche*, a sort of "Sir Guy the Seeker," always employed in collecting the beads of a chaplet, which, by dint of gramarye, always dispersed themselves when he was about to fix the last upon the string. It was an awful doom; transmogrification into the Laidleyworm of Spindlestanecheugh[3] would have been a blessing in comparison. Now, the explanation of all this is, that I have been all this morning seeking a parcel of sticks of sealing wax which I brought from Edinburgh, and the "*Weel Brandt and Vast houd*"[4] has either melted without the agency of fire or barricaded itself within the drawers of some cabinet, which has declared itself in a state of insurrection. A choice subject for a journal, but what better have I?

I did not quite finish my task to-day, nay, I only did one third of it. It is so difficult to consult the maps after candles are lighted, or to read the Moniteur, that I was obliged to adjourn. The task is three pages or leaves of my close writing per diem, which corresponds

[1] James Pringle, Convener of Selkirkshire for more than half a century. For an account of the Pringles of Torwoodlee, see Mr. Craig Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*, vol. i. pp. 459-470.

[2] "*The Insurrection of the Papers—a Dream.*" *The Twopenny Post-Bag*, 12mo, London, 1812.

[3] The well-known ballads on these two North-country legends were published by M. G. Lewis and Mr. Lambe, of Norham. "Sir Guy," in the *Tales of Wonder*, and "The Worm," in Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*.—See Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, 8 vols. 12mo, Boston, 1857, vol. i. p. 386.

[4] *Fyn Segellak wel brand en vast houd:* old brand used by sealing-wax makers.

to about a sheet (16 pages) of *Woodstock*, and about 12 of *Bonaparte*, which is a more comprehensive page. But I was not idle neither, and wrote some *Balaam*[1] for Lockhart's *Review*. Then I was in hand a leaf above the tale, so I am now only a leaf behind it.

April 27.—This is one of those abominable April mornings which deserve the name of *Sans Cullotides*, as being cold, beggarly, coarse, savage, and intrusive. The earth lies an inch deep with snow, to the confusion of the worshippers of Flora. By the way, Bogie attended his professional dinner and show of flowers at Jedburgh yesterday. Here is a beautiful sequence to their *floralia*. It is this uncertainty in April, and the descent of snow and frost when one thinks themselves clear of them, and that after fine encouraging weather, that destroys our Scottish fruits and flowers. It is as imprudent to attach yourself to flowers in Scotland as to a caged bird; the cat, sooner or later, snaps up one, and these—*Sans Cullotides*—annihilate the other. It was but yesterday I was admiring the glorious flourish of the pears and apricots, and now hath come the killing frost.[2]

But let it freeze without, we are comfortable within. Lady Scott continues better, and, we may hope, has got the turn of her disease.

April 28.—Beautiful morning, but ice as thick as pasteboard, too surely showing that the night has made good yesterday's threat. Dalgleish, with his most melancholy face, conveys the most doleful tidings from Bogie. But servants are fond of the woful, it gives such consequence to the person who communicates bad news.

Wrote two letters and read till twelve, and then for a stout walk among the plantations till four. Found Lady Scott obviously better, I think, than I had left her in the morning. In walking I am like a spavined horse, and heat as I get on. The flourishing plantations around me are a great argument for me to labour hard. "*Barbarus has segetes?*" I will write my finger-ends off first.

April 29.—I was always afraid, privately, that *Woodstock* would not stand the test. In that case my fate would have been that of the unfortunate minstrel trumpeter Maclean at the battle of Sheriffmuir—

> "By misfortune he happened to fa', man;
> By saving his neck
> His trumpet did break,
> And came off without music at a', man."[3]

J. B. corroborated my doubts by his raven-like croaking and criticising; but the good fellow writes me this morning that he is written down an ass, and that the approbation is unanimous. It is but Edinburgh, to be sure; but Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London. It is a great mercy, and gives encouragement for fut-

[1] *Balaam* is the cant name in a Newspaper Office for asinine paragraphs, about monstrous productions of Nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leaves an awkward space that must be filled up somehow.—J. G. L.

[2] *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

[3] Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, XVI.

ure exertion. Having written two leaves this morning, I think I will turn out to my walk, though two hours earlier than usual. Egad, I could not persuade myself that it was such bad *Balaam* after all.

April 30.—I corrected this morning a quantity of proofs and copy, and dawdled about a little, the weather of late becoming rather milder, though not much of that. Methinks Duty looks as if she were but half-pleased with me; but would the Pagan bitch have me work on the Sunday.

MAY

May 1.—I walked to-day to the western corner of the Chiefswood plantation, and marked out a large additional plantation to be drawn along the face of the hill. It cost me some trouble to carry the boundaries out of the eye, for nothing is so paltry as a plantation of almost any extent if its whole extent lies defined to the eye. By availing myself of the undulations of the ground I think I have avoided this for the present; only when seen from the Eildon Hills the cranks and turns of the enclosure will seem fantastic, at least until the trees get high.

This cost Tom and me three or four hours. Lieut.-Colonel Ferguson joined us as we went home, and dined at Abbotsford.

My cousin, Barbara Scott of Raeburn, came here to see Lady S. I think she was shocked with the melancholy change. She insisted upon walking back to Lessudden House, making her walk 16 or 18 miles, and though the carriage was ordered she would not enter it.

May 2.—Yesterday was a splendid May day—to-day seems inclined to be *soft*, as we call it; but *tant mieux*. Yesterday had a twang of frost in it. I must get to work and finish Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, and Kelley's *Reminiscences*,[1] for the *Quarterly*.

I wrote and read for three hours, and then walked, the day being soft and delightful; but alas! all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer, thank God, but strength must fail at last. Since Sunday there has been a gradual change—very gradual—but, alas! to the worse. My hopes are almost gone. But I am determined to stand this grief as I have done others.

May 3.—Another fine morning. I answered a letter from Mr. Handley, who has taken the pains to rummage the Chancery Records until he has actually discovered the fund due to Lady Scott's mother, £12,000; it seems to have been invested in the estates of a Mr. Owen, as it appears for Madame Charpentier's benefit, but, she dying, the fund was lost sight of and got into Chancery, where I suppose it must have accumulated, but I cannot say I understand the matter; at a happier moment the news would have given poor Charlotte much pleasure, but now—it is a day too late.

May 4.—On visiting Lady Scott's sick-room this morning I found her suffering, and I doubt if she knew me. Yet, after breakfast, she

[1] See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xx. pp. 152–244, or *Quarterly Review* No. 67, Kelly's *Reminiscences*.

seemed serene and composed. The worst is, she will not speak out about the symptoms under which she labours. Sad, sad work; I am under the most melancholy apprehension, for what constitution can hold out under these continued and wasting attacks?

My niece, Anne Scott, a prudent, sensible, and kind young woman, arrived to-day, having come down to assist us in our distress so far as Cheltenham. This is a great consolation.

May 5.—Haunted by gloomy thoughts; but I corrected proofs from seven to ten, and wrote from half-past ten to one. My old friend Sir Adam called, and took a long walk with me, which was charity. His gaiety rubbed me up a little. I had also a visit from the Laird and Lady of Harden. Henry Scott carries the county without opposition.

May 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. I fear the disease is too deeply entwined with the principles of life. Yet the increase of good weather, especially if it would turn more genial, might, I think, aid her excellent constitution. Still labouring at this *Review*, without heart or spirits to finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach to myself in vain.

> "Since these things are necessities,
> Then let us meet them like necessities."[1]

And so we will.

May 7.—Hammered on at the *Review* till my backbone ached. But I believe it was a nervous affection, for a walk cured it. Sir Adam and the Colonel dined here. So I spent the evening as pleasantly as I well could, considering I am so soon to leave my own house, and go like a stranger to the town of which I have been so long a citizen, and leave my wife lingering, without prospect of recovery, under the charge of two poor girls. *Talia cogit dura necessitas.*

May 8.—I went over to the election at Jedburgh. There was a numerous meeting; the Whigs, who did not bring ten men to the meeting, of course took the whole matter under their patronage, which was much of a piece with the Blue Bottle drawing the carriage. I tried to pull up once or twice, but quietly, having no desire to disturb the quiet of the election. To see the difference of modern times! We had a good dinner, and excellent wine; and I had ordered my carriage at half-past seven, almost ashamed to start so soon. Everybody dispersed at so early an hour, however, that when Henry had left the chair, there was no carriage for me, and Peter proved his accuracy by showing me it was but a quarter-past seven. In the days I remember they would have kept it up till day-light; nor do I think poor Don would have left the chair before midnight. Well, there is a medium. Without being a veteran Vice, a grey Iniquity, like Fal-

[1] 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1, slightly altered.

staff, I think an occasional jolly bout, if not carried to excess, improved society; men were put into good humour; when the good wine did its good office, the jest, the song, the speech, had double effect; men were happy for the night, and better friends ever after, because they had been so.

May 9.—My new Liverpool neighbour, Mr. Bainbridge, breakfasts here to-day with some of his family. They wish to try the fishing in Cauldshields Loch, and [there is] promise of a fine soft morning. But the season is too early.

They have had no sport accordingly after trying with Trimmers. Mr. Bainbridge is a good cut of John Bull—plain, sensible, and downright; the maker of his own fortune, and son of his own works.

May 10.—To-morrow I leave my home. To what scene I may suddenly be recalled, it wrings my heart to think. If she would but be guided by the medical people, and attend rigidly to their orders, something might be hoped, but she is impatient with the protracted suffering, and no wonder. Anne has a severe task to perform, but the assistance of her cousin is a great comfort. Baron Weber, the great composer, wants me (through Lockhart) to compose something to be set to music by him, and sung by Miss Stephens—as if I cared who set or who sung any lines of mine. I have recommended instead Beaumont and Fletcher's unrivalled song in the *Nice Valour*:

"Hence, all ye vain delights," etc.

[*Edinburgh*,[1]] *May* 11.—

"Der Abschiedstag ist da,
Schwer liegt er auf den Herzen—schwer."[2]

Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless. And yet to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that I did not, could not foresee.[3] It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attentions have availed?

[1] [Mrs. Brown's Lodgings, No. 6 North St. David Street.]

[2] This is the opening couplet of a German trooper's song, alluded to in *Life*, vol. ii. p. 13. The literal translation is:—

"The day of departure is come;
Heavy lies it on the hearts—heavy."
—J. G. L.

[3] Scott had written:—"and yet to part with the companion of twenty years just six," and had then deleted the three words, "years just six," and written "nine" above them. It looks as if he had meant at first to refer to the change in his fortunes, "just six" MONTHS before, and had afterwards thought it better to refrain. This would account for a certain obscurity of meaning.

and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille*. I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me. I passed a pleasant day with honest J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog which would have worried me at home. We were quite alone.

[*Edinburgh*,] *May* 12.—Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place,"[1] and yet this is not by any means to be complained of. Good apartments, the people civil and apparently attentive. No appearance of smoke, and absolute warrandice against my dreaded enemies, bugs. I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation, "One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one." Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. I have two steady servants, a man and woman, and they seem to set out sensibly enough. Only one lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy, a clergyman; and despite his name, said to be a quiet one.

May 13.—The projected measure against the Scottish bank-notes has been abandoned, the resistance being general. *Malachi* might clap his wings upon this, but, alas! domestic anxiety has cut his comb.

I think very lightly in general of praise; it costs men nothing, and is usually only lip-salve. They wish to please, and must suppose that flattery is the ready road to the good will of every professor of literature. Some praise, however, and from some people, does at once delight and strengthen the mind, and I insert in this place the quotation with which Ld. C. Baron Shepherd concluded a letter concerning me to the Chief Commissioner: "*Magna etiam illa laus et admirabilis videri solet tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortunâ, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem.*"[2] I record these words, not as meriting the high praise they imply, but to remind me that such an opinion being partially entertained of me by a man of a character so eminent, it becomes me to make my conduct approach as much as possible to the standard at which he rates it.

As I must pay back to Terry some cash in London, £170, together with other matters here, I have borrowed from Mr. Alexander Ballantyne the sum of £500, upon a promissory note for £512, 10s. payable 15th November to him or his order. If God should call me before that time, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see that Mr. Alexander Ballantyne does not suffer for having obliged me in a sort of exigency—he cannot afford it, and God has given my son the means to repay him.

May 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were

[1] *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 4.

[2] Cicero, *de Orat.* ii. p. 346.—J. G. L.

looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering. Hogg was here yesterday in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of £100 from Mr. Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself. But I long ago remonstrated against the transaction at all, and gave him £50 out of my pocket to avoid granting the accommodation, but it did no good.

May 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

[*Abbotsford,*] *May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days,—easy at last.

I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language, as well as the tones, broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the wave that breaks on it.

I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne, an impoverished and embarrassed man, I am deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte —my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of sickness and pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative health. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease,

dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes as if dead. Clarkson, however, has no fear of these affections.

May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation,—that necessity which rendered it even a relief,—that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me—the choking sensation. I have been to her room: there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, "You all have such melancholy faces." They were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said. When I returned, immediately [before] departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!

May 19.—Anne, poor love, is ill with her exertions and agitation —cannot walk—and is still hysterical, though less so. I advised flesh-brush and tepid bath, which I think will bring her about. We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest is one of the rules of ultra-civilisation which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living, and mention how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling; and, so far

as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.

May 20.—To-night, I trust, will bring Charles or Lockhart, or both; at least I must hear from them. A letter from Violet [Lockhart] gave us the painful intelligence that she had not mentioned to Sophia the dangerous state in which her mother was. Most kindly meant, but certainly not so well judged. I have always thought that truth, even when painful, is a great duty on such occasions, and it is seldom that concealment is justifiable.

Sophia's baby was christened on Sunday, 14th May, at Brighton, by the name of Walter Scott.[1] May God give him life and health to wear it with credit to himself and those belonging to him. Melancholy to think that the next morning after this ceremony deprived him of so near a relation. Sent Mr. Curle £11 to remit Mrs. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, for books—I thought I had paid the poor woman before.

May 21.—Our sad preparations for to-morrow continue. A letter from Lockhart; doubtful if Sophia's health or his own state of business will let him be here. If things permit he comes to-night. From Charles not a word; but I think I may expect him. I wish to-morrow were over; not that I fear it, for my nerves are pretty good, but it will be a day of many recollections.

May 22.—Charles arrived last night, much affected of course. Anne had a return of her fainting-fits on seeing him, and again upon seeing Mr. Ramsay, the gentleman who performs the service.[2] I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend, Lady Alvanley,[3] the arrangement of whose funeral devolved upon me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom I should next hear those solemn words. Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking about.

May 23.—About an hour before the mournful ceremony of yesterday, Walter arrived, having travelled express from Ireland on receiving the news. He was much affected, poor fellow, and no wonder. Poor Charlotte nursed him, and perhaps for that reason she was ever partial to him. The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me—the beautiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking and gaped for its prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty important bustle of men with spades and mattocks—the train of car-

[1] Walter Scott Lockhart, died at Versailles in 1853, and was buried in the Cemetery of Notre-Dame there.

[2] The Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsay, A.M., St. John's College, Cambridge, incumbent St. John's, Edinburgh, afterwards Dean of the Diocese in the Scots Episcopal Church, and still more widely known as the much-loved "Dean Ramsay," author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. This venerable Scottish gentleman was for many years the delight of all who had the privilege of knowing him. He died at the age of eighty-three in his house, 23 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, Dec. 27th, 1872.

[3] See *Life*, vol. iv. p. 2.

riages—the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whom I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure-parties we so frequently visited. It seems still as if this could not be really so. But it is so—and duty to God and to my children must teach me patience.

Poor Anne has had longer fits since our arrival from Dryburgh than before, but yesterday was the crisis. She desired to hear prayers read by Mr. Ramsay, who performed the duty in a most solemn manner. But her strength could not carry it through. She fainted before the service was concluded.[1]

May 24.—Slept wretchedly, or rather waked wretchedly, all night, and was very sick and bilious in consequence, and scarce able to hold up my head with pain. A walk, however, with my sons did me a great deal of good; indeed their society is the greatest support the world can afford me. Their ideas of everything are so just and honourable, kind towards their sisters, and affectionate to me, that I must be grateful to God for sparing them to me, and continue to battle with the world for their sakes, if not for my own.

May 25.—I had sound sleep to-night, and waked with little or nothing of the strange, dreamy feeling which made me for some days feel like one bewildered in a country where mist or snow has disguised those features of the landscape which are best known to him.

Walter leaves me to-day; he seems disposed to take interest in country affairs, which will be an immense resource, supposing him to tire of the army in a few years. Charles, he and I, went up to Ashestiel to call upon the Misses Russell, who have kindly promised to see Anne on Tuesday. This evening Walter left us, being anxious to return to his wife as well as to his regiment. We expect he will be here early in autumn, with his household.

May 26.—A rough morning, and makes me think of St. George's Channel, which Walter must cross to-night or to-morrow to get to Athlone. The wind is almost due east, however, and the channel at the narrowest point between Port-Patrick and Donaghadee. His absence is a great blank in our circle, especially, I think, to his sister Anne, to whom he shows invariably much kindness. But indeed they do so without exception each towards the other; and in weal or woe have shown themselves a family of love. No persuasion could

[1] Mr. Skene has preserved the following note written on this day:—"I take the advantage of Mr. Ramsay's return to Edinburgh to answer your kind letter. It would have done no good to have brought you here when I could not have enjoyed your company, and there were enough friends here to ensure everything being properly adjusted. Anne, contrary to a natural weakness of temper, is quite quiet and resigned to her distress, but has been visited by many fainting fits, the effect, I am told, of weakness, over-exertion, and distress of mind. Her brothers are both here—Walter having arrived from Ireland yesterday in time to assist at the *munus inane*; their presence will do her much good, but I cannot think of leaving her till Monday next, nor could I do my brethren much good by coming to town, having still that stunned and giddy feeling which great calamities necessarily produce. It will soon give way to my usual state of mind, and my friends will not find me much different from what I have usually been.

"Mr. Ramsay, who I find is a friend of yours, appears an excellent young man.—My kind love to Mrs. Skene, and am always, yours truly, Walter Scott."

"Abbotsford, 23*d May*."

force on Walter any of his poor mother's ornaments for his wife. He undid a reading-glass from the gold chain to which it was suspended, and agreed to give the glass to Jane, but would on no account retain the chain. I will go to town on Monday and resume my labours. Being of a grave nature, they cannot go against the general temper of my feelings, and in other respects the exertion, as far as I am concerned, will do me good; besides, I must re-establish my fortune for the sake of the children, and of my own character. I have not leisure to indulge the disabling and discouraging thoughts that press on me. Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits, and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven! This day and to-morrow I give to the currency of the ideas which have of late occupied my mind, and with Monday they shall be mingled at least with other thoughts and cares. Last night Charles and I walked late on the terrace at Kaeside, when the clouds seemed accumulating in the wildest masses both on the Eildon Hills and other mountains in the distance. This rough morning reads the riddle.

Dull, drooping, cheerless has the day been. I cared not to carry my own gloom to the girls, and so sate in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awakened as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemed so absolute—my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half-a-score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over — and if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience.

May 27.—A sleepless night. It is time I should be up and be doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate to relieve the loneliness of these watches of the night. But I must not fail myself and my family—and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent. I must try a *hors d'œuvre*, something that can go on between the necessary intervals of *Nap*. Mrs. M[urray] K[eith's] Tale of the Deserter, with her interview with the lad's mother, may be made most affecting, but will hardly endure much expansion.[1] The framework may be a Highland tour, under the guardianship of the sort of postilion, whom Mrs. M. K. described to me — a species of conductor who regulated the motions of his company, made their halts, and was their cicerone.

May 28.—I wrote a few pages yesterday, and then walked. I believe the description of the old Scottish lady may do, but the change has been unceasingly rung upon Scottish subjects of late, and it strikes me that the introductory matter may be considered as an imitation of Washington Irving. Yet not so neither. In short, I will go on, to-day make a dozen of close pages ready, and take J. B.'s ad-

[1] *The Highland Widow*, Waverley Novels, vol. xii.

vice. I intend the work as an *olla podrida*, into which any species of narrative or discussion may be thrown.

I wrote easily. I think the exertion has done me good. I slept sound last night, and at waking, as is usual with me, I found I had some clear views and thoughts upon the subject of this trifling work. I wonder if others find so strongly as I do the truth of the Latin proverb, *Aurora musis amica*. If I forget a thing over-night, I am sure to recollect it as my eyes open in the morning. The same if I want an idea, or am encumbered by some difficulty, the moment of waking always supplies the deficiency, or gives me courage to endure the alternative.[1]

May 29.—To-day I leave for Edinburgh this house of sorrow. In the midst of such distress, I have the great pleasure to see Anne regaining her health, and showing both patience and steadiness of mind. God continue this, for my own sake as well as hers. Much of my future comfort must depend upon her.

[*Edinburgh*,] *May* 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. All will come easily round. But it is at first as if men looked strange on me, and bit their lip when they wring my hand, and indicated suppressed feelings. It is natural this should be—undoubtedly it has been so with me. Yet it is strange to find one's-self resemble a cloud which darkens gaiety wherever it interposes its chilling shade. Will it be better when, left to my own feelings, I see the whole world pipe and dance around me? I think it will. Thus sympathy intrudes on my private affliction.

I finished correcting the proofs for the *Quarterly*; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.

This has been a melancholy day, most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is of terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow.

Poor Charles wishes to come back to study here when his term ends at Oxford. I can see the motive.

May 31.—The melancholy hours of yesterday must not return. To encourage that dreamy state of incapacity is to resign all authority over the mind, and I have been wont to say—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."[2]

I am rightful monarch; and, God to aid, I will not be dethroned by any rebellious passion that may rear its standard against me. Such are morning thoughts, strong as carle-hemp—says Burns—

[1] See February 10, 1826.

[2] This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. —Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. 307.—J. G. L.

"Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man."

Charles went by the steam-boat this morning at six. We parted last night mournfully on both sides. Poor boy, this is his first serious sorrow. Wrote this morning a Memorial on the Claims which Constable's people prefer as to the copyrights of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*.[1]

[1] See June 2.

JUNE

June 1.—Yesterday I also finished a few trifling memoranda on a book called *The Omen*, at Blackwood's request. There is something in the work which pleases me, and the style is good, though the story is not artfully conducted. I dined yesterday in family with Skene, and had a visit from Lord Chief-Commissioner; we met as mourners under a common calamity. There is something extremely kind in his disposition.

Sir R. D[undas] offers me three days of the country next week, which tempts me strongly were it but the prospect of seeing Anne. But I think I must resist and say with Tilburina,

"Duty, I'm all thine own."[1]

If I do this I shall deserve a holiday about the 15th June, and I think it is best to wait till then.

June 2.—A pleasant letter from Sophia, poor girl; all doing well there, for which God be praised.

I wrote a good task yesterday, five pages, which is nearly double the usual stint.

I am settled that I will not go to Abbotsford till to-morrow fortnight.

I might have spared myself the trouble of my self-denial, for go I cannot, Hamilton having a fit of gout.

Gibson seems in high spirits on the views I have given to him on the nature of Constable and Co.'s claim. It amounts to this, that being no longer accountable as publishers, they cannot claim the character of such, or plead upon any claim arising out of the contracts entered into while they held that capacity.

June 3.—I was much disturbed this morning by bile and its consequences, and lost so much sleep that I have been rather late in rising by way of indemnification. I must go to the map and study the Italian campaigns instead of scribbling.

June 4.—I wrote a good task yesterday, and to-day a great one, scarce stirring from the desk the whole day, except a few minutes when Lady Rae called. I was glad to see my wife's old friend, with whom in early life we had so many liaisons. I am not sure it is right to work so hard; but a man must take himself, as well as other

[1] Sheridan's *Critic*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

people, when he is in the humour. A man will do twice as much at one time and in half the time, and twice as well as he will be able to do at another. People are always crying out about method, and in some respects it is good, and shows to great advantage among men of business, but I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hour appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures. Lady L[ouisa] S[tuart] used to tell me of Mr. Hoole, the translator of *Tasso* and *Ariosto*, and in that capacity a noble transmuter of gold into lead, that he was a clerk in the India House, with long ruffles and a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, who occasionally visited her father [John, Earl of Bute]. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he *did* exactly so many couplets day by day, neither more or less; and habit had made it light to him, however heavy it might seem to the reader.

Well, but if I lay down the pen, as the pain in my breast hints that I should, what am I to do? If I think, why, I shall weep—and that's nonsense; and I have no friend now—none—to receive my tediousness for half-an-hour of the gloaming. Let me be grateful—I have good news from Abbotsford.

June 5.—Though this be Monday, I am not able to feague it away, as Bayes says.[1] Between correcting proofs and writing letters, I have got as yet but two pages written, and that with labour and a sensation of pain in the chest. I may be bringing on some serious disease by working thus hard; if I had once justice done to other folks, I do not much care, only I would not like to suffer long pain. Harden made me a visit. He argued with me that Lord M. affiché his own importance too much at the election, and says Henry is anxious about it. I hinted to him the necessity of counter-balancing it the next time, which will be soon.

Thomson also called about the Bannatyne Club.

These two interruptions did me good, though I am still a poor wretch.

After all, I have fagged through six pages; and made poor Wurmser lay down his sword on the glacis of Mantua—and my head aches—my eyes ache—my back aches—so does my breast—and I am sure my heart aches, and what can Duty ask more?

June 6.—I arose much better this morning, having taken some medicine, which has removed the strange and aching feeling in my back and breast. I believe it is from the diaphragm; it must be looked to, however. I have not yet breakfasted, yet have cleared half my day's work holding it at the ordinary stint.

[1] Buckingham's *Rehearsal*.—The expression "To Feague" does not occur in the first edition, where the passage stands thus:—

"*Phys.*—When a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of tobacco in my mouth and then *whew* it away. I' faith.

"*Bayes.*—I do just so, i' gad, always." Act II. Sc. 4.

In some subsequent editions the words are:—"I lay my head close to it with a *snuff-box in my hand*, and I *feague* it away. I' faith."

I am indebted to Dr. Murray for this reference, which he kindly furnished me with from the materials collected for his great English Dictionary.

Worked hard. John Swinton, my kinsman, came to see me,—very kind and affectionate in his manner; my heart always warms to that Swinton connection, so faithful to old Scottish feelings. Harden was also with me. I talked with him about what Lord M. did at the election; I find that he disapproves—I see these visits took place on the 5th.

June 7.—Again a day of hard work, only at half-past eight I went to the Dean of Faculty's to a consultation about Constable.[1] and met with said Dean and Mr. [J. S.] More and J. Gibson. I find they have as high hope of success as lawyers ought to express; and I think I know how our profession speak when sincere. I cannot interest myself deeply in it. When I had come home from such a business, I used to carry the news to poor Charlotte, who dressed her face in sadness or mirth as she saw the news affect me; this hangs lightly about me. I had almost forgot the appointment, if J. G. had not sent me a card, I passed a piper in the street as I went to the Dean's and could not help giving him a shilling to play *Pibroch a Donuil Dhu* for luck's sake—what a child I am!

June 8.—Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine. I was obliged to make Dalgleish shut the windows when he appeared at half-past six, as usual, and did not rise till nine, when *me voici*. I have often deserved a headache in my younger days without having one, and Nature is, I suppose, paying off old scores. Ay, but then the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready, with lowered voice and stealthy pace, to smooth the pillow—and offer condolence and assistance,—gone—gone—for ever—ever—ever. Well, there is another world, and we'll meet free from the mortal sorrows and frailties which beset us here. Amen, so be it. Let me change the topic with hand and head, and the heart must follow.

I think that sitting so many days and working so hard may have brought on this headache. I must inflict a walk on myself to-day. Strange that what is my delight in the country is *here* a sort of penance! Well, but now I think on it, I will go to the Chief-Baron and try to get his Lordship's opinion about the question with Constable; if I carry it, as there is, I trust, much hope I shall, Mr. Gibson says there will be funds to divide 6s. in the pound, without counting upon getting anything from Constable or Hurst, but sheer hard cash of my own. Such another pull is possible, especially if *Boney* succeeds, and the rogue had a knack at success. Such another, I say, and we touch ground I believe, for surely Constable, Robinson, etc., must pay something; the struggle is worth waring[2] a headache upon.

[1] This alludes to the claim advanced by the creditors of Constable and Co. to the copyright of *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon*. The Dean of the Faculty of Advocates was at that time George Cranstoun, afterwards a judge on the Scottish Bench under the title of Lord Corehouse, from 1826 until 1839, when he retired; he died 1850.

[2] *i. e.* spending.

I finished five pages to-day, headache, laziness, and all.

June 9.—Corrected a stubborn proof this morning. These battles have been the death of many a man—I think they will be mine. Well but it clears to windward; so we will fag on.

Slept well last night. By the way, how intolerably selfish this Journal makes me seem—so much attention to one's naturals and non-naturals! Lord Mackenzie[1] called, and we had much chat about business. The late regulations for preparing cases in the Outer-House do not work well, and thus our old machinery, which was very indifferent, is succeeded by a kind that will hardly move at all. Mackenzie says his business is trebled, and that he cannot keep it up. I question whether the extreme strictness of rules of court be advisable; in practice they are always evaded, upon an equitable showing. I do not, for instance, lodge a paper *debito tempore*, and for an accident happening, perhaps through the blunder of a Writer's apprentice, I am to lose my cause. The penalty is totally disproportioned to the delict, and the consequence is, that means are found out of evasion by legal fictions and the like. The judges listen to these; they become frequent, and the rule of Court ends by being a scarecrow merely. Formerly, delays of this kind were checked by corresponding *amendes*. But the Court relaxed this petty fine too often. Had they been more strict, and levied the mulct on the agents, with *no recourse* upon their clients, the abuse might have been remedied. I fear the present rule is too severe to do much good.

One effect of running causes fast through the Courts below is, that they go by scores to appeal, and Lord Gifford[2] has hitherto decided them with such judgment, and so much rapidity, as to give great satisfaction. The consequence will in time be, that the Scottish Supreme Court will be in effect situated in London. Then down fall—as national objects of respect and veneration—the Scottish Bench, the Scottish Bar, the Scottish Law herself, and—and—"there is an end of an auld sang."[3] Were I as I have been, I would fight knee-deep in blood ere it came to that. But it is a catastrophe which the great course of events brings daily nearer—

"And who can help it, Dick?"

I shall always be proud of *Malachi* as having headed back the Southron, or helped to do so, in one instance at least.

June 10.—This was an unusual teind-day at Court. In the morning and evening I corrected proofs—four sheets in number; and I wrote my task of three pages and a little more. Three pages a day

[1] The eldest son of "*The Man of Feeling*." He had been a judge from 1822; he died at the age of seventy-four in 1851.

[2] Baron Gifford died a few months later, viz., Sept. 1826; he had been Attorney-General in 1819, and Chief-Justice in 1824. Lord and Lady Gifford had visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1825.

[3] Speech of Lord Chancellor Seafield on the ratification of the Scottish Union.—See *Miscell. Prose Works*, vol. xxv. p. 93.

will come, at Constable's rate, to about £12,000 to £15,000 per year. They have sent their claim; it does not frighten me a bit.

June 11.—Bad dreams about poor Charlotte. Woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch*, which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and this complicated sensation our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs acting on each other. Well, here goes—*incumbite remis.*

June 12.—Finished volume third of *Napoleon.* I resumed it on the 1st of June, the earliest period that I could bend my mind to it after my great loss. Since that time I have lived, to be sure, the life of a hermit, except attending the Court five days in the week for about three hours on an average. Except at that time I have been reading or writing on the subject of *Boney*, and have finished last night, and sent to printer this morning the last sheets of fifty-two written since 1st June. It is an awful screed; but grief makes me a house-keeper, and to labour is my only resource. Ballantyne thinks well of the work—very well, but I shall [expect] inaccuracies. An' it were to do again, I would get some one to look it over. But who could that some one be? Whom is there left of human race that I could hold such close intimacy with? No one. "*Tanneguy du Châtel ou es-tu!*"[1] Worked five pages.

June 13.—I took a walk out last evening after tea, and called on Lord Chief-Commissioner and the Macdonald Buchanans, that kind and friendly clan. The heat is very great, and the wrath of the bugs in proportion. Two hours last night I was kept in an absolute fever. I must make some arrangement for winter. Great pity my old furniture was sold in such a hurry! The wiser way would have been to have let the house furnished. But it's all one in the Greek.

"*Peccavi, peccavi, dies quidem sine lineâ!*" I walked to make calls; got cruelly hot; drank ginger-beer; wrote letters. Then as I was going to dinner, enter a big splay-footed, trifle-headed, old pottering minister, who came to annoy me about a claim which one of his parishioners has to be Earl of Annandale, and which he conceits to be established out of the Border Minstrelsy. He mentioned a curious thing—that three brothers of the Johnstone family, on whose descendants the male representative of these great Border chiefs devolved, were forced to fly to the north in consequence of their feuds with the Maxwells, and agreed to change their names. They slept on the side of the Soutra Hills, and asking a shepherd the name of the place, agreed in future to call themselves Sowtra or Sowter John-

[1] See Moréri's *Dictionnaire*, Art. "Tanneguy du Châtel."

stones. The old pudding-headed man could not comprehend a word I either asked him or told him, and maundered till I wished him in the Annandale beef-stand.[1] Mr. Gibson came in after tea, and we talked business. Then I was lazy and stupid, and dozed over a book instead of writing. So on the whole, *Confiteor, confiteor, culpa mea, culpa mea!*

June 14.—In the morning I began with a page and a half before breakfast. This is always the best way. You stand like a child going to be bathed, shivering and shaking till the first pitcherful is flung about your ears, and then are as blithe as a water-wagtail. I am just come home from Parliament House; and now, my friend *Nap.*, have at you with a down-right blow! Methinks I would fain make peace with my conscience by doing six pages to-night. Bought a little bit of Gruyère cheese, instead of our domestic choke-dog concern. When did I ever purchase anything for my own eating? But I will say no more of that. And now to the bread-mill.

June 15.—I laboured all the evening, but made little way. There

[1] An example of Scott's wonderful patience, and his power of utilising hints gathered from the most unpromising materials. Apropos of this Mr. Skene relates:—"In one of our frequent walks to the pier of Leith, to which the freshness of the sea breeze offered a strong inducement to those accustomed to pass a few of the morning hours within the close and impure atmosphere of the Court of Session, I happened to meet with, and to recognize, the Master of a vessel in which I had sailed in the Mediterranean. Our recognition of each other seemed to give mutual satisfaction, as the cordial grasp of the seaman's hard fist effectually indicated. It was some years since we had been shipmates, he had since visited almost every quarter of the globe, but he shook his head, and looked serious when he came to mention his last trip. He had commanded a whaler, and having been for weeks exposed to great stress of weather in the polar regions, finally terminated in the total loss of his vessel, with most of her equipage, in the course of a dark tempestuous night. When thrown on her beam-ends, my friend had been washed overboard, and in his struggles to keep himself above water had got hold of a piece of ice, on the top of which he at length succeeded in raising himself—'and there I was, sir, on a cursed dark dirty night, squatted on a round lump of floating ice, for all the world like a tea-table adrift in the middle of a stormy sea, without being able to see whether there was any hope within sight, and having enough ado to hold on, cold as my seat was, with sometimes one end of me in the water, and sometimes the other, as the ill-fashioned crank thing kept whirling and whomeling about all night. However, praised be God, daylight had not been long in, when a boat's crew on the outlook hove in sight, and taking me for a basking seal, and maybe I was not unlike that same, up they came of themselves, for neither voice nor hand had I to signal them, and if they lost their blubber, faith, sir, they did get a willing prize on board; so, after just a little bit gliff of a prayer for the mercy that sent them to my help, I soon came to myself again, and now that I am landed safe and sound, I am walking about, ye see, like a gentleman, till I get some new craft to try the trade again.'—Sir Walter, who was leaning on my arm during this narrative, had not taken any share in the dialogue, and kept gazing to seaward, with his usual heavy, absorbed expression, and only joined in wishing the seaman better success in his next trip as we parted. However, the detail had by no means escaped his notice, but dropping into the fertile soil of his mind, speedily yielded fruit, quite characteristic of his habits. We happened that evening to dine in company together; I was not near Sir Walter at table, but in the course of the evening my attention was called to listen to a narrative with which he was entertaining those around him, and he seemed as usual to have excited the eager interest of his hearers. The commencement of the story I had not heard, but soon perceived that a shipwreck was the theme, which he described with all the vivid touches of his fancy, marshalling the incidents and striking features of the situation with a degree of dexterity that seemed to bring all the horrors of a polar storm home to every one's mind, and although it occurred to me that our rencontre in the morning with the shipwrecked Whaler might have recalled a similar story to his recollection, it was not until he came to mention *the tea-table of ice* that I recognised the identity of my friend's tale, which had luxuriated to such an extent in the fertile soil of the poet's imagination, as to have left the original germ in comparative insignificance. He cast a glance towards me at the close, and observed, with a significant nod, 'You see, you did not hear one-half of that honest seaman's story this morning.' It was such slender hints, which in the common intercourse of life must have hourly dropped on the soil of his retentive memory, that fed the exuberance of Sir Walter's invention, and supplied the seemingly inexhaustible stream of fancy, from which he drew forth at pleasure the ground-work of romance."—*Reminiscences.*

were many books to consult; and so all I could really do was to make out my task of three pages. I will try to make up the deficit of Tuesday to-day and to-morrow. Letters from Walter—all well. A visit yesterday from Charles Sharpe.

June 16.—Yesterday sate in the Court till nearly four. I had, of course, only time for my task. I fear I will have little more to-day, for I have accepted to dine at Hector's. I got, yesterday, a present of two engravings from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of me, which (poor fellow!) was the last he ever painted, and certainly not his worst.[1] I had the pleasure to give one to young Mr. Davidoff for his uncle, the celebrated Black Captain of the campaign of 1812. Curious that he should be interested in getting the resemblance of a person whose mode of attaining some distinction has been very different. But I am sensible, that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition. I have been no sigher in shades—no writer of

> "Songs and sonnets and rustical roundelays,
> Framed on fancies, and whistled on reeds."[2]

[*Abbotsford, Saturday,*] *June* 17.—Left Edinburgh to-day after Parliament House to come [here]. My two girls met me at Torsonce, which was a pleasant surprise, and we returned in the sociable all together. Found everything right and well at Abbotsford under the new regime. I again took possession of the family bedroom and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten.[3]

June 18.—This morning wrote till half-twelve—good day's work—at *Canongate Chronicles*. Methinks I can make this work answer. Then drove to Huntly Burn and called at Chiefswood. Walked home. The country crying for rain; yet on the whole the weather delicious, dry, and warm, with a fine air of wind. The young woods are rising in a kind of profusion I never saw elsewhere. Let me once clear off these encumbrances, and they shall wave broader and deeper yet. But to attain this I *must work*.

Wrought very fair accordingly till two; then walked; after din-

[1] Painted for Lord Montagu in 1822.—See *Life*, vol. vii. p. 13.

Raeburn apparently executed two "half lengths" of Scott almost identical at this time, giving Lord Montagu his choice. The picture chosen remained at Ditton, near Windsor, until 1845, when at Lord Montagu's death it became the property of his son-in-law, the Earl of Home, and it is now (1889) at the Hirsel, Coldstream. The engraving referred to was made from the replica, which remained in the artist's possession, by Mr. Walker, and published in 1826. Sir Henry Raeburn died in July, 1823, and I do not know what became of the original, which may be identified by an official chain round the neck, not introduced in the Montagu picture.

[2] Song of *The Hunting of the Hare*.—J. G. L.

[3] This entry reminds one of Hannah More's account of Mrs. Garrick's conduct after her husband's funeral. "She told me," says Mrs. More, "that she prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."—See *Memoirs of Mrs. More*, vol. i. p. 135.—J. G. L.

ner out again with the girls. Smoked two cigars, first time these two months.

June 19.—Wrought very fair indeed, and the day being scorching we dined *al fresco* in the hall among the armour, and went out early in the evening. Walked to the lake and back again by the Marle pool; very delightful evening.

June 20.—This is also a hard-working day. Hot weather is favourable for application, were it not that it makes the composer sleepy. Pray God the reader may not partake the sensation! But days of hard work make short journals. To-day we again dine in the hall, and drive to Ashestiel in the evening *pour prendre le frais.*

June 21.—We followed the same course we proposed. For a party of pleasure I have attended to business well. Twenty pages of Croftangry, five printed pages each, attest my diligence, and I have had a delightful variation by the company of the two Annes. Regulated my little expenses here.

[*Edinburgh,*] *June* 22.—Returned to my Patmos. Heard good news from Lockhart. Wife well, and John Hugh better. He mentions poor Southey testifying much interest for me, even to tears. It is odd—am I so hard-hearted a man? I could not have wept for him, though in distress I would have gone any length to serve him. I sometimes think I do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainly my feelings are rather guided by reflection than impulse. But everybody has his own mode of expressing interest, and mine is stoical even in bitterest grief. *Agere atque pati Romanum est.* I hope I am not the worse for wanting the tenderness that I see others possess, and which is so amiable. I think it does not cool my wish to be of use where I can. But the truth is, I am better at enduring or acting than at consoling. From childhood's earliest hour my heart rebelled against the influence of external circumstances in myself and others. *Non est tanti!*

To-day I was detained in the Court from half-past ten till near four; yet I finished and sent off a packet to Cadell, which will finish one-third of the *Chronicles*, vol. 1st.

Henry Scott came in while I was at dinner, and sat while I ate my beef-steak. A gourmand would think me much at a loss, coming back to my ploughman's meal of boiled beef and Scotch broth, from the rather *recherché* table at Abbotsford, but I have no philosophy in my carelessness on that score. It is natural—though I am no ascetic, as my father was.

June 23.—The heat tremendous, and the drought threatening the hay and barley crop. Got from the Court at half-twelve, and walked to the extremity of Heriot Row to see poor Lady Don; left my card as she does not receive any one. I am glad this painful meeting is adjourned. I received to-day £10 from Blackwood for the article on *The Omen.* Time was I would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, and I,

with many depending on me, must do the best I can with my time—God help me!

[*Blair-Adam,*] *June* 24.—Left Edinburgh yesterday after the Court, half-past twelve, and came over here with the Lord Chief-Baron and William Clerk, to spend as usual a day or two at Blair-Adam. In general, this is a very gay affair. We hire a light coach-and-four, and scour the country in every direction in quest of objects of curiosity. But the Lord Chief-Commissioner's family misfortunes and my own make our holiday this year of a more quiet description than usual, and a sensible degree of melancholy hangs on the reunion of our party. It was wise, however, not to omit it, for to slacken your hold on life in any agreeable point of connection is the sooner to reduce yourself to the indifference and passive vegetation of old age.

June 25.—Another melting day; thermometer at 78° even here. 80° was the height yesterday at Edinburgh. If we attempt any active proceeding we dissolve ourselves into a dew. We have lounged away the morning creeping about the place, sitting a great deal, and walking as little as might be on account of the heat.

Blair-Adam has been successively in possession of three generations of persons attached to and skilled in the art of embellishment, and may be fairly taken as a place where art and taste have done a great deal to improve nature. A long ridge of varied ground sloping to the foot of the hill called Benarty, and which originally was of a bare, mossy, boggy character, has been clothed by the son, father, and grandfather; while the undulations and hollows, which seventy or eighty years since must have looked only like wrinkles in the black morasses, being now drained and limed, are skirted with deep woods, particularly of spruce, which thrives wonderfully, and covered with excellent grass. We drove in the droskie and walked in the evening.

June 26.—Another day of unmitigated heat; thermometer 82; must be higher in Edinburgh, where I return to-night, when the decline of the sun makes travelling practicable. It will be well for my work to be there—not quite so well for me; there is a difference between the clean, nice arrangement of Blair-Adam and Mrs. Brown's accommodations, though he who is insured against worse has no right to complain of them. But the studious neatness of poor Charlotte has perhaps made me fastidious. She loved to see things clean, even to Oriental scrupulosity. So oddly do our deep recollections of other kinds correspond with the most petty occurrences of our life.

Lord Chief-Baron told us a story of the ruling passion strong in death. A Master in Chancery was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other Masters, whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. —— would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk sent for, and the oath taken in due form, the Master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed

the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace."—"Sir?"—"Your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the *half-crown*?" He was dead before morning.

[*Edinburgh,*] *June* 27.—Returned to Edinburgh late last night, and had a most sweltering night of it. This day also cruel hot. However, I made a task or nearly so, and read a good deal about the Egyptian Expedition. Had comfortable accounts of Anne, and through her of Sophia. Dr. Shaw doubts if anything is actually the matter with poor Johnnie's back. I hope the dear child will escape deformity, and the infirmities attending that helpless state. I have myself been able to fight up very well, notwithstanding my lameness, but it has cost great efforts, and I am besides very strong. Dined with Colin Mackenzie; a fine family all growing up about him, turning men and women, and treading fast on our heels. Some thunder and showers which I fear will be but partial. Hot—hot—hot.

June 28.—Another hot morning, and something like an idle day, though I have read a good deal. But I have slept also, corrected proofs, and prepared for a great start, by filling myself with facts and ideas.

June 29.—I walked out for an hour last night, and made one or two calls—the evening was delightful—

> "Day its sultry fires had wasted,
> Calm and cool the moonbeam rose;
> Even a captive's bosom tasted
> Half oblivion of his woes."[1]

I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The *Magazine* seems to have paralysed him. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, etc., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education. Many a clever boy is flogged into a dunce, and many an original composition corrected into mediocrity. Yet Tom Campbell ought to have done a great deal more. His youthful promise was great. John Leyden introduced me to him. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated *Hohenlinden* to Leyden, he said, "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation." This feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. "When Leyden comes back from India," said Tom Campbell, "what

[1] Campbell's *Turkish Lady* slightly altered. The poet was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, but he soon gave it up.—J. G. L.

cannibals he will have eaten and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!"

Gave a poor poetess £1. Gibson writes me that £2300 is offered for the poor house; it is worth £300 more, but I will not oppose my own opinion, or convenience to good and well-meant counsel: so farewell, poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there! It has sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline; and now I must bid good-bye to it. I have bid good-bye to my poor wife, so long its courteous and kind mistress,—and I need not care about the empty rooms; yet it gives me a turn. I have been so long a citizen of Edinburgh, now an indweller only. Never mind; all in the day's work.

J. Ballantyne and R. Cadell dined with me, and, as Pepys would say, all was very handsome. Drank amongst us one bottle of champagne, one of claret, a glass or two of port, and each a tumbler of whisky toddy. J. B. had courage to drink his with *hot* water; mine was iced.

June 30.—Here is another dreadful warm day, fit for nobody but the flies. And then one is confined to town.

Yesterday I agreed to let Cadell have the new work,[1] edition 1500, he paying all charges, and paying also £500—two hundred and fifty at Lammas, to pay J. Gibson money advanced on the passage of young Walter, my nephew, to India. It is like a thorn in one's eye this sort of debt, and Gibson is young in business, and somewhat involved in my affairs besides. Our plan is, that this same *Miscellany* or *Chronicle* shall be committed quietly to the public, and we hope it will attract attention. If it does not, we must turn public attention to it ourselves. About one half of vol. i. is written, and there is worse abomination, or I mistake the matter.

I was detained in Court till four; dreadfully close, and obliged to drink water for refreshment, which formerly I used to scorn, even on the moors, with a burning August sun, the heat of exercise, and a hundred springs gushing around me.

Corrected proofs, etc., on my return. I think I have conquered the trustees' objections to carry on the small edition of novels. Got Cadell's letter about the *Chronicle*.

[1] Viz.: the first series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, which was published in 1827. The title originally proposed was *The Canongate Miscellany* or *Traditions of the Sanctuary*.

Woodstock had just been launched under the following title:—*Woodstock, or the Cavalier; a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-one*, by the author of *Waverley, Tales of the Crusaders*, etc. "He was a very perfect gentle knight" (Chaucer). Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London, 1826. (At the end) Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Co. 3 vols. post 8vo.

JULY

[*Edinburgh,*] *July* 1.—Another sunny day. This threatens absolutely Syrian drought. As the Selkirk election comes on Monday, I go out to-day to Abbotsford, and carry young Davidoff and his tutor with me, to see our quiet way of managing the choice of a national representative.

I wrote a page or two last night slumbrously.

[*Abbotsford,*] *July* 2.—Late at Court. Got to Abbotsford last night with Count Davidoff about eight o'clock. I worked a little this morning, then had a long and warm walk. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton from Chiefswood, the present inhabitants of Lockhart's cottage, dined with us, which made the society pleasant. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man[1]—though affected with paralysis—his wife a sweet good-humoured little woman. He is supposed to be a writer in Blackwood's *Magazine.* Since we were to lose the Lockharts, we could scarce have had more agreeable folks.

At Selkirk, where Borthwickbrae was elected with the usual unanimity of the Forest freeholders. This was a sight to my young Muscovite. We walked in the evening to the lake.

July 5.—Still very hot, but with thunder showers. Wrote till breakfast, then walked and signed the death-warrant of a number of old firs at Abbotstown. I hope their deaths will prove useful. Their lives are certainly not ornamental. Young Mr. Davidoff entered upon the cause of the late discontents in Russia, which he imputes to a deep-seated Jacobin conspiracy to overthrow the state and empire and establish a government by consuls.

[*Edinburgh,*] *July* 6.—Returned last night with my frozen Muscovites to the Capital, and suffered as usual from the incursions of the black horse during the night. It was absolute fever. A bunch of letters, but little interesting. Mr. Barry Cornwall[2] writes to condole with me. I think our acquaintance scarce warranted this; but it is well meant and modestly done. I cannot conceive the idea of forcing myself on strangers in distress, and I have half a mind to turn sharp round on some of my consolers. Came home from Court. R. P. Gillies called; he is writing a satire. He has a singular talent of aping the measure and tone of Byron, and this poem goes to the

[1] Thomas Hamilton, Esq. (brother of Sir Wm. Hamilton, the Metaphysician), author of *Cyril Thornton, Men and Manners in America, Annals of the Peninsular Campaign, etc.* Died in 1842.

[2] Bryan Waller Procter, author of *Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems,* 1819. He died in London in 1874.

tune of *Don Juan*, but it is the Champagne after it has stood two days with the cork drawn. Thereafter came Charles K. Sharpe and Will Clerk, as Robinson sayeth, to my exceeding refreshment.[1] And last, not least, Mr. Jollie, one of the triumvirs who manage my poor matters. He consents to going on with the small edition of novels, which he did not before comprehend. All this has consumed the day, but we will make up tide-way presently. I must dress to go to Lord Medwyn[2] to dinner, and it is near time.

July 7.—Coming home from Lord Medwyn's last night I fell in with Willie Clerk, and went home to drink a little shrub and water, over which we chatted of old stories until half-past eleven. This morning I corrected two proofs of C[roftangr]y, which is getting on. But there must be a little check with the throng of business at the close of the session. D—n the session! I wish it would close its eyes for a century. It is too bad to be kept broiling here; but, on the other hand, we must have the instinctive gratitude of the Laird of M'Intosh, who was for the King that gave M'Intosh half-a-guinea the day and half-a-guinea the morn. So I retract my malediction.

Received from Blackwood to account sales of *Malachi* £72 with some odd shillings. This was for copies sold to Banks. The cash comes far from ill-timed, having to clear all odds and ends before I leave Edinburgh. This will carry me on tidily till 25th, when precepts become payable. Well! if *Malachi* did me some mischief, he must also contribute *quodam modo* to my comfort.

July 8.—Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken; but I do think the tale of Elspat McTavish[3] in my bettermost manner—but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world, or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time.

Returning from Court, looked into a show of wild beasts, and saw Nero the great lion, whom they had the cruelty to bait with bull-dogs, against whom the noble creature disdained to exert his strength. He was lying like a prince in a large cage, where you might be admitted if you wish. I had a month's mind—but was afraid of the newspapers; I could be afraid of nothing else, for never did a creature seem more gentle and yet majestic—I longed to caress him. Wallace, the other lion, born in Scotland, seemed much less trustworthy. He handled the dogs as his namesake did the southron.

Enter a confounded Dousterswivel, called Burschal, or some such name, patronised by John Lockhart, teacher of German and learner of English.

He opened the trenches by making me a present of a German

[1] A favourite expression of Scott's, from *Robinson Crusoe*.

[2] John Hay Forbes (Lord Medwyn from 1825 to 1852), second son of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. Lord Medwyn died at the age of seventy-eight in 1854.

[3] *The Highland Widow.*

work called *Der Bibelische Orient*, then began to talk of literature at large; and display his own pretensions. Asked my opinion of Gray as a poet, and wished me to subscribe an attestation of his own merits for the purpose of getting him scholars. As I hinted my want of acquaintance with his qualifications, I found I had nearly landed myself in a proof, for he was girding up his loins to repeated thundering translations by himself into German, Hebrew, until, thinking it superfluous to stand on very much ceremony with one who used so little with me, hinted at letters to write, and got him to translate himself elsewhere.

Saw a good house in Brunswick Street, which I liked. This evening supped with Thomas Thomson about the affairs of the Bannatyne. There was the Dean, Will Clerk, John Thomson, young Smythe of Methven; very pleasant.

July 9.—Rather slumbrous to-day from having sat up till twelve last night. We settled, or seemed to settle, on an election for the Bannatyne Club. There are people who would wish to confine it much to one party. But those who were together last night saw it in the true and liberal point of view, as a great national institution, which may do much good in the way of publishing our old records, providing we do not fall into the usual habit of antiquarians, and neglect what is useful for things that are merely curious. Thomson is a host for such an undertaking. I wrote a good day's work at the Canongate matter, notwithstanding the intervention of two naps. I get sleepy oftener than usual. It is the weather I suppose—*Naboclish!*[1] I am near the end of the first volume, and every step is one out of difficulty.

July 10.—Slept too long this morning. It was eight before I rose —half-past eight ere I came into the parlour. Terry and J. Ballantyne dined with me yesterday, and I suppose the wassail, though there was little enough of it, had stuck to my pillow.

This morning I was visited by a Mr. Lewis, a smart Cockney, whose object is to amend the handwriting. He uses as a mechanical aid a sort of puzzle of wire and ivory, which is put upon the fingers to keep them in the desired position, like the muzzle on a dog's nose to make him bear himself right in the field. It is ingenious, and may be useful. If the man comes here, as he proposes, in winter, I will take lessons. Bear witness, good reader, that if W. S. writes a cramp hand, as is the case, he is desirous to mend it.

Dined with John Swinton *en famille*. He told me an odd circumstance. Coming from Berwickshire in the mail coach he met with a passenger who seemed more like a military man than anything else. They talked on all sorts of subjects, at length on politics. *Malachi's*

[1] A favourite exclamation of Sir Walter's, which he had picked up on his Irish tour, signifying "don't mind it"—*Na-bac-leis*. Compare Sir Boyle Roche's dream that his head was cut off and placed upon a table: "'*Quis separabit?*' says the head; '*Naboclish*,' says I, in the same language."

letters were mentioned, when the stranger observed they were much more seditious than some expressions for which he had three or four years ago been nearly sent to Botany Bay. And perceiving John Swinton surprised at this avowal, he added, "I am Kinloch of Kinloch." This gentleman had got engaged in the radical business (the only real gentleman by the way who did), and harangued the weavers of Dundee with such emphasis that he would have been tried and sent to Botany Bay had he not fled abroad. He was outlawed, and only restored to his status on a composition with Government. It seems to have escaped Mr. Kinloch that the conduct of a man who places a lighted coal in the middle of combustibles, and upon the floor, is a little different from that of one who places the same quantity of burning fuel in a fire-grate![1]

July 11.—The last day of the session, and as toilsome a one as I ever saw. There were about 100 or 120 cases on the roll, and most of them of an incidental character, which gives us Clerks the greatest trouble, for it is the grasshopper that is a burthen to us. Came home about four, tired and hungry. I wrought little or none; indeed I could not, having books and things to pack. Went in the evening to sup with John Murray,[2] where I met Will Clerk, Thomson, Henderland, and Charles Stuart Blantyre, and had of course a pleasant party. I came late home, though, for me, and was not in bed till past midnight; it would not do for me to do this often.

July 12.—I have the more reason to eschew evening parties that I slept two mornings till past eight; these vigils would soon tell on my utility, as the divines call it, but this is the last day in town, and the world shall be amended. I have been trying to mediate between the unhappy R. P. G[illies] and his uncle Lord G. The latter talks like a man of sense and a good relation, and would, I think, do something for R. P. G., if he would renounce temporary expedients and bring his affairs to a distinct crisis. But this R. P. will not hear of, but flatters himself with ideas which seem to me quite visionary. I could make nothing of him; but, I conclude, offended him by being of his uncle's opinion rather than his, as to the mode of extricating his affairs.

I am to dine out to-day, and I would fain shirk and stay at home; never, Shylock-like, had I less will to feasting forth, but I must go or be thought sulky. Lord M. and Lady Abercromby called this morning, and a world of people besides, among others honest Mr. Wilson, late of Wilsontown, who took so much care of me at London, sending fresh eggs and all sorts of good things. Well, I have dawdled and written letters sorely against the grain all day. Also I have been

[1] That Mr. Kinlock was not singular in his opinion has been shown by the remarks made in the House of Commons (see *ante*, March 17). Lord Cockburn in his *Trials for Sedition* says, "With Botany Bay before him, and money to make himself comfortable in Paris, George Kinlock would have been an idiot if he had stayed." Mr. Kinlock had just returned to Scotland.

[2] His neighbour, John Archibald Murray, then living at 122 George Street.—See p. 85.

down to see Will Allan's picture of the Landing of Queen Mary, which he has begun in a great style; also I have put my letters and papers to rights, which only happens when I am about to move, and now, having nothing left to do, I *must* go and dress myself.

July 13.—Dined yesterday with Lord Abercromby at a party he gave to Lord Melville and some old friends, who formed the Contemporary Club. Lord M. and I met with considerable feeling on both sides, and all our feuds were forgotten and forgiven; I conclude so at least, because one or two people, whom I know to be sharp observers of the weatherglass on occasion of such squalls, have been earnest with me to meet Lord M. at parties—which I am well assured they would not have been (had I been Horace come to life again[1]) were they not sure the breeze was over. For myself, I am happy that our usual state of friendship should be restored, though I could not have *come down proud stomach* to make advances, which is, among friends, always the duty of the richer and more powerful of the two.

To-day I leave Mrs. Brown's lodgings. Altogether I cannot complain, but the insects were voracious, even until last night when the turtle-soup and champagne ought to have made me sleep like a top. But I have done a monstrous sight of work here notwithstanding the indolence of this last week, which must and shall be amended.

"So good-by, Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not;
But all is fresh, and clean, and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play,
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
Which looks as if it had been sown only the other day,
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a boll, they say,
But all's one for that, since I must and will away."

July 14, Abbotsford.—Arrived here yesterday before five o'clock. Anybody would think, from the fal-de-ral conclusion of my journal yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humour—*cujus contrarium verum est.* But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy, I know not what to call it, that mingles even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth "which have no mirth in them." In fact, the journey hither, the absence of the affectionate friend that used to be my companion on the journey, and many mingled thoughts of bitterness, have given me a fit of the bile.

[1] See Molière's *l'École des Femmes.*

July 15.—This day I did not attempt to work, but spent my time in the morning in making the necessary catalogue and distribution of two or three chests of books which I have got home from the binder, Niece Anne acting as my Amanuensis. In the evening we drove to Huntly Burn, and took tea there. Returning home we escaped a considerable danger. The iron screw bolts of the driving-seat suddenly giving way, the servants were very nearly precipitated upon the backs of the horses. Had it been down hill instead of being on the level, the horses must have taken fright, and the consequences might have been fatal. Indeed, they had almost taken fright as it was, had not Peter Matheson,[1] who, in Mr. Fag's phrase, I take to be, "the discreetest of whips,"[2] kept his presence of mind, when losing his equilibrium, so that he managed to keep the horses in hand until we all got out. I must say it is not the first imminent danger on which I have seen Peter (my Automedon for near twenty-five years) behave with the utmost firmness.

July 16.—Very unsatisfactory to-day. Sleepy, stupid, indolent—finished arranging the books, and after that was totally useless—unless it can be called study that I slumbered for three or four hours over a variorum edition of the Gill's-Hill's tragedy.[3] Admirable recipe for low spirits—for, not to mention the brutality of so extraordinary a murder, it led John Bull into one of his uncommon fits of gambols, until at last he become so maudlin as to weep for the pitiless assassin, Thurtell, and treasure up the leaves and twigs of the hedge and shrubs in the fatal garden as valuable relics—nay, thronged the minor theatres to see the very roan horse and yellow gig in which the body was transported from one place to another. I have not stept over the threshold to-day, so very stupid have I been.

July 17.—*Desidiæ longum valedixi.* Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye. I set stoutly to work about seven this morning to *Boney*—

> And long ere dinner-time, I have
> Full eight close pages wrote;
> What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
> Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

July 18.—This, as yesterday, has been a day of unremitting labour, though I only got through half the quantity of manuscript,

[1] In 1827 Scott was one day heard saying, as he saw Peter guiding the plough on the haugh: —"Egad, auld Pepe's whistling at his darg; if things get round with me, easy will be his cushion!" Old Peter lived until he was eighty-four. He died at Abbotsford in 1854, where he had been well cared for, respected, and beloved by all the members of the family since Sir Walter's death.

[2] Sheridan's *Rivals*, Act II. Sc. 1.

[3] The murder of Weare by Thurtell and Co., at Gill's-Hill in Hertfordshire (1824). Sir Walter collected printed trials with great assiduity, and took care always to have the contemporary ballads and prints bound up with them. He admired particularly this verse of Mr. Hook's broadside—

> "They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

—J. G. L.

owing to drowsiness, a most disarming annoyance. I walked a little before dinner and after tea, but was unable to go with the girls and Charles to the top of Cauldshiels Hill. I fear my walking powers are diminishing, but why not? They have been wonderfully long efficient, all things considered, only I fear I shall get fat and fall into diseases. Well, things must be as they may. Let us use the time and faculties which God has left us, and trust futurity to his guidance. Amen.

This is the day of St. Boswell's Fair. That watery saint has for once had a dry festival.

July 19.—Wrote a page this morning, but no more. Corrected proofs however, and went to Selkirk to hold Sheriff Court; this consumed the forenoon. Colonel and Miss Ferguson, with Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, dined and occupied the evening. The rain seemed to set in this night.

July 20.—To-day rainy. A morning and forenoon of hard work. About five pages, which makes up for yesterday's lee way. I am sadly tired however. But as I go to Mertoun at four, and spend the night there, the exertion was necessary.

July 21.—To Mertoun we went accordingly. Lord and Lady Minto were there, with part of their family, David Haliburton, etc., besides their own large family. So my lodging was a little room which I had not occupied since I was a bachelor, but often before in my frequent intercourse with this kind and hospitable family. Feeling myself returned to that celibacy, which renders many accommodations indifferent which but lately were indispensable, my imagination drew a melancholy contrast between the young man entering the world on fire for fame, and restless in imagining means of coming by it, and the aged widower, *blasé* on the point of literary reputation, deprived of the social comforts of a married state, and looking back to regret instead of looking forward to hope. This brought bad sleep and unpleasing dreams. But if I cannot hope to be what I have been, I will not, if I can help it, suffer vain repining to make me worse than I may be.

We left Mertoun after breakfast, and the two Annes and I visited Lady Raeburn at Lessudden. My Aunt is now in her ninetieth year —so clean, so nice, so well arranged in every respect, that it makes old age lovely. She talks both of late and former events with perfect possession of her faculties, and has only failed in her limbs. A great deal of kind feeling has survived, in spite of the frost of years.

Home to dinner, and worked all the afternoon among the Moniteurs—to little purpose, for my principal acquisition was a headache. I wrote nothing to-day but part of a trifle for *Blackwood*.

July 22.—The same severe headache attends my poor pate. But I have worked a good deal this morning, and will do more. I wish to have half the volume sent into town on Monday if possible. It will be a royal effort, and more than make up for the blanks of this week.

July 23.—I wrote very hard this day, and attained page 40; 45 would be more than half the volume. Colonel Russell came about one, and carried me out a-walking, which I was all the better of. In the evening we expected Terry and his wife, but they did not come, which makes me fear she may be unwell again.

July 24.—A great number of proof-sheets to revise and send off, and after that I took a fancy to give a more full account of the Constitution framed by Sieyès—a complicated and ingenious web; it is but far too fine and critical to be practically useful.

July 25.—Terry and wife arrived yesterday. Both very well. At dinner-time to-day came Dr. Jamieson[1] of the Scottish Dictionary, an excellent good man, and full of auld Scottish cranks, which amuse me well enough, but are *caviare* to the young people. A little prolix and heavy is the good Doctor; somewhat prosaic, and accustomed to much attention on the Sunday from his congregation, and I hope on the six other days from his family. So *he will* demand full attention from all and sundry before he begins a story, and once begun there is no chance of his ending.

July 26.—This day went to Selkirk, and held a Court. The Doctor and Terry chose to go with me. Captain and Mrs. Hamilton came to dinner. Desperate warm weather! Little done in the literary way except sending off proofs. Roup of standing corn, etc., went off very indifferently. Letter from Ballantyne wanting me to write about absentees. But I have enough to do without burning my fingers with politics.

July 27.—Up and at it this morning, and finished four pages. An unpleasant letter from London, as if I might be troubled by some of the creditors there, when going to town to get materials for *Nap.* I have no wish to go,—none at all. I would even like to put off my visit, so far as John Lockhart and my daughter are concerned, and see them when the meeting could be more pleasant. But then, having an offer to see the correspondence from St. Helena, I can make no doubt that I ought to go. However, if it is to infer any danger to my personal freedom, English wind will not blow on me. It is monstrous hard to prevent me doing what is certainly the best for all parties.

July 28.—I am well-nigh choked with the sulphurous heat of the weather—or I am unwell, for I perspire as if I had been walking hard, and my hand is as nervous as a paralytic's. Read through and corrected *St. Ronan's Well.* I am no judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way to see and remark the ridiculous in society. The story is terribly contorted and unnatural, and the catastrophe is melancholy,

[1] Dr. John Jamieson, formerly minister to a Secession congregation in Forfar, removed to a like charge in Edinburgh in 1795, where he officiated for forty-three years; he died in his house in 4 George Square in 1838, aged seventy-nine.

which should always be avoided. No matter; I have corrected it for the press.[1]

The worthy Lexicographer left us to-day. Somewhat ponderous he is, poor soul! but there are excellent things about him.

Action and Reaction—Scots proverb: "the unrest (*i.e.* pendulum) of a clock *goes aye as far the ae gait as the t'other.*"

Walter's account of his various quarters per last despatch. Query if original:—

"Loughrea is a blackguard place
To Gort I give my curse;
Athlone itself is bad enough,
But Ballinrobe is worse.
I cannot tell which is the worst,
They're all so very bad;
But of all towns I ever saw,
Bad luck to Kinnegad."

Old Mr. Haliburton dined with us, also Colonel Russell. What a man for fourscore or thereby is Old Haly—an Indian too. He came home in 1785.

July 29.—Yesterday I wrought little, and light work, almost stifled by the smothering heat. To-day I wrought about half task in the morning, and, as a judgment on me I think for yesterday's sloth, Mr. H. stayed unusually late in the forenoon. He is my friend, my father's friend, and an excellent, sensible man besides; and a man of eighty and upwards may be allowed to talk long, because in the nature of things he cannot have long to talk. If I do a task to-day, I hope to send a good parcel on Monday and keep tryst pretty well.

July 30.—I did better yesterday than I had hoped for—four instead of three pages, which, considering how my time was cut up by prolonged morning lounging with friend Haly, was pretty fair. I wrote a good task before eleven o'clock, but then my good friends twaddled and dawdled for near two hours before they set off. The time devoted to hospitality, especially to those whom I can reckon upon as sincere good friends, I never grudge, but like to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." By my will every guest should part at half-past ten, or arrange himself to stay for the day.

We had a long walk in a sweltering hot day. Met Mr. Blackwood coming to call, and walked him on with us, so blinked his visit—*gratias, domine*!! Asked him for breakfast to-morrow to make amends. I rather over-walked myself—the heat considered.

July 31.—I corrected six sheets and sent them off, with eight leaves of copy, so I keep forward pretty well. Blackwood the bookseller came over from Chiefswood to breakfast, and this kept me idle till eleven o'clock. At twelve I went out with the girls in the socia-

[1] This novel was passing through the press in 8vo, 12mo, and 18mo, to complete collective editions in these sizes.—J. G. L.

ble, and called on the family at Bemerside, on Dr.[1] and Mrs. Brewster, and Mr. Bainbridge at Gattonside House. It was five ere we got home, so there was a day dished, unless the afternoon does something for us. I am keeping up pretty well, however, and, after all, visitors will come, and calls must be made. I must not let Anne forego the custom of well-bred society.

[1] Afterwards Sir David Brewster. He died at Allerley House on the Tweed, aged eighty-seven, on February 10, 1868.

AUGUST

August 1.—Yesterday evening did nothing for the *idlesse* of the morning. I was hungry; eat and drank and became drowsy; then I took to arranging the old plays, of which Terry had brought me about a dozen, and dipping into them scrambled through two. One, called *Michaelmas Term*,[1] full of traits of manners; and another a sort of bouncing tragedy, called the *Hector of Germany, or the Palsgrave*.[2] The last, worthless in the extreme, is, like many of the plays in the beginning of the seventeenth century, written to a good tune. The dramatic poets of that time seem to have possessed as joint-stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them often remind you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than now, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune or at the Red Bull,[3] which could not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain. This leads far.

This morning I wrote two hours, then out with Tom Purdie, and gave directions about thinning all the plantations above Abbotsford properly so called. Came in at one o'clock and now set to work. *Debout, debout, Lyciscas, debout.*[4] Finished four leaves.

August 2.—Well; and to-day I finished before dinner five leaves more, and I would crow a little about it, but here comes Duty like an old housekeeper to an idle chambermaid. Hear her very words:—

Duty.—Oh! you crow, do you? Pray, can you deny that your sitting so quiet at work was owing to its raining heavily all the forenoon, and indeed till dinner-time, so that nothing would have stirred out that could help it, save a duck or a goose? I trow, if it had been a fine day, by noon there would have been aching of the head, throbbing, shaking, and so forth, to make an apology for going out.

Egomet Ipse.—And whose head ever throbbed to go out when it rained, Mrs. Duty?

Duty.—*Answer not to me with a fool-born jest*, as your poor friend Erskine used to say to you when you escaped from his good advice under the fire of some silly pun. You smoke a cigar after dinner, and I never check you—drink tea, too, which is loss of time; and then, instead of writing me one other page, or correcting those you

[1] By Middleton, 1697.

[2] The Hector of Germanie, or the Palsgrave Prime Elector. An Honourable History by William Smith. 4to, 1615.

[3] Two London playhouses. — See Knight's *Biography of Shakespeare*.

[4] Molière's *La Princesse Élide* (Prologue).

have written out, you rollick into the woods till you have not a dry thread about you; and here you sit writing down my words in your foolish journal instead of minding my advice.

EGO.—Why, Mrs. Duty, I would as gladly be friends with [you] as Crabbe's[1] tradesman fellow with his conscience; but you should have some consideration with human frailty.

DUTY.—Reckon not on that. But, however, good-night for the present. I would only recommend to you to think no thoughts in which I am not mingled—to read no books in which I have no concern—to write three sheets of botheration all the six days of the week *per diem*, and on the seventh to send them to the printer. Thus advising, I heartily bid you farewell.

EGO.—Farewell, madam (exit Duty) and be d—d to ye for an unreasonable bitch! "The devil must be in this greedy gled!" as the Earl of Angus said to his hawk; "will she never be satisfied?"[2] I believe in my soul she is the very hag who haunted the merchant Abudah.[3]

I'll have my great chest upstairs exorcised, but first I'll take a nap till supper, which must take place within ten minutes.

August 3.—Wrote half a task in the morning. From eleven till half-past eight in Selkirk taking precognitions about a *row*, and came home famished and tired. Now, Mrs. Duty, do you think there is no other Duty of the family but yourself? Or can the Sheriff-depute neglect his Duty, that the author may mind *his*? The thing cannot be; the people of Selkirk must have justice as well as the people of England books. So the two Duties may go pull caps about it. My conscience is clear.

August 4.—Wrote to Miss Edgeworth on her sister's marriage, which consumed the better part of the morning. I must read for Marengo. *Item*, I must look at the pruning. *Item*, at the otter hunt; but my hope is constant to make up a good day's task notwithstanding. Failed in finding the otter, and was tired and slept, and did but a poor day's work.

August 6.—Wrote to-day a very good day's work. Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs. Tytler,[4] a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal of the family, who were very kind to us as newly entered on the world.[5] Walked home, and worked in the evening; four leaves finished.

August 7.—My niece Anne leaves us this morning, summoned

[1] See Crabbe's Tale of *The Struggles of Conscience*.—J. G. L.

[2] *Tales of a Grandfather*, Miscell. Prose Works, vol. xxiii. p. 72.

[3] See *Tales of the Genii. The Talisman of Oromanes.*

[4] Eldest daughter of William Fraser of Balnain.—See Burgon's *Life of P. F. Tytler*, 8vo, Lond. 1859. Mrs. Tytler died in London, aged eighty-four, in 1837.

[5] Alexr. Fraser Tytler, 1747–1813. Besides his acknowledged works, Lord Woodhouselee published anonymously a translation of Schiller's *Robbers* as early as 1792.

back from one scene of distress to another. Her uncle, David Macculloch, is extremely ill — a paralytic stroke, I fancy. She is a charming girl, lady-like in thought and action, and very pleasant in society. We are to dine to-day with our neighbours at Gattonside. Meantime I will avail myself of my disposition to labour, and work instead of journalising.

Mr. H. Cranstoun[1] looked in—a morning call. He is become extremely deaf. He gave me a letter from the Countess Purgstall, his sister, which I have not the heart to open, so many reproaches I have deserved for not writing. It is a sad thing, though, to task eyes as hard wrought as mine to keep up correspondence. Dined at Gattonside.[2]

August 8.—Wrote my task this morning, and now for walk. Dine to-day at Chiefswood; have company to-morrow. Why, this is dissipation! But no matter, Mrs. Duty, if the task is done. "Ay, but," says she, "you ought to do something extra — provide against a rainy day." Not I, I'll make a rainy day provide against a fair one, Mrs. Duty. I write twice as much in bad weather. Seriously, I write fully as much as I ought. I do not like this dull aching in the chest and the back, and its giving way to exercise shows that it originates in remaining too long in a sitting posture. So I'll take the field, while the day is good.

August 9.—I wrote only two leaves to-day, but with as many additions as might rank for three. I had a long and warm walk. Mrs. Tytler of Woodhouselee, the Hamiltons, and Colonel Ferguson dined here. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother, yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is survived, the difference of years between the survivors, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence.

August 10.—Rose early, and wrote hard till two, when I went with Anne to Minto. The place, being new to my companion, gave her much amusement. We found the Scotts of Harden, etc., and had a very pleasant party. I like Lady M. particularly, but missed my facetious and lively friend, Lady A[nna] M[aria].[3] It is the fashion for women and silly men to abuse her as a blue-stocking. If to have wit, good sense, and good-humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing the result, be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of persons who fear those who they [think] can turn them into ridicule;

[1] Henry Cranstoun, elder brother of Lord Corehouse and Countess Purgstall. He resided for some years near Abbotsford, at the Pavilion on the Tweed, where he died in 1843, aged eighty-six. An interesting account of Countess Purgstall is given by Basil Hall, who was with her in Styria at her death in 1835. This very early friend of Scott's was thought by Captain Hall to have been the prototype of Diana Vernon — "that safest of secret keepers." — See *Schloss Hainfeld*, 8vo, Lond. 1836.

[2] The property of Gattonside had been purchased in 1824 by George Bainbridge of Liverpool, a keen angler, author of *The Fly Fisher's Guide*, 8vo, Liverpool, 1816.

[3] Lady Anna Maria Elliot, see *ante*, p. 85.

it is a common trick to revenge supposed raillery with good substantial calumny. Slept at Minto.

August 11.—I was up as usual, and wrote about two leaves, meaning to finish my task at home; but found my Sheriff-substitute[1] here on my return, which took up the evening. But I shall finish the volume on Sunday; that is less than a month after beginning it. The same exertion would bring the book out at Martinmas, but December is a better time.

August 12.—Wrote a little in the morning; then Duty and I have settled that this is to be a kind of holiday, providing the volume be finished to-morrow. I went to breakfast at Chiefswood, and after that affair was happily transacted, I wended me merrily to the Black Cock Stripe, and there caused Tom Purdie and John Swanston cut out a quantity of firs. Got home about two o'clock, and set to correct a set of proofs. James Ballantyne presages well of this work, but is afraid of inaccuracies—so am I—but things must be as they may. There is a kind of glamour about me, which sometimes makes me read dates, etc., in the proof-sheets, not as they actually do stand, but as they ought to stand. I wonder if a pill of holy trefoil would dispel this fascination.

By the way, John Swanston measured a young shoot that was growing remarkably, and found that for three days successively it grew half an inch every day. Fine-ear[2] used to hear the grass grow—how far off would he have heard this extravagant rapidity of vegetation? The tree is a silver fir or spruce in the patch at the Green-tongue park.

August 13.—Yesterday I was tired of labouring in the rough ground. Well, I must be content to feel my disabilities increase. One sure thing is, that all wise men will soon contrive to lay aside inclination when performance grows toilsome. I have hobbled over many a rough heugh in my day—no wonder if I must sing at last—

> "Thus says the auld man to the aik tree,
> Sair failed, hinny, since I kenn'd thee."

But here are many a mile of smooth walk, just when I grow unable to face bent and brae, and here is the garden when all fails. To a sailor the length of his quarter-deck is a good space of exercising ground.

I wrote a good task to-day, then walked to the lake, then came back by three o'clock, hungering and thirsting to finish the volume. I have seldom such fits of voluntary industry, so Duty shall have the benefit.

Finished volume iv. this evening—*Deo Gratias.*

August 14.—This is a morning I have not seen many a day, for it appears to set in for a rainy day. It has not kept its word though.

[1] W. Scott of Maxpopple.

[2] In the fairy tale of Countess D'Aulnoy.—*Fortunio.*

I was seized by a fit of the "clevers," and finished my task by twelve o'clock, and hope to add something in the evening. I was guilty, however, of some waywardness, for I began volume v. of *Boney* instead of carrying on the *Canongate* as I proposed. The reason, however, was that I might not forget the information I had acquired about the Treaty of Amiens.

August 15.—The weather seems decidedly broken. Yesterday, indeed, cleared up, but this day seems to persevere in raining. *Naboclish!* It's a rarity nowadays. I write on, though a little afflicted with the oppression on my chest. Sometimes I think it is something dangerous, but as it always goes away on change of posture, it cannot be speedily so. I want to finish my task, and then good-night. I will never relax my labour in these affairs, either for fear of pain or love of life. I will die a free man, if hard working will do it. Accordingly, to-day I cleared the ninth leaf, which is the tenth part of a volume, in two days—four and a half leaves a day. Walter and Jane, with Mrs. Jobson, are arrived to interrupt me.

August 16.—God be praised for restoring to me my dear children in good health, which has made me happier than anything that has happened these several months. Walter and Jane appear cordial and happy in each other; the greatest blessing Heaven can bestow on them or me who witness it. If we had Lockhart and Sophia, there would be a meeting of the beings dearest to me in life. Walked to Huntly Burn, where I found a certain lady on a visit—so youthy, so beautiful, so strong in voice—with sense and learning—above all, so fond of good conversation, that, in compassion to my eyes, ears, and understanding, I bolted in the middle of a tremendous shower of rain, and rather chose to be wet to the skin than to be bethumped with words at that rate. There seemed more than I of the same opinion, for Col. Ferguson chose the ducking rather than the conversation. Young Mr. Surtees came this evening.

August 17.—Wrote half a leaf short of my task, having proofs, etc., to correct, and being called early to walk with the ladies. I have gained three leaves in the two following days, so I cannot blame myself. *Sat cito si sat bene. Sat boni* I am sure—I may say—a truly execrable pun that; hope no one will find it out.

In the evening we had music from the girls, and the voice of the harp and viol were heard in my halls once more, which have been so long deprived of mirth. It is with a mixed sensation I hear these sounds. I look on my children and am happy; and yet every now and then a pang shoots across my heart. It seems so strange that my poor wife should not be there. But enough of this. Colonel Ferguson dined.

August 18.—Again I fell a half page behind, being summoned out too early for my task, but I am still two leaves before on the whole week. It is natural to see as much of these young people as I can.

Walter talks of the Ionian Islands. It is an awful distance. A long walk in very warm weather. Music in the evening.

August 19.—This morning wrote none, excepting extracts, etc., being under the necessity of reading and collating a great deal, which lasted till one o'clock or thereabouts, when Dr. and Mrs. Brewster and their young people came to spend a day of happiness at the lake. We were met there by Captain and Mrs. Hamilton and a full party. Since the days of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia,[1] these days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered; but we came off indifferently well. We did not indeed catch much fish; but we lounged about in a delightful day, eat and drank—and the children, who are very fine infantry, were clamorously enjoying themselves. We sounded the loch in two or three different places—the deepest may be sixty feet. I was accustomed to think it much more, but your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than was expected. The whole party dine with us.

August 20.—Wrote four leaves. The day wet and rainy, though not uniformly so. No temptation, however, to play truant; so this will make some amends for a blank day yesterday. I am far in advance of the press, but it is necessary if I go to Drumlanrig on Wednesday as I intend, and to Lochore next week, which I also meditate. This will be no great interruption, however, if I can keep the *Canongate* moving, for I shall be more than half a volume in advance with *Napoleon.*

August 21.—Wrought out my task, though much bothered with a cold in my head and face, how caught I know not. Mrs. Crampton, wife of the Surgeon-General[2] in Ireland, sends to say she is hereabouts, so we ask her. Hospitality must not be neglected, and most hospitable are the Cramptons. All the "calliachs"[3] from Huntly Burn are to be here, and Anne wishes we may have enough of dinner. Naboclish! it is hoped there will be a *pièce de résistance.*

August 22.—Mrs. and Misses Crampton departed. I was rather sorry to give them such brief entertainment, for they were extremely kind. But going to Eildon Hall to-day, and to Drumlanrig to-morrow, there was nothing more could be done for them. It is raining now "*successfully*," as old Macfarlane of the Arroquhar used to say. What is the odds? We get a soaking before we cross the Birkendailly—wet against dry, ten to one.

August 23 [*Bittock's Bridge*].—Set off cheerily with Walter, Charles, and Surtees in the sociable, to make our trip to Drumlanrig. We breakfasted at Mr. Boyd's, Broadmeadows, and were received with Yarrow hospitality. From thence climbed the Yarrow, and

[1] See Johnson's *Rambler*, Nos. 204 and 205.

[2] Afterwards Sir Philip Crampton. "The Surgeon-General struck Sir Walter as being more like Sir Humphry Davy than any man he had met, not in person only, but in the liveliness and range of his talk."—*Life*, vol. viii. p. 23.

[3] Gaelic for "old women."

skirted Saint Mary's Lake, and ascended the Birkhill path, under the moist and misty influence of the *genius loci*. Never mind; my companions were merry and I cheerful. When old people can be with the young without fatiguing them or themselves, their tempers derive the same benefits which some fantastic physicians of old supposed accrued to their constitutions from the breath of the young and healthy. You have not, cannot again have, their gaiety of pleasure in seeing sights, but still it reflects itself upon you, and you are cheered and comforted. Our luncheon eaten in the herd's cottage; but the poor woman saddened me unawares, by asking for poor Charlotte, whom she had often seen there with me. She put me in mind that I had come twice over those hills and bogs with a wheeled-carriage, before the road, now an excellent one, was made. I knew it was true; but, on my soul, looking where we must have gone, I could hardly believe I had been such a fool. For riding, pass if you will; but to put one's neck in such a venture with a wheeled-carriage was too silly. Here we are, however, at Bittock's Inn for this night.

Drumlanrig, August 24.—This morning lunched at Parkgate under a very heavy shower, and then pushed on to Drumlanrig, where I was pleased to see the old Castle, and old servants solicitous and anxious to be civil. What visions does not this magnificent old house bring back to me! The exterior is much improved since I first knew it. It was then in the state of dilapidation to which it had been abandoned by the celebrated old Q.,[1] and was indeed scarce wind and water tight. Then the whole wood had been felled, and the outraged castle stood in the midst of waste and desolation, excepting a few scattered old stumps, not judged worth the cutting. Now the whole has been, ten or twelve years since, completely replanted, and the scattered seniors look as graceful as fathers surrounded by their children. The face of this immense estate has been scarcely less wonderfully changed. The scrambling tenants, who held a precarious tenure of lease under the Duke of Queensberry, at the risk (as actually took place) of losing their possession at his death, have given room to skilful and labouring men, working their farms regularly, and enjoying comfortable houses and their farms at a fair rent, which is enough to forbid idleness, but not enough to overpower industry.

August 25.—Here are Lord and Lady Home,[2] Charles Douglas,[3] Lord and Lady Charlotte Stopford.[4] I grieve to say the last, though

[1] William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, succeeded, on the death of his kinsman, Duke Charles, in 1778. He died in 1810 at the age of eighty-six, when his titles and estates were divided between the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Douglas, the Marquis of Queensberry, and the Earl of Wemyss.

See Wordsworth's indignant lines beginning:

"Degenerate Douglas, oh the unworthy Lord";

also *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, 4 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1843–4.

[2] Alexander, tenth Earl of Home, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch.

[3] Charles, second son of Archibald Lord Douglas.

[4] James Thomas, Viscount Stopford, afterwards fourth Earl of Courtown, and his wife, Lady Charlotte, sister of the then Duke of

as beautiful as ever, is extremely thin, and looks delicate. The Duke himself has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man, and received us most kindly. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. The heart is excellent, so are the talents,—good sense and knowledge of the world, picked up at one of the great English schools (and it is one of their most important results), will prevent him from being deceived; and with perfect good-nature, he has a natural sense of his own situation, which will keep him from associating with unworthy companions. God bless him! His father and I loved each other well, and his beautiful mother had as much of the angel as is permitted to walk this earth. I see the balcony from which they welcomed poor Charlotte and me, long ere the ascent was surmounted, streaming out their white handkerchiefs from the battlements. There were *four* merry people that day—now one sad individual is all that remains. *Singula praedantur anni.* I had a long walk to-day through the new plantation, the Duchess's Walk by the Nith, etc. (formed by Prior's *Kitty young and gay*[1]); fell in with the ladies, but their donkeys outwalked me—a flock of sheep afterwards outwalked me, and I begin to think, on my conscience, that a snail put in training might soon outwalk me. I must lay the old salve to the old sore, and be thankful for being able to walk at all.

Nothing was written to-day, my writing-desk having been forgot at Parkgate, but Tom Crighton kindly fetched it up to-day, so something more or less may be done to-morrow morning—and now to dress.

[*Bittock's Bridge*,] *August* 26.—We took our departure from the friendly halls of Drumlanrig this morning after breakfast and leave-taking. I trust this young nobleman will be

> "A hedge about his friends,
> A hackle to his foes."[2]

I would have him not quite so soft-natured as his grandfather, whose kindness sometimes mastered his excellent understanding. His father had a temper which better jumped with my humour. Enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused is no bad ingredient in their disposition who have favours to bestow.[3]

In coming from Parkgate here I intended to accomplish a purpose

Buccleuch, at that time still in his minority. Lady Charlotte died within eighteen months of this date.

[1] "Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed."
Prior's *Female Phaeton*.

Catherine Hyde, daughter of Henry Earl of Clarendon, and wife of Charles Duke of Queensberry. She was the friend of Gay, and her beauty, wit, and oddities have been celebrated in prose and rhyme by the wits and poets of two generations. Fifty-six years after Prior had sung her "mad Grace's" praises, Walpole added those two lines to the Female Phaeton—

"To many a Kitty Love his car, will for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair, obtained it for an age."

She died at a great age in 1777. For her letter to George II. when forbid the Court, see Agar Ellis, *Historical Inquiries*, Lond. 1827, p. 40.

[2] Ballad on young Rob Roy's abduction of Jean Key, Cromek's *Collections*.—J. G. L.

[3] See Letter to C. K. Sharpe, from Drumlanrig, vol. ii. pp. 369–71.

which I have for some years entertained, of visiting Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, of which King James said, when he visited it, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. It rained heavily, however, which prevented my making this excursion, and indeed I rather overwalked myself yesterday, and have occasion for rest.

"So sit down, Robin, and rest thee."

Abbotsford, August 27.—To-day we journeyed through the hills and amongst the storms; the weather rather bullying than bad. We viewed the Grey Mare's Tail, and I still felt confident in crawling along the ghastly bank by which you approach the fall. I will certainly get some road of application to Mr. Hope Johnstone, to pray him to make the place accessible. We got home before half-past five, having travelled forty miles.

Blair-Adam, August 28.—Set off with Walter and Jane at seven o'clock, and reached this place in the middle of dinner-time. By some of my not unusual blunders we had come a day before we were expected. Luckily, in this ceremonious generation, there are still houses where such blunders only cause a little raillery, and Blair-Adam is one of them. My excellent friend is in high health and spirits, to which the presence of Sir Frederick adds not a little.[1] His lady is here—a beautiful woman, whose countenance realises all the poetic dreams of Byron. There is certainly [a] something of full maturity of beauty which seems framed to be adoring and adored, and it is to be found in the full dark eye, luxuriant tresses, and rich complexion of Greece, and not among the pale unripened beauties of the north. What sort of a mind this exquisite casket may contain is not so easily known. She is anxious to please, and willing to be pleased, and, with her striking beauty, cannot fail to succeed.

August 29.—To-day we designed to go to Lochore. But "heigho! the wind and the rain." Besides Mrs. and Admiral Adam, Mrs. Loch, and Miss Adam, I find here Mr. Impey, son of that Sir Elijah celebrated in Indian history. He has himself been in India, but has, with a great deal of sense and observation, much better address than always falls to the share of the Eastern adventurer. The art of quiet and entertaining conversation, which is always easy as well as entertaining, is chiefly known in England. In Scotland we are pedantic and wrangle, or we run away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean. They are the Gascons of Britain. George Ellis was the best converser I ever knew; his patience and good breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off at score upon some favourite topic. Richard Sharp

[1] Sir Frederick Adam, son of the Chief Commissioner—a distinguished soldier, afterwards High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and subsequently Governor of Madras; he died in 1853.

is so celebrated for this peculiar gift as to be generally called Conversation Sharp.[1] The worst of this talent is that it seems to lack sincerity. You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover to what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent.

Mrs. Impey, an intelligent person, likes music, and particularly Scotch airs, which few people play better than Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Louisa Adam. Had a letter from Mr. William Upcott, London Institution, proposing to me to edit an edition of Garrick's Correspondence, which I declined by letter of this day. Thorough decided downfall of rain. Nothing for it but patience and proof-sheets.

August 30.—The weather scarce permitted us more licence than yesterday, yet we went down to Lochore, and Walter and I perambulated the property, and discussed the necessity of a new road from the south-west, also that of planting some willows along the ditches in the low grounds. Returned to Blair-Adam to dinner.

Abbotsford, *August* 31.—Left Blair at seven in the morning. Transacted business with Cadell and Ballantyne, but our plans will, I think, be stopped or impeded by the operations before the Arbiter, Mr. Irving, who leans more to the side of the opposite [party] than I expected. I have a letter from Gibson, found on my arrival at Abbotsford, which gives rather a gloomy account of that matter. It seems strange that I am to be bound to write for men who have broken every bargain with me.

Arrived at Abbotsford at eight o'clock at night.

[1] Mr. Richard Sharp published in 1834 a very elegant and interesting little volume of *Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse*.—See *Quarterly Review*, 102.—J. G. L. He had been Member of Parliament from 1806 to 1820, and died on the 30th of March, 1835, at the age of seventy six.

SEPTEMBER

September 1.—Awaked with a headache, which the reconsideration of Gibson's news did not improve. We save *Bonaparte* however, and that is a great thing. I will not be downcast about it, let the worst come that can; but I wish I saw that worst. It is the devil to be struggling forward, like a man in the mire, and making not an inch by your exertions, and such seems to be my fate. Well! I have much to comfort me, and I will take comfort. If there be further wrath to come, I shall be glad that I bear it alone. Poor Charlotte was too much softened by prosperity to look adverse circumstances courageously in the face. Anne is young, and has Sophia and Jane to trust to for assistance.

September 2.—Wrote this morning, but only two pages or thereabouts. At twelve o'clock set out with Anne and Walter to visit at Makerstoun, but the road between Makerstoun and Merton being very bad, we drove, I dare say, thirty miles in going and coming, by a circuitous route, and only got home at half-past seven at night. Saw Lady Brisbane Makdougall, but not Sir Thomas.[1] Thought of old Sir Henry and his older father Sir George. Received a box of Australian seeds, forwarded by Andrew Murray, now head-gardener to the Governor, whom I detected a clever boy, among my labourers in 1812, and did a little for him. It is pleasant to see men thrive and be grateful at the same time, so good luck to "Andrew Mora," as we called him.

September 3.—Made up my necessary task for yesterday and today also, but not more, writing very heavily. Cousin Archie Swinton came to dinner. We had a dish of cousinred of course—and *of auld lang syne.*[2]

September 4.—Archie Swinton left us this morning early. I wrote from seven to half-past two; but, partly that I had five proof-sheets to correct, partly that like old John Fraser[3] "I was not very cleever today," I made out but a page and a half.

September 5.—Wrote task and half a page more. Terry arrived and brought with him a Mr. Bruce, from Persia, with an introduction,

[1] Sir Thomas Brisbane, who had formerly commanded a brigade in the Peninsula. In 1832 he succeeded Sir Walter Scott as President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Sir Thomas had married in 1819 a daughter of Sir Henry Hay Makdougall of Makerstoun, Bart. Sir Thomas died at Brisbane House, Ayrshire, in January, 1860, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

[2] For an account of this family see *The Swintons of that Ilk and their Cadets*, 4to, 1883, a privately printed volume by A. C. Swinton of Kimmerghame. In a letter to his friend Swinton in 1814, Scott says that he had been reading the family pedigree "to my exceeding refreshment."

[3] One of the Abbotsford labourers.

forsooth, from Mr. Blackwood. I will move a *quo warranto* against this species of introduction; and the good gentleman is to be here, he informs me, for two days. He is a dark, foreign-looking man, of small stature, and rather blunt manners, which may be easily accounted for by his having been in the East for thirty years. He has a considerable share of information, and made good play after dinner.

September 6.—Walter being to return to Ireland for three weeks set off to-day, and has taken Surtees and Charles with him. I fear this is but a wild plan, but the prospect seemed to make them so happy that I could not find in my heart to say "No" sufficiently peremptorily. So away they all went this morning to be as happy as they can. Youth is a fine carver and gilder. Went down to Huntly Burn, and dawdled about while waiting for the carriage to bring me back. Mr. Bruce and Colonel Ferguson pottered away about Persia and India, and I fell asleep by the fireside. Here is a fine spate of work—a day diddled away, and nothing to show for it! I must write letters now, there is nothing else for it. But—yaw—yaw—I must take a nap first. I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him! full of remonstrance, deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of *Bonaparte*. The rogue is right too. But as to correcting my style to the

"Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle"

tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d—d if I do. Drew £12 in favour of Charles for his Irish jaunt; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could. Mr. and Mrs. Impey arrived to dinner.

September 7.—Mr. Bruce, the bastinadoed, left us this morning promising wine from Shiraz and arms from India. From our joint observation he must be a half-caste, probably half an Arab. He told us of his having been taken by pirates in the Arabian Gulf, and having received two thousand bastinadoes on the soles of his feet, after which he was buried in a heap of dung by way of cure. Though the matter was certainly serious enough to the sufferer, yet it excited our suppressed, or scarce suppressed, mirth. Alas! let never traveller tell any distress which borders on the ludicrous if he desires to excite the sympathy of the audience.

Another thing he mentioned was the mode of seasoning timber for shipbuilding in the Arabian Gulf. They bury it in the sand within water-mark, and leave it exposed to the flux and reflux of the tide for six months at least, but often for twelve or eighteen. The tendency to vegetation which produces the dry-rot is thus prevented effectually, and the ships built of this wood last for twenty years.

We drove to Ashestiel in the morning, after I had written a good task, or nearly so (nay, I lie, it wanted half a page), and passed a pleasant day. Terry read *Bobadil* in the evening, which he has, I think, improved.

September 8.—I have rubbed up, by collation with Mr. Impey, Sir Frederick Adam's idea of the Greeks. He deeply regrets the present war as premature, undertaken before knowledge and rational education had extended themselves sufficiently. The neighbourhood of the Ionian Islands was fast producing civilisation; and as knowledge is power, it is clear that the example of Europeans, and the opportunities of education thereby afforded, must soon have given them an immense superiority over the Turk. This premature war has thrown all back into a state of barbarism. It was precipitated by the agents of Russia. Sir Frederick spoke most highly of Byron, the soundness of his views, the respect in which he was held—his just ideas of the Grecian cause and character, and the practical and rational wishes which he formed for them. Singular that a man whose conduct in his own personal affairs had been anything but practical should be thus able to stand by the helm of a sinking state! Sir Frederick thinks he might have done much for them if he had lived. The rantipole friends of liberty, who go about freeing nations with the same success which Don Quixote had in redressing wrongs, have, of course, blundered everything which they touched. The Impeys left us to-day, and Captain Hugh Scott and his lady arrived. Task is bang-up.

September 9.—I begin to fear *Nap.* will swell to seven volumes. I have a long letter from James B. threatening me with eight; but that is impossible. The event of his becoming Emperor is the central point of his history. Now I have just attained it, and it is the centre of the third volume. Two volumes and a half may be necessary to complete the whole. Walked with Hugh Scott up the Rhymer's Glen, and round by the lake. Mr. Bainbridge of Gattonside House dined, also Colonel Ferguson. Was bang-up to my task again this day.

September 10.—Corrected proof-sheets in the morning, then immured myself to write, the more willingly that the day seemed showery; but I found myself obliged to read and study the map so much that I did not get over half a sheet written. Walked with Hugh Scott through Haxell Cleuch. Great pleasure to show the young wood to any who understands them well.

September 11.—Jane and her mother go into town this morning, and Anne with them, to look out a lodging for us during the time we must pass in town. It seems strange to have this to do, having had always my father's house or my own to go to. But—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Well, it is half-past twelve o'clock, and at length having regulated all disappointments as to post-horses, and sent three or four servants three or four miles to remedy blunders, which a little forethought might have prevented, my family and guests are separated—

"Like youthful steers let loose, east, north, and south."[1]

[1] 2 *Henry IV.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Miss Miln goes to Stirling; the Scotts to Lessudden; Anne and Jane to Edinburgh; and I am left alone. I must needs go up and see some operations about the spring which supplies us with water, though I calculate my presence is not very necessary. So now—to work—to work.

But I reckoned without my host, or, I should rather say, without my *guest*. Just as I had drawn in my chair, fitted a new "Bramah" on the stick, and was preparing to feague it away, I had a call from the son of an old friend, Mr. Waldie of Henderland. As he left me, enter young Whytbank and Mr. Auriol Hay[1] of the Lyon Office, and we had a long armorial chat together, which lasted for some time—then the library was to be looked at, etc. So, when they went away, I had little better to do than to walk up to the spring which they are digging, and to go to my solitary dinner on my return.

September 12.—Notwithstanding what is above said, I made out my task yesterday, or nearly so, by working after dinner. After all, these interruptions are not such bad things; they make a man keen of the work which he is withheld from, and differ in that point much from the indulgence of an indisposition to labour in your own mind, which increases by indulgence. *Les fâcheux* seldom interrupt your purpose absolutely and entirely—you stick to it for contradiction's sake.

Well, I visited the spring in the morning, and completed my task afterwards. As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

"The airy tongues that syllable men's names."[2]

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodements of good or evil to come. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of what is to come.

I dined at the Club to-day at Selkirk, and acted as croupier. There were eighteen dined; young men chiefly, and of course young talk. But so it has been, will be, and must be.

September 13.—Wrote my task in the morning, and thereafter had a letter from that sage Privy Councillor and booby of a Baronet, ——. This unutterable idiot proposes to me that I shall propose to the Dowager Duchess of ——, and offers his own right honourable intervention to bring so beautiful a business to bear. I am struck

[1] Mr. E. W. Auriol Drummond Hay, heir-presumptive at one time of Lord Kinnoul, was then residing in Edinburgh, owing to his official duties in the Lyon Office; he took a great interest in archæological matters, and was for two years Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries before his departure as Consul General to the Barbary States. He died at Tangier on the 1st March, 1845.

[2] Milton's *Comus*, v. 208.—J. G. L.

dumb with the assurance of his folly—absolutely mute and speechless—and how to prevent him making me further a fool is not easy, for the wretch has left me no time to assure him of the absurdity of what he proposes; and if he should ever hint at such a piece of d—d impertinence, what must the lady think of my conceit or of my feelings! I will write to his present quarters, however, that he may, if possible, have warning not to continue this absurdity.[1]

Dined at Major Scott, my cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He, too, is a prince of Bores, but age has tamed him a little, and like the giant Pope in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he can only sit and grin at Pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a fank[2] over them as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable infliction nowadays.

September 14.—I should not have forgotten, among the memorabilia of yesterday, that Mr. Nasmyth, the dentist, and his family called, and I showed them the lions, for truly he that has rid a man of the toothache is well entitled to command a part of his time. *Item*, two young Frenchmen made their way to our sublime presence in guerdon of a laudatory copy of French verses sent up the evening before, by way of "Open Sesame," I suppose. I have not read them, nor shall I. No man that ever wrote a line despised the *pap* of praise so heartily as I do. There is nothing I scorn more, except those who think the ordinary sort of praise or censure is matter of the least consequence. People have almost always some private view of distinguishing themselves, or of gratifying their curiosity—some point, in short, to carry, with which you have no relation, when they take the trouble to praise you. In general, it is their purpose to get the person praised to puff away in return. To me their rank praises no more make amends for their bad poetry than tainted butter would pass off stale fish.

September 15.—Many proofs to correct and dates to compare. What signify dates in a true story? I was fidgety after breakfast, owing to perusing some advices from J. Gibson, poor fellow. I will not be discouraged, come of things what will. However, I could not write continuously, but went out by starts, and amused myself by cutting trees in the avenue. Thus I dawdled till Anne and Jane came home with merry faces, and raised my spirits of course. After tea I e'en took heart of grace and finished my task, as I now do this day's journal.

September 16.—Worked hard to-day, and in morning and evening made out five pages and a half, as much perhaps as one should attempt, yet I was not overworked. On the contrary, went out with Tom about one o'clock and cut trees, etc., to clear the avenue; and

[1] Lady Scott had not been quite four months dead, and the entry of the preceding day shows how extremely ill-timed was this communication from a gentleman with whom Sir Walter had never had any intimacy. This was not the only proposition of the kind that reached him during his widowhood.—J. G. L.

[2] A coil of rope.

favour the growth of such trees as are designed for standards. I received visits too—the Laird of Bemerside,[1] who had been for nine years in Italy with his family—also the Laird of Kippielaw. Anne and Jane drove up and called at the Haining.

I expected James Ballantyne to dinner as he proposed, but the worthy typographer appeared not. He is sometimes inaccurate in keeping such appointments, which is not according to the "Academy of compliments." But in the letter which announced his intended visit, he talked of having received himself a visit from the Cholera Morbus. I shall be very sorry if so unwelcome a guest be the cause of the breach of his appointment.

September 17.—Rather surprised with a letter from Lord Melville, informing me that he and Mr. Peel had put me into the Commission for inquiring into the condition of the Colleges in Scotland. I know little on the subject, but I dare say as much as some of the official persons who are inserted of course. The want of efficient men is the reason alleged. I must of course do my best, though I have little hope of being useful, and the time it will occupy is half ruinous to me, to whom time is everything. Besides, I suppose the honour is partly meant as an act of grace for *Malachi*. I shall never repent of that escapade, although it offended persons for the time whose good opinion I value. J. B. continues ill at Teviot Grove, as they call it. I am a little anxious about him.

I finished my task and an extra page—hope to do another before supper. Accomplished the said diligent purpose.

September 18.—Rainy and gloomy—that small sifting rain driving on an eastern gale which intermits not. Wrote letters to Lord Melville, etc., and agreed to act under the Commission. Settled to be at Melville Castle, Saturday 24th. I fear this will interfere consumedly with business. I corrected proof-sheets, and wrote a good deal, but intend to spend the rest of the day in reading and making notes. No bricks to be made without straw.

[*Jedburgh,*] *September* 19.—Circuit. Went to poor Mr. Shortreed's and regretted bitterly the distress of the family, though they endeavoured to bear it bravely, and to make my reception as comfortable and even cheerful as possible. My old friend R. S. gave me a ring found in a grave at the Abbey, to be kept in memory of his son. I will certainly preserve it with especial care.[2]

Many trifles at circuit, chiefly owing to the cheap whisky, as they were almost all riots. One case of assault on a deaf and dumb woman. She was herself the chief evidence; but being totally without education, and having, from her situation, very imperfect notions of a Deity, and a future state, no oath could be administered. Mr. Kinniburgh, teacher of the deaf and dumb, was sworn interpreter,

[1] See *Life*, vol. x. 95, and *The Haigs of Bemerside*. 8vo, Edin. 1881, edited by J. Russell.

[2] Mr. Thomas Shortreed, a young gentleman of elegant taste and attainments, devotedly attached to Sir Walter, and much beloved in return, had recently died.—J. G. L.

together with another person, a neighbour, who knew the accidental or conventional signs which the poor thing had invented for herself, as Mr. K. was supposed to understand the more general or natural signs common to people in such a situation. He went through the task with much address, and it was wonderful to see them make themselves intelligible to each other by mere pantomime. Still I did [not] consider such evidence as much to be trusted to in a criminal case. Several previous interviews had been necessary between the interpreter and the witness, and this is very much like getting up a story. Some of the signs, brief in themselves, of which Mr. K. gave long interpretations, put me in mind of Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*: "Did he mean all this by the shake of the head?" "Yes, if he shook his head as I taught him."[1] The man was found not guilty. Mr. K. told us of a pupil of his whom he restored, as it may be said, to humanity, and who told him that his ideas of another world were that some great person in the skies lighted up the sun in the morning as he saw his mother light her fire, and the stars in the evening as she kindled a lamp. He said the witness had ideas of truth and falsehood, which was, I believe, true; and that she had an idea of punishment in a future state, which I doubt. He confessed she could not give any guess at its duration, whether temporary or eternal. I should like to know if Mr. K. is in that respect much wiser than his pupils. Dined, of course, with Lord Mackenzie, the Judge.

September 20.—Waked after a restless night, in which I dreamed of poor Tom Shortreed. Breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Somerville.[2] This venerable gentleman is one of the oldest of the literary brotherhood—I suppose about eighty-seven, and except a little deafness quite entire. Living all his life in good society as a gentleman born—and having, besides, professional calls to make among the poor—he must know, of course, much that is curious concerning the momentous changes which have passed under his eyes. He talks of them accordingly, and has written something on the subject, but has scarce the force necessary to seize on the most striking points, "*palabras*, neighbour Verges,"[3]—gifts which God gives. The bowl that rolls easiest along the green goes furthest, and has least clay sticking to it. I have often noticed that a kindly, placid good-humour is the companion of longevity, and, I suspect, frequently the leading cause of it. Quick, keen, sharp observation, with the power of contrast and illustration, disturbs this easy current of thought. My good friend, the venerable Doctor, will not, I think, die of that disease.

Called at Nesbit Mill on my cousin Charles. His wife received me better than I deserved, for I have been a sad neglectful visitor. She has a very pleasant countenance.

[1] See Act III. Sc. 1.

[2] The Rev. Dr. Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, author of the *History of Great Britain during the reign of Queen Anne*, and other works, died 14th May, 1830, in the ninetieth year of his age, and sixty-fourth of his ministry.—J. G. L. Autobiographical Memorials of his *Life and Times*, 1741–1814, 8vo, Edinburgh, were published in 1861.

[3] *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 5.

Some of the Circuit lawyers dined here, namely R. Dundas, Borthwick, the facetious Peter Robertson,[1] Mr. R. Adam Dundas, and with them Henry Scott of Harden.

September 21.—Our party breakfasted late, and I was heavy-headed, and did not rise till eight. Had drank a little more wine than usual, but as our friend Othello says, "that's not much."[2] However, we dawdled about till near noon ere all my guests left me. Then I walked a little and cut some wood. Read afterwards. I can't get on without it. How did I get on before?—that's a secret. Mr. Thomas Tod[3] and his wife came to dine. We talked of old stories and got over a pleasant evening.

September 22.—Still no writing. We have materials to collect. D—n you, Mother Duty, hold your tongue! I tell you, you know nothing of the matter. Besides, I corrected five sheets. I wish you had to do with some other people, just to teach you the difference. I grant that the day being exquisite I went and thinned out the wood from the north front of the house. Read and noted a great deal.

September 23.—Wrought in the morning, but only at reading and proofs. That cursed battle of Jena is like to cost me more time than it did Bonaparte to gain it. I met Colonel Ferguson about one, to see his dogs run. It is a sport I have loved well, but now, I know not why, I find it little interesting. To be sure I used to gallop, and that I cannot now do. We had good sport, however, and killed five hares. I felt excited during the chase, but the feeling was but momentary. My mind was immediately turned to other remembrances, and to pondering upon the change which had taken place in my own feelings. The day was positively heavenly, and the wild hillside, with our little coursing party, was beautiful to look at. Yet I felt like a man come from the dead, looking with indifference on that which interested him while living. So it must be

"When once life's day is near the gloaming."[4]

We dined at Huntly Burn. Kind and comfortable as usual.

September 24.—I made a rally to-day and wrote four pages, or nearly. Never stirred abroad the whole day, but was made happy after dinner by the return of Charles and Surtees full of their Irish jaunt, and happy as young men are with the change of scene. To-morrow I must go to Melville Castle. I wonder what I can do or say about these Universities. One thing occurs—the distribution of bursaries only *ex meritis*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in

[1] Afterwards Judge in the Court of Session from 1843, author of *Gleams of Thought reflected from Milton*, etc. It was of this witty and humorous judge Mr. Lockhart wrote the sportive lines:—

"Here lies that peerless paper peer Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and metre."

Lord Robertson died in 1855.

[2] Act III. Sc. 3.

[3] One of Scott's old High School mates.—*Life*, vol. i. p. 163.

[4] Burns's *Epistle to J. Smith.*

the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinction acquired at school to hold these scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who, doubtless, intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs—it is sharpening a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet. Well, something we will do.

September 25.—Morning spent in making up proofs and copy. Set out for Melville Castle with Jane, who goes on to her mother at Edinburgh.

Found Lord and Lady M. in great distress. Their son Robert is taken ill at a Russian town about 350 miles from Moscow—dangerously ill. The distance increases the extreme distress of the parents, who, however, bore it like themselves. I was glad to spend a day upon the old terms with such old friends, and believe my being with them, even in this moment of painful suspense, as it did not diminish the kindness of my reception, certainly rather seemed to divert them from the cruel subject.

Dr. Nicoll, Principal of St. Andrews, dined—a very gentlemanlike sensible man. We spoke of the visitation, of granting degrees, of public examinations, of abolishing the election of professors by the Senatus Academicus (a most pregnant source of jobs), and much beside—but all desultory—and Lord M. had either nothing particular to say to me, or was too much engrossed with his family distress to enter upon it. He proposes to be here in the end of October.

September 26.—Returned to Abbotsford after breakfast. Here is a cool thing of my friend J. W. C[roker]. The Duke of Clarence, dining at the Pavilion with the King, happened by choice or circumstance to sit lower than usual at the table, and being at that time on bad terms with the Board of Admiralty, took an opportunity to say, that were he king he would do all that away, and assume the office of Lord High Admiral. "Your R.H. may act with great prudence," said C[roker]. "The last monarch who did so was James II." Presently after H.M. asked what they were talking of. "It's only his R.H. of C.," answered C[roker], "who is so condescending as to tell us what he will do when he is king."

A long letter from R. P. Gillies. I wonder how even he could ask me to announce myself as the author of *Annotations on German Novels* which he is to write.

September 27.—A day of honest labour—but having much to read, proofs to send off, etc., I was only able to execute my task by three o'clock P.M. Then I went to direct the cutting of wood along the road in front of the house. Dined at Chiefswood with Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Lucy Whitmore, their guest, and neighbours from Gattonside and Huntly Burn.

September 28.—Another hard brush, and finished four pages by twelve o'clock, then drove out to Cowdenknowes, for a morning visit. The house is ancient and curious, though modernised by vile improvements of a modern roof and windows. The inhabited part has over the principal door the letters S. I. H. V. I. H. The first three indicate probably Sir John Hume, but what are we to make of the rest? I will look at them more heedfully one day. There is a large room said to have been built for the reception of Queen Mary; if so, it has been much modernised. The date on the door is 1576, which would [not] bear out the tradition. The last two letters probably signify Lady Hume's name, but what are we to make of the *V*? Dr. Hume thinks it means *Uxor*, but why should that word be in Latin and the rest in Scotch?

Returned to dinner, corrected proofs, and hope still to finish another leaf, being in light working humour. Finished the same accordingly.

[*Abbotsford*,] *September* 29.—A sort of zeal of working has seized me, which I must avail myself of. No dejection of mind, and no tremor of nerves, for which God be humbly thanked. My spirits are neither low nor high—grave, I think, and quiet—a complete twilight of the mind.

Good news of John Lockhart from Lady Montagu, who most kindly wrote on that interesting topic.

I wrote five pages, nearly a double task, yet wandered for three hours, axe in hand, superintending the thinning of the home planting. That does good too. I feel it give steadiness to my mind. Women, it is said, go mad much seldomer than men. I fancy, if this be true, it is in some degree owing to the little manual works in which they are constantly employed, which regulate in some degree the current of ideas, as the pendulum regulates the motion of the timepiece. I do not know if this is sense or nonsense, but I am sensible that if I were in solitary confinement, without either the power of taking exercise or employing myself in study, six months would make me a madman or an idiot.

September 30.—Wrote four pages. Honest James Ballantyne came about five. I had been cutting wood for two hours. He brought his child, a remarkably fine boy, well-bred, quiet, and amiable. James and I had a good comfortable chat, the boys being at Gattonside House. I am glad to see him bear up against misfortune like a man. "Bread we shall eat, or white or brown," that's the moral of it, Master Muggins.

OCTOBER

October 1.—Wrote my task, then walked from one till half-past four. Dogs took a hare. They always catch one on Sunday—a Puritan would say the devil was in them. I think I shall get more done this evening. I would fain conclude the volume at the Treaty of Tilsit, which will make it a pretty long one, by the by. J. B. expressed himself much pleased with *Nap.*, which gives me much courage. He is gloomy enough when things are not well. And then I will try something at my *Canongate*. They talk about the pitcher going to the well; but if it goes not to the well, how shall we get water? It will bring home none when it stands on the shelf, I trow. In literature, as in love, courage is half the battle.

> "The public born to be controlled
> Stoops to the forward and the bold."

October 2.—Wrote my task. Went out at one and wrought in the wood till four. I was made happy by a letter from my nephew, little Walter, as we used to call him, from his age and size, compared to those of his cousin. He has been kindly received at Bombay by the Governor Mountstuart Elphinstone, and by Sir Thomas Bradford. He is taking his ground, I think, prudently, and is likely to get on. Already first Lieutenant of Engineers—that is well to begin with.

Colonel Ferguson, Miss Margaret, and some ladies, friends of theirs, dine, also Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, and James Laidlaw, and young Mr. N. Milne.

October 3.—I wrote my task as usual, but, strange to tell, there is a want of paper. I expect some to-day. In the meantime, to avoid all quarrel with Dame Duty, I cut up some other leaves into the usual statutory size. They say of a fowl that if you draw a chalk line on a table, and lay chick-a-diddle down with his bill upon it, the poor thing will imagine himself opposed by an insurmountable barrier, which he will not attempt to cross. Suchlike are one-half of the obstacles which serve to interrupt our best resolves, and such is my pretended want of paper. It is like Sterne's want of *sous* when he went to relieve the *Pauvre Honteux.*

October 4.—I ought to record with gratitude to God Almighty the continued health of body and mind, which He hath vouchsafed to grant me. I have had of late no accesses either of bile or of nervous affection, and by mixing exercise with literary labour, I have escaped the *tremor cordis* which on other occasions has annoyed me cruelly. I

went to the inspection of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry, by Col. Thornhill, 7th Hussars. The Colonel is a remarkably fine-looking man, and has a good address. His brow bears tokens of the fatigues of war. He is a great falconer, and has promised to fly his hawks on Friday for my amusement, and to spend the day at Abbotsford. The young Duke of B. was on the field looking at the corps, most of whom are his tenants. They did very well, and are fine, smart young men, and well mounted. Too few of them though, which is a pity. The exercise is a work which in my time I have loved well.

Finished my task at night.

October 5.—I was thinking this morning that my time glided away in a singularly monotonous manner, like one of those dark grey days which neither promise sunshine nor threaten rain; too melancholy for enjoyment, too tranquil for repining. But this day has brought a change which somewhat shakes my philosophy. I find by a letter from J. Gibson that I *may* go to London without danger, and if I may, I in a manner *must*, to examine the papers in the Secretary of State's office about *Bon.* when at Saint Helena. The opportunity having been offered must be accepted, and yet I had much rather stay at home. Even the prospect of seeing Sophia and Lockhart must be mingled with pain, yet this is foolish too. Lady Hamilton[1] writes me that Pozzo di Borgo,[2] the Russian Minister at Paris, is willing to communicate to me some particulars of Bonaparte's early life. Query—might I not go on there? In for a penny, in for a pound. I intend to take Anne with me, and the pleasure will be great to her, who deserves much at my hand.

October 6.—Charles and his friend Surtees left us this morning.

Went to see Colonel Thornhill's hawks fly. Some part of the amusement is very beautiful, particularly the first flight of the hawks, when they sweep so beautifully round the company, jingling their bells from time to time, and throwing themselves into the most elegant positions as they gaze about for their prey. But I do not wonder that the impatience of modern times has renounced this expensive and precarious mode of sporting. The hawks are liable to various misfortunes, and are besides addicted to fly away; one of ours was fairly lost for the day, and one or two went off without permission, but returned. We killed a crow and frightened a snipe. There are, however, ladies and gentlemen enough to make a gallant show on the top of Mintlaw Kipps. The falconer made a fine figure—a handsome and active young fellow with the falcon on his wrist. The Colonel was most courteous, and named a hawk after me, which was a compliment. The hawks are not named till they have merited that distinction. I walked about six miles and was not fatigued.

There dined with us Colonel Thornhill, Clifton, young Whytbank,

[1] Eldest daughter of the illustrious Admiral Lord Duncan, wife of Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple. She died in 1852.

[2] This implacable enemy of Napoleon,—a Corsican, died in his seventy-fourth year in 1842.

Spencer Stanhope, and his brother, with Miss Tod and my old friend Locker,[1] Secretary to Greenwich Hospital. We did not break up the party till one in the morning, and were very well amused.

October 7.—A weary day of rain. Locker and I chatted from time to time, and I wrought not at *Boney*, but upon the prose works, of which I will have a volume ready to send in on Monday. I got a letter from John Gibson, with an offer by Longman for *Napoleon* of ten thousand five hundred guineas,[2] which I have advised them to accept. Also I hear there is some doubt of my getting to London, from the indecision of these foolish Londoners.

I don't care whether I go or no! And yet it is unpleasant to see how one's motions depend on scoundrels like these. Besides, I would like to be there, were it but to see how the cat jumps. One knows nothing of the world, if you are absent from it so long as I have been.

October 8.—Locker left me this morning. He is of opinion the ministry must soon assume another form, but that the Whigs will not come in. Lord Liverpool holds much by Lord Melville—well in point of judgment—and by the Duke of Wellington—still better, but then the Duke is a soldier—a bad education for a statesman in a free country. The Chancellor is also consulted by the Premier on all law affairs. Canning and Huskisson are at the head of the other party, who may be said to have taken the Cabinet by storm, through sheer dint of talent. I should like to see how these ingredients are working; but by the grace of God, I will take care of putting my finger into the cleft stick.

Locker has promised to get my young cousin Walter Scott on some quarter-deck or other.

Received from Mr. Cadell the second instalment advance of cash on *Canongate*. It is in English bills and money, in case of my going to town.

October 9.—A gracious letter from Messrs. Abud and Son, bill-brokers, etc.; assure Mr. Gibson that they will institute no legal proceedings against me for four or five weeks. And so I am permitted to spend my money and my leisure to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of my present journey. They are Jews: I suppose the devil baits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from.

A letter from Gillies menacing the world with a foreign miscel-

[1] E. H. Locker, Esq., then Secretary, afterwards one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital—an old and dear friend of Scott's.—See Oct. 25.

[2] As an illustration of Constable's accuracy in gauging the value of literary property, it may be stated that in his formal declaration, after sequestration, he said:—"I was so sanguine as to the success of the *Memoirs of Napoleon* that I did not hesitate to express it as my opinion that I had much confidence in it producing him at least £10,000, and this I observed, as my expectation, to Sir W. Scott." This opinion was expressed not only before the sale of the work, but before it was all written.—*A. Constable and his Correspondents*, vol. iii. p. 313.

lany. The plan is a good one, but "he canna haud it," as John Moodie[1] says. He will think all is done when he has got a set of names, and he will find the difficulty consists not in that, but in getting articles. I wrote on the prose works.

Lord and Lady Minto dined and spent the night at Abbotsford.

October 10.—Well, I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris. The morning frittered away. I slept till eight o'clock, then our guests till twelve; then walked out to direct some alterations on the quarry, which I think may at little expense be rendered a pretty recess. Wordsworth swears by an old quarry, and is in some degree a supreme authority on such points. Rain came on; returned completely wet. I had next the displeasure to find that I had lost the conclusion of vol. v. of Napoleon, seven or eight pages at least, which I shall have to write over again, unless I can find it. Well, as Othello says, "that's not much." My cousin James Scott came to dinner.

I have great unwillingness to set out on this journey; I almost think it ominous; but

> "They that look to freits, my master dear,
> Their freits will follow them."[2]

I will stick to my purpose. Answered a letter from Gillies about establishing a foreign journal; a good plan, but I fear in sorry hands. Of those he names as his assistants they who can be useful will do little, and the labours of those who are willing to work will rather hold the publication down. I fear it will not do.

I am downhearted about leaving all my things, after I was quietly settled; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journeys. And to be at the mercy of these fellows! God help—but rather God bless—man must help himself.

October 11.—We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears—"Scott, do not go." It half frightens me. Strong throbbing at my heart, and a disposition to be very sick. It is just the effect of so many feelings which had been lulled asleep by the uniformity of my life, but which awaken on any new subject of agitation. Poor, poor Charlotte!! I cannot daub it further. I get incapable of arranging my papers too. I will go out for half-an-hour. God relieve me!

I quelled this *hysterica passio* by pushing a walk towards Kaeside and back again, but when I returned I still felt uncomfortable, and all the papers I wanted were out of the way, and all those I did not want seemed to place themselves under my fingers; my cash, according to the nature of riches in general, made to itself wings and fled, I verily believe from one hiding-place to another. To appease this

[1] Another of the Abbotsford labourers.

[2] See Ballad of *Edom of Gordon*.

insurrection of the papers, I gave up putting my things in order till to-morrow morning.

Dined at Kippielaw with a party of neighbours. They had cigars for me, very politely. But I must break folks off this. I would [not] willingly be like old Dr. Parr, or any such quiz, who has his tastes and whims, forsooth, that must be gratified. So no cigars on the journey.

October 12.[1]—Reduced my rebellious papers to order. Set out after breakfast, and reached Carlisle at eight o'clock at night.

Rokeby Park, *October* 13.—We were off before seven, and visiting Appleby Castle by the way (a most interesting and curious place), we got to Morritt's[2] about half-past four, where we had as warm a welcome as one of the warmest hearts in the world could give an old friend. I saw his nephew's wife for the first time, a very pleasing young person. It was great pleasure to me to see Morritt happy in the midst of his family-circle, undisturbed, as heretofore, by the sickness of any dear to him.

On recalling my own recollections during my journey I may note that I found great pleasure in my companion's conversation, as well as in her mode of managing all her little concerns on the road. I am apt to judge of character by good-humour and alacrity in these petty concerns. I think the inconveniences of a journey seem greater to me than formerly; while, on the other hand, the pleasures it affords are rather less. The ascent of Stainmore seemed duller and longer than usual, and Bowes, which used to strike me as a distinguished feature, seemed an ill-formed mass of rubbish, a great deal lower than I had supposed; yet I have seen it twenty times at least. On the other hand, what I lose in my own personal feelings I gain in those of my companion, who shows an intelligent curiosity and interest in what she sees. I enjoy therefore, reflectively, *veluti in speculo*, the sort of pleasure to which I am now less accessible.

October 14.—Strolled about in the morning with Morritt, and saw

[1] "On the 12th of October, Sir Walter left Abbotsford for London, where he had been promised access to the papers in the Government offices; and thence he proceeded to Paris, in the hope of gathering from various eminent persons authentic anecdotes concerning Napoleon. His Diary shows that he was successful in obtaining many valuable materials for the completion of his historical work; and reflects, with sufficient distinctness, the very brilliant reception he on this occasion experienced both in London and Paris. The range of his society is strikingly (and unconsciously) exemplified in the record of one day, when we find him breakfasting at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, and supping on oysters and porter in 'honest Dan Terry's house, like a squirrel's cage,' above the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand. There can be no doubt that this expedition was in many ways serviceable in his *Life of Napoleon*; and I think as little that it was chiefly so by renewing his spirits. The deep and respectful sympathy with which his misfortunes, and gallant behaviour under them, had been regarded by all classes of men at home and abroad, was brought home to his perception in a way not to be mistaken. He was cheered and gratified, and returned to Scotland with renewed hope and courage for the prosecution of his marvellous course of industry."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 2, 3.

[2] John B. Saurey Morritt of Rokeby, a friend of twenty years' standing, and "one of the most accomplished men that ever shared Scott's confidence."

He had published, before making Scott's acquaintance, a *Vindication of Homer*, in 1798, a treatise on *The Topography of Troy*, 1800, and translations and imitations of the minor Greek Poets in 1802.

Mr. Morritt survived his friend till February 12th, 1843, when he died at Rokeby Park, Yorkshire, in his seventy-second year.—See *Life* throughout.

his new walk up the Tees, which he is just concocting. Got a pamphlet he has written on the Catholic Question. In 1806 he had other views on that subject, but "live and learn" as they say. One of his squibs against Fox and Grenville's Administration concludes—

> "Though they sleep with the devil, yet theirs is the hope,
> On the scum of old England, to rise with the Pope."

Set off at two, and reached Wetherby to supper and bed.

It was the Corporation of Leeds that by a subscription of £80,000 brought in the anti-Catholic candidate. I remember their subscribing a similar sum to bring in Morritt, if he would have stood.

Saw in Morritt's possession an original miniature of Milton by Cooper—a valuable thing indeed. The pedigree seemed authentic. It was painted for his favourite daughter—had come into possession of some of the Davenants—was then in the Devonshire collection from which it was stolen. Afterwards purchased by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and at his sale by Morritt or his father.[1] The countenance handsome and dignified, with a strong expression of genius, probably the only portrait of Milton taken from the life excepting the drawing from which Faithorne's head is done.

[*Grantham,*] *October* 15.—Old England is no changeling. It is long since I travelled this road, having come up to town chiefly by sea of late years, but things seem much the same. One race of red-nosed innkeepers are gone, and their widows, eldest sons, or head-waiters exercise hospitality in their room with the same bustle and importance. Other things seem, externally at least, much the same. The land, however, is much better ploughed; straight ridges everywhere adopted in place of the old circumflex of twenty years ago. Three horses, however, or even four, are often seen in a plough yoked one before the other. Ill habits do not go out at once. We slept at Grantham, where we met with Captain William Lockhart and his lady, bound for London like ourselves.

[*Biggleswade,*] *October* 16.—Visited Burleigh this morning; the first time I ever saw that grand place, where there are so many objects of interest and curiosity. The house is magnificent, in the style of James I.'s reign, and consequently in mixed Gothic. Of paintings I know nothing; so shall attempt to say nothing. But whether to connoisseurs, or to an ignorant admirer like myself, the Salvator Mundi, by Carlo Dolci, must seem worth a King's ransom. Lady Exeter, who was at home, had the goodness or curiosity to wish to see us. She is a beauty after my own heart; a great deal of liveliness in the face; an absence alike of form and of affected ease, and really courteous after a genuine and ladylike fashion.

We reached Biggleswade to-night at six, and paused here to wait for the Lockharts. Spent the evening together.

[1] *MS. note on margin of Journal* by Mr. Morritt: "No—it was left by Reynolds to Mason, by Mason to Burgh, and given to me by Mr. Burgh's widow."

[*Pall Mall*,] *October* 17.—Here am I in this capital once more, after an April-weather meeting with my daughter and Lockhart. Too much grief in our first meeting to be joyful; too much pleasure to be distressing—a giddy sensation between the painful and the pleasurable. I will call another subject.

Read over *Sir John Chiverton*[1] and *Brambletye House*[2]—novels in what I may surely claim as the style

> "Which I was born to introduce—
> Refined it first, and show'd its use."

They are both clever books; one in imitation of the days of chivalry; the other (by Horace Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*) dated in the time of the Civil Wars, and introducing historical characters. I read both with great interest during the journey.

I am something like Captain Bobadil[3] who trained up a hundred gentlemen to fight very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself. And so far I am convinced of this, that I believe were I to publish the *Canongate Chronicles* without my name (*nom de guerre*, I mean) the event would be a corollary to the fable of the peasant who made the real pig squeak against the imitator, while the sapient audience hissed the poor grunter as if inferior to the biped in his own language. The peasant could, indeed, confute the long-eared multitude by showing piggy; but were I to fail as a knight with a white and maiden shield, and then vindicate my claim to attention by putting "By the Author of *Waverley*" in the title, my good friend *Publicum* would defend itself by stating I had tilted so ill, that my course had not the least resemblance to my former doings, when indisputably I bore away the garland. Therefore I am as firmly and resolutely determined that I will tilt under my own cognisance. The hazard, indeed, remains of being beaten. But there is a prejudice (not an undue one neither) in favour of the original patentee; and Joe Manton's name has borne out many a sorry gun-barrel. More of this tomorrow.

Expense of journey	£41	0	0
Anne, pocket-money	5	0	0
Servants on journey	2	0	0
Cash in purse (silver not reckoned)	2	0	0
	£50	0	0

[1] *Chiverton* was the first publication (anonymous) of Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, the author of *Rockwood* and other popular romances. —J. G. L.

[2] It is interesting to know that Scott would not read this book until *Woodstock* was fairly off his hands.

See *ante*, p. 107, and the introduction to the original edition written in March, 1826, in which the author says:—"Some accidental collision there must be, when works of a similar character are finished on the same general system of historical manners, and the same historical personages are introduced. Of course, if such have occurred, I shall be probably the sufferer. But my intentions have been at least innocent, since I look on it as one of the advantages attending the conclusion of *Woodstock*, that the finishing of my own task will permit me to have the pleasure of reading BRAMBLETYE-HOUSE, from which I have hitherto conscientiously abstained."—*Novels*, vol. xxxix. pp. lxxv–vi.

[3] Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*.

This is like to be an expensive journey; but if I can sell an early copy of the work to a French translator, it should bring me home.

Thank God, little Johnnie Hoo, as he calls himself, is looking well, though the poor dear child is kept always in a prostrate posture.

October 18.—I take up again my remarks on imitators. I am sure I mean the gentlemen no wrong by calling them so, and heartily wish they had followed a better model; but it serves to show me *veluti in speculo* my own errors, or, if you will, those of the *style*. One advantage, I think, I still have over all of them. They may do their fooling with better grace; but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural.[1] They have to read old books and consult antiquarian collections to get their knowledge; I write because I have long since read such works, and possess, thanks to a strong memory, the information which they have to seek for. This leads to a dragging-in historical details by head and shoulders, so that the interest of the main piece is lost in minute descriptions of events which do not affect its progress. Perhaps I have sinned in this way myself; indeed, I am but too conscious of having considered the plot only as what Bayes[2] calls the means of bringing in fine things; so that in respect to the descriptions, it resembled the string of the showman's box, which he pulls to show in succession Kings, Queens, the Battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte at Saint Helena, Newmarket Races, and White-headed Bob floored by Jemmy from town. All this I may have done, but I have repented of it; and in my better efforts, while I conducted my story through the agency of historical personages, and by connecting it with historical incidents, I have endeavoured to weave them pretty closely together, and in future I will study this more. Must not let the background eclipse the principal figures—the frame overpower the picture.

Another thing in my favour is, that my contemporaries steal too openly. Mr. Smith has inserted in *Brambletye House* whole pages from Defoe's *Fire and Plague of London.*

> "Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase—
> Convey, the wise it call!"[3]

When *I convey* an incident or so, I am at as much pains to avoid detection as if the offence could be indicted in literal fact at the Old Bailey.

But leaving this, hard pressed as I am by these imitators, who must put the thing out of fashion at last, I consider, like a fox at his last shifts, whether there be a way to dodge them, some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground, while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way to give novelty: to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story. But woe's me! that requires thought, consideration—the writing out a

[1] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.
[2] *Rehearsal*, Act III. Sc. 1.
[3] *Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 3.

regular plan or plot—above all the adhering to one—which I never can do, for the ideas rise as I write, and bear such a disproportioned extent to that which each occupied at the first concoction, that (cocksnowns!) I shall never be able to take the trouble; and yet to make the world stare, and gain a new march ahead of them all! ! ! Well, something we still will do.

"Liberty's in every blow;
Let us do or die!"

Poor Rob Burns! to tack thy fine strains of sublime patriotism! Better take Tristram Shandy's vein. Hand me my cap and bells there. So now, I am equipped. I open my raree-show with

Ma'am, will you walk in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, sir, will you stalk in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, miss, will you pop in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, master, pray hop in, and fal de ral diddle?

Query—How long is it since I heard that strain of dulcet mood, and where or how came I to pick it up? It is not mine, "though by your smiling you seem to say so."[1] Here is a proper morning's work! But I am childish with seeing them all well and happy here; and as I can neither whistle nor sing, I must let the giddy humour run to waste on paper.

Sallied forth in the morning; bought a hat. Met S[ir] W[illiam] K[nighton],[2] from whose discourse I guess that *Malachi* has done me no prejudice in a certain quarter; with more indications of the times, which I need not set down.

Sallied again after breakfast, and visited the Piccadilly ladies.[3] Saw Rogers and Richard Sharp, also good Dr. and Mrs. Hughes, also the Duchess of Buckingham, and Lady Charlotte Bury, with a most beautiful little girl. [Owen] Rees breakfasted, and agreed I should have what the Frenchman has offered for the advantage of translating *Napoleon* which, being a hundred guineas, will help my expenses to town and down again.

October 19.—I rose at my usual time, but could not write; so read Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*. It is very good indeed,—honest English principle in every line; but there are many prejudices, and there is a tendency to augment a work already too long by saying all that can be said of the history of ancient times appertaining to every place mentioned. What care we whether Saragossa be derived from Caesarea Augusta? Could he have proved it to be Numantium, there would have been a concatenation accordingly.[4]

[1] *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

[2] Sir Walter had made his acquaintance in August, 1822, and ever afterwards they corresponded with each other—sometimes very confidentially.—J. G. L.

[3] The Dumergues, at '15 Piccadilly West—early friends of Lady Scott's.—See *Life*, vol. ii. p. 120.

[4] It is amusing to compare this criticism with Sir Walter's own anxiety to identify his daughter-in-law's place, *Lochore*, with the *Urbs Orrea* of the Roman writers. See *Life*, vol. vii. p. 352.—J. G. L.

Breakfasted at Rogers' with Sir Thomas Lawrence; Luttrell, the great London wit;[1] Richard Sharp, etc. Sam made us merry with an account of some part of Rose's *Ariosto*; proposed that the Italian should be printed on the other side for the sake of assisting the indolent reader to understand the English; and complained of his using more than once the phrase of a lady having "voided her saddle," which would certainly sound extraordinary at Apothecaries' Hall. Well, well, Rose carries a dirk too.[2] The morning was too dark for Westminster Abbey, which we had projected.

I went to the Foreign Office, and am put by Mr. Wilmot Horton into the hands of a confidential clerk, Mr. Smith, who promises access to everything. Then saw Croker, who gave me a bundle of documents. Sir George Cockburn promises his despatches and journal. In short, I have ample prospect of materials.

Dined with Mrs. Coutts. Tragi-comic distress of my good friend on the marriage of her presumptive heir with a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.

October 20.—Commanded down to pass a day at Windsor. This is very kind of His Majesty.

At breakfast, Crofton Croker, author of the *Irish Fairy Tales*—little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of very prepossessing manners. Something like Tom Moore. There were also Terry, Allan Cunningham, Newton, and others. Now I must go to work.

Went down to Windsor, or rather to the Lodge in the Forest, which, though ridiculed by connoisseurs, seems to me no bad specimen of a royal retirement, and is delightfully situated. A kind of cottage ornée—too large perhaps for the style—but yet so managed that in the walks you only see parts of it at once, and these well composed and grouping with immense trees. His Majesty received me with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which has always distinguished his conduct towards me. There was no company beside the royal retinue — Lady C[onyngham], her daughter, and two or three other ladies. After we left table, there was excellent music by the Royal Band, who lay ambushed in a green-house adjoining the apartment. The King made me sit beside him and talk a great deal—*too much*, perhaps—for he has the art of raising one's spirits, and making you forget the *retenue* which is prudent everywhere, especially at court. But he converses himself with so much ease and elegance, that you lose thoughts of the prince in admiring the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. He is, in many respects, the model of a British monarch—has little inclination to try experi-

[1] This brilliant conversationalist was the author of several airy and graceful productions in verse, which were published anonymously, such as *Lines written at Ampthill Park*, in 1818; *Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme*, in which he sketched high life in London, in 1820. He also published *Crockford House*, a rhapsody, in 1827. Moore in his *Diary* has embalmed numerous examples of his satiric wit. Henry Luttrell died in 1851.

[2] The *Orlando Furioso*, by Mr. Stewart Rose, was published in 8 vols. 8vo, London, 1823–1831.

ments on government otherwise than through his ministers—sincerely, I believe, desires the good of his subjects, is kind towards the distressed, and moves and speaks "every inch a king."[1] I am sure such a man is fitter for us than one who would long to head armies, or be perpetually intermeddling with *la grande politique*. A sort of reserve, which creeps on him daily, and prevents his going to places of public resort, is a disadvantage, and prevents his being so generally popular as is earnestly to be desired. This, I think, was much increased by the behaviour of the rabble in the brutal insanity of the Queen's trial, when John Bull, meaning the best in the world, made such a beastly figure.

October 21.—Walked in the morning with Sir William Knighton, and had much confidential chat, not fit to be here set down, in case of accidents. He undertook most kindly to recommend Charles, when he has taken his degree, to be attached to some of the diplomatic missions, which I think is best for the lad after all. After breakfast went to Windsor Castle, met by appointment my daughters and Lockhart, and examined the improvements going on there under Mr. Wyattville, who appears to possess a great deal of taste and feeling for Gothic architecture. The old apartments, splendid enough in extent and proportion, are paltry in finishing. Instead of being lined with heart of oak, the palace of the British King is hung with paper, painted wainscot colour. There are some fine paintings and some droll ones; among the last are those of divers princes of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of which Queen Charlotte was descended. They are ill-coloured, orang-outang-looking figures, with black eyes and hook-noses, in old-fashioned uniforms.

We returned to a hasty dinner [in Pall Mall], and then hurried away to see honest Dan Terry's house, called the Adelphi Theatre, where we saw the *Pilot*, from the American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased, that they attempted a row—which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen at Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night, to support the honour of the British flag. After all, one must deprecate whatever keeps up ill-will betwixt America and the mother country; and we in particular should avoid awakening painful recollections. Our high situation enables us to contemn petty insults and to make advances towards cordiality. I was, however, glad to see honest Dan's theatre as full seemingly as it could hold. The heat was dreadful, and Anne was so very unwell that she was obliged to be carried into Terry's house,—a curious dwelling, no larger than a squirrel's cage,

[1] *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6.—J. G. L.

which he has contrived to squeeze out of the vacant spaces of the theatre, and which is accessible by a most complicated combination of staircases and small passages. Here we had rare good porter and oysters after the play, and found Anne much better. She had attempted too much; indeed I myself was much fatigued.

October 22.—This morning Drs. Gooch, Shaw, and Yates breakfasted, and had a consultation about wee Johnnie. They give us great hopes that his health will be established, but the seaside or the country seem indispensable. Mr. Wilmot Horton,[1] Under Secretary of State, also breakfasted. He is full of some new plan of relieving the poor's-rates by encouraging emigration. But John Bull will think this savours of Botany Bay. The attempt to look the poor's-rates in the face is certainly meritorious.

Laboured in writing and marking extracts to be copied from breakfast to dinner, with the exception of an hour spent in telling Johnnie the history of his namesake, Gilpin.

Mr. William and Mrs. Lockhart dined with us. Tom Moore[2] and Sir Thomas Lawrence came in the evening, which made a pleasant *soirée*. Smoke my French—Egad, it is time to air some of my vocabulary. It is, I find, cursedly musty.

October 23.—Sam Rogers and Moore breakfasted here, and we were very merry fellows. Moore seemed disposed to go to France with us. I visited the Admiralty, and got Sir George Cockburn's journal, which is valuable.[3] Also visited Lady Elizabeth and Sir Charles Stewart. My heart warmed to the former, on account of the old Balcarres connection. Sir Charles and she were very kind and communicative. I foresee I will be embarrassed with more communications than I can well use or trust to, coloured as they must be by the passions of those who make them. Thus I have a statement from the Duchess d'Escars, to which the Bonapartists would, I dare say, give no credit. If Talleyrand, for example, could be communicative, he must have ten thousand reasons for perverting the truth, and yet a person receiving a direct communication from him would be almost barred from disputing it.

"Sing tantararara, rogues all."

We dined at the Residentiary-house with good Dr. Hughes,[4]

[1] Afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Governor of Ceylon.

[2] Moore, on hearing of Scott's arrival, hastened to London from Sloperton, and had several pleasant meetings, particulars of which are given in his *Diary* (vol. v. pp. 121 to 126). He would, as Scott says on the 23d, have gone to Paris with them—"seemed disposed to go"; but between that date and 25th fancied that he saw something in Scott's manner that made him hesitate, and then finally give up the idea. He adds that Scott's friends had thrown out hints as to the impropriety of such a political reprobate forming one of the party. This suspicion on Moore's part shows how he had misunderstood Scott's real character. If Scott thought it right to ask the Bard of Ireland to be his companion, no hints from Mr. Wilmot Horton, or any members of the Court party, would have influenced him, even though they had urged that "this political reprobate" was author of *The Fudge Family in Paris* and the *Twopenny Post-Bag*.

[3] Sir George died in 1853. His journal does not appear to have been published.

[4] Dr. Hughes, who died Jan. 6, 1833, aged seventy-seven, was one of the Canons-residentiary of St. Paul's, London. He and Mrs.

Allan Cunningham, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and young Mr. Hughes. Thomas Pringle[1] is returned from the Cape, and called in my absence. He might have done well there, could he have scoured his brain of politics, but he must needs publish a Whig journal at the Cape of Good Hope! He is a worthy creature, but conceited withal —*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. He brought me some antlers and a skin, in addition to others he had sent to Abbotsford four year since. Crofton Croker made me a present of a small box of curious Irish antiquities containing a gold fibula, etc., etc.

October 24.—Laboured in the morning. At breakfast Dr. Holland[2] and Cohen, whom they now call Palgrave,[3] a mutation of names which confused my recollections. Item, Moore. I worked at the Colonial Office pretty hard. Dined with Mr. Wilmot Horton and his beautiful wife, the original of the "*She walks in Beauty*," etc., of poor Byron.

The conversation is seldom excellent among official people. So many topics are what Otaheitians call *taboo*. We hunted down a pun or two, which were turned out, like the stag at the Epping Hunt, for the pursuit of all and sundry. Came home early, and was in bed by eleven.

October 25.—Good Mr. Wilson[4] and his wife at breakfast; also Sir Thomas Lawrence. Locker[5] came in afterwards, and made a proposal to me to give up his intended Life of George III. in my favour on cause shown. I declined the proposal, not being of opinion that my genius lies that way, and not relishing hunting in couples. Afterwards went to the Colonial Office, and had Robert Hay's assistance in my inquiries; then to the French Ambassador for my passports. Picked up Sotheby, who endeavoured to saddle me for a review of his polyglot Virgil. I fear I shall scarce convince him that I know nothing of the Latin lingo. Sir R. H. Inglis, Richard Sharp, and other friends called. We dined at Miss Dumergue's, and spent a part of our soirée at Lydia White's. To-morrow,

"For France, for France, for it is more than need."[6]

Hughes were old friends of Sir Walter, who had been godfather to one of their grandchildren. —See *Life*, vol. vii. pp. 259–260. Their son was John Hughes, Esq., of Oriel College, whose "Itinerary of the Rhone" is mentioned with praise in the introduction to *Quentin Durward*. —See letter to Charles Scott, in *Life*, vol. vii. p. 275.

[1] Mr. Pringle was a Roxburghshire farmer's son who in youth attracted Sir Walter's notice by his poem called *The Autumnal Excursion; or, Sketches in Teviotdale*. He was for a short time Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, but the publisher and he had different politics, quarrelled, and parted. Sir Walter then gave Pringle strong recommendations to the late Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in which colony he settled, and for some years throve under the Governor's protection; but the newspaper alluded to in the text ruined his prospects at the Cape; he returned to England, became Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, published a charming little volume entitled *African Sketches*, and died in December, 1834. He was a man of amiable feelings and elegant genius.

[2] An esteemed friend of Sir Walter's, who attended on him during his illness in October 1831, and in June, 1832.

[3] Afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave, Deputy-Keeper of the public records, and author of the *History of Normandy and England*, 4 vols. 8vo, 1851–1864, and other works.

[4] William Wilson of Wandsworth Common, formerly of Wilsontown, in Lanarkshire.—J. G. L.

[5] E. H. Locker, then Secretary of Greenwich Hospital.—See *ante*, Oct. 7.

[6] *King John*, Act I. Sc. 1.

[*Calais,*] *October* 26.—Up at five, and in the packet by six. A fine passage—save at the conclusion, while we lay on and off the harbour of Calais. But the tossing made no impression on my companion or me; we ate and drank like dragons the whole way, and were able to manage a good supper and best part of a bottle of Chablis, at the classic Dessein's, who received us with much courtesy.

October 27.—Custom House, etc., detained us till near ten o'clock, so we had time to walk on the Boulevards, and to see the fortifications, which must be very strong, all the country round being flat and marshy. Lost, as all know, by the bloody papist bitch (one must be vernacular when on French ground) Queen Mary, of red-hot memory. I would rather she had burned a score more of bishops. If she had kept it, her sister Bess would sooner have parted with her virginity. Charles I. had no temptation to part with it—it might, indeed, have been shuffled out of our hands during the Civil wars, but Noll would have as soon let monsieur draw one of his grinders; then Charles II. would hardly have dared to sell such an old possession, as he did Dunkirk; and after that the French had little chance till the Revolution. Even then, I think, we could have held a place that could be supplied from our own element, the sea. *Cui bono?* None, I think, but to plague the rogues.—We dined at Cormont, and being stopped by Mr. Canning having taken up all the post-horses, could only reach Montreuil that night. I should have liked to have seen some more of this place, which is fortified; and as it stands on an elevated and rocky site must present some fine points. But as we came in late and left early, I can only bear witness to good treatment, good supper, good *vin de Barsac*, and excellent beds.

October 28.—Breakfasted at Abbeville, and saw a very handsome Gothic church, and reached Grandvilliers at night. The house is but second-rate, though lauded by various English travellers for the moderation of its charges, as was recorded in a book presented to us by the landlady. There is no great patriotism in publishing that a traveller thinks the bills moderate; it serves usually as an intimation to mine host or hostess that John Bull will bear a little more squeezing. I gave my attestation too, however, for the charges of the good lady resembled those elsewhere; and her anxiety to please was extreme. Folks must be harder-hearted than I am to resist the *empressement*, which may, indeed, be venal, yet has in its expression a touch of cordiality.

[*Paris,*] *October* 29.—Breakfasted at Beauvais, and saw its magnificent cathedral—unfinished it has been left, and unfinished it will remain, of course,—the fashion of cathedrals being passed away. But even what exists is inimitable, the choir particularly, and the grand front. Beauvais is called the *Pucelle*, yet, so far as I can see, she wears no stays—I mean, has no fortifications. On we run, however. *Vogue la galère; et voilà nous à Paris*, Hotel de Windsor [*Rue Rivoli*], where we are well lodged. France, so far as I can see, which

is very little, has not undergone many changes. The image of war has, indeed, passed away, and we no longer see troops crossing the country in every direction; villages either ruined or hastily fortified; inhabitants sheltered in the woods and caves to escape the rapacity of the soldiers—all this has passed away. The inns are much amended. There is no occasion for that rascally practice of making a bargain — or *combien*-ing your landlady, before you unharness your horses, which formerly was a matter of necessity. The general taste of the English seems to regulate the travelling—naturally enough, as the hotels, of which there are two or three in each town, chiefly subsist by them. We did not see one French equipage on the road; the natives seem to travel entirely in the Diligence, and doubtless *à bon marché*; the road was thronged with English.

But in her great features France is the same as ever. An oppressive air of solitude seems to hover over these rich and extended plains, while we are sensible that, whatever is the motive of the desolation, it cannot be sterility. The towns are small, and have a poor appearance, and more frequently exhibit signs of decayed splendour than of thriving and increasing prosperity. The château, the abode of the gentleman, and the villa, the retreat of the thriving *négociant*, are rarely seen till you come to Beaumont. At this place, which well deserves its name of the fair mount, the prospect improves greatly, and country-seats are seen in abundance; also woods, sometimes deep and extensive, at other times scattered in groves and single trees. Amidst these the oak seldom or never is found; England, lady of the ocean, seems to claim it exclusively as her own. Neither are there any quantity of firs. Poplars in abundance give a formal air to the landscape. The forests chiefly consist of beeches, with some birches, and the roads are bordered by elms cruelly cropped, pollarded, and switched. The demand for firewood occasions these mutilations. If I could waft by a wish the thinnings of Abbotsford here, it would make a little fortune of itself. But then to switch and mutilate my trees!—not for a thousand francs. Ay, but sour grapes, quoth the fox.

October 30.—Finding ourselves snugly settled in our Hotel, we determined to remain here at fifteen francs per day. We are in the midst of what can be seen, and we are very comfortably fed and lodged.

This morning wet and surly. Sallied, however, by the assistance of a hired coach, and left cards for Count Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Granville, our ambassador, and M. Gallois, author of the *History of Venice*.[1] Found no one at home, not even the old pirate Galignani,[2]

[1] There were two well-known Frenchmen of this name at the time of Scott's visit to Paris: (1) Jean-Antoine-Gauvain Gallois, who was born about 1755 and died in 1828; (2) Charles-André-Gustave-Léonard Gallois, born 1789, died 1851. It was the latter of these who translated from the Italian of Colletta *Cinq jours de l'histoire de Naples*, 8vo, Paris, 1820. But at this date he was only thirty-seven, and it can scarcely be of him that Scott writes (p. 288) as an "elderly" man. The probability is that it was the elder Gallois whom Scott saw, and that he ascribed to him, though the title is misquoted, a work written by the younger.

[2] "When he was in Paris," Hazlitt writes, "and went to Galignani's, he sat down in an

at whose den I ventured to call. Showed my companion the Louvre (which was closed, unluckily), the front of the palace with its courts, and all that splendid quarter which the fame of Paris rests upon in security. We can never do the like in Britain. Royal magnificence can only be displayed by despotic power. In England, were the most splendid street or public building to be erected, the matter must be discussed in Parliament, or perhaps some sturdy cobbler holds out, and refuses to part with his stall, and the whole plan is disconcerted. Long may such impediments exist! But then we should conform to circumstances, and assume in our public works a certain sober simplicity of character, which should point out that they were dictated by utility rather than show. The affectation of an expensive style only places us at a disadvantageous contrast with other nations, and our substitute of brick and plaster for freestone resembles the mean ambition which displays Bristol stones in default of diamonds.

We went to theatre in the evening—Comédie Française the place, *Rosemunde* the piece. It is the composition of a young man with a promising name—Émile de Bonnechose; the story that of Fair Rosamond. There were some good situations, and the actors in the French taste seemed to me admirable, particularly Mademoiselle Bourgoin. It would be absurd to attempt to criticise what I only half understood; but the piece was well received, and produced a very strong effect. Two or three ladies were carried out in hysterics; one next to our box was frightfully ill. A Monsieur *à belles moustaches*—the husband, I trust, though it is likely they were *en partie fine*—was extremely and affectionately assiduous. She was well worthy of the trouble, being very pretty indeed; the face beautiful, even amidst the involuntary convulsions. The afterpiece was *Femme Juge et Partie*, with which I was less amused than I had expected, because I found I understood the language less than I did ten or eleven years since. Well, well, I am past the age of mending.

Some of our friends in London had pretended that at Paris I might stand some chance of being encountered by the same sort of tumultuary reception which I met in Ireland; but for this I see no ground. It is a point on which I am totally indifferent. As a literary man I cannot affect to despise public applause; as a private gentleman I have always been embarrassed and displeased with popular clamours, even when in my favour. I know very well the breath of which such shouts are composed, and am sensible those who applaud me to-day would be as ready to toss me to-morrow; and I would not have them think that I put such a value on their favour as would make me for an instant fear their displeasure. Now all this disclamation is sincere, and yet it sounds affected. It puts me in mind of

outer room to look at some book he wanted to see; none of the clerks had the least suspicion who he was. When it was found out, the place was in a commotion."—From Mr. Alexander Ireland's excellent *Selections from Hazlitt's writings*, 8vo, Lond. 1889, p. 482.

an old woman who, when Carlisle was taken by the Highlanders in 1745, chose to be particularly apprehensive of personal violence, and shut herself up in a closet, in order that she might escape ravishment. But no one came to disturb her solitude, and she began to be sensible that poor Donald was looking out for victuals, or seeking for some small plunder, without bestowing a thought on the fair sex; by and by she popped her head out of her place of refuge with the petty question, "Good folks, can you tell when the ravishing is going to begin?" I am sure I shall neither hide myself to avoid applause, which probably no one will think of conferring, nor have the meanness to do anything which can indicate any desire of ravishment. I have seen, when the late Lord Erskine entered the Edinburgh theatre, papers distributed in the boxes to mendicate a round of applause—the natural reward of a poor player.

October 31.—At breakfast visited by M. Gallois, an elderly Frenchman (always the most agreeable class), full of information, courteous and communicative. He had seen nearly, and remarked deeply, and spoke frankly, though with due caution. He went with us to the Museum, where I think the Hall of Sculpture continues to be a fine thing; that of Pictures but tolerable, when we reflect upon 1815. A number of great French daubs (comparatively), by David and Gerard, cover the walls once occupied by the Italian *chefs-d'œuvre*. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.* We then visited Notre Dame and the Palace of Justice. The latter is accounted the oldest building in Paris, being the work of St. Louis. It is, however, in the interior, adapted to the taste of Louis XIV. We drove over the Pont Neuf, and visited the fine quays, which was all we could make out to-day, as I was afraid to fatigue Anne. When we returned home I found Count Pozzo di Borgo waiting for me, a personable man, inclined to be rather corpulent—handsome features, with all the Corsican fire in his eye. He was quite kind and communicative. Lord Granville had also called, and sent Mr. Jones [his secretary] to invite us to dinner to-morrow. In the evening at the Odéon, where we saw *Ivanhoe*. It was superbly got up, the Norman soldiers wearing pointed helmets and what resembled much hauberks of mail, which looked very well. The number of the attendants, and the skill with which they were moved and grouped on the stage, were well worthy of notice. It was an opera, and of course the story greatly mangled, and the dialogue in a great part nonsense. Yet it was strange to hear anything like the words which I (then in an agony of pain with spasms in my stomach) dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel.[1]

[1] *Ivanhoe* might have borne a motto somewhat analogous to the inscription which Frederick the Great's predecessor used to affix to his attempts at portrait-painting when he had the gout: "Fredericus I. in tormentis pinxit." —*Recollections of Sir Walter Scott*, p. 240. Lond. 1837.

NOVEMBER

November 1.—I suppose the ravishing is going to begin, for we have had the Dames des Halles, with a bouquet like a maypole, and a speech full of honey and oil, which cost me ten francs; also a small worshipper, who would not leave his name, but came *seulement pour avoir le plaisir*, *la félicité* etc., etc. All this jargon I answer with corresponding *blarney* of my own, for "have I not licked the black stone of that ancient castle?" As to French, I speak it as it comes, and like Doeg in *Absalom* and *Achitophel*—

> "—— dash on through thick and thin,
> Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in."

We went this morning with M. Gallois to the Church of St. Genevieve, and thence to the College Henri IV., where I saw once more my old friend Chevalier.[1] He was unwell, swathed in a turban of nightcaps and a multiplicity of *robes de chambre*; but he had all the heart and the vivacity of former times. I was truly glad to see the kind old man. We were unlucky in our day for sights, this being a high festival—All Souls' Day. We were not allowed to scale the steeple of St. Genevieve, neither could we see the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who, though they have no souls, it is supposed, and no interest of course in the devotions of the day, observe it in strict retreat, like the nuns of Kilkenny. I met, however, one lioness walking at large in the Jardin, and was introduced. This was Madame de Souza,[2] the authoress of some well-known French romances of a very classical character, I am told, for I have never read them. She must have been beautiful, and is still well-looked. She is the mother of the handsome Count de Flahault, and had a very well-looking daughter with her, besides a son or two. She was very agreeable. We are to meet again. The day becoming decidedly rainy, we returned along the Boulevards by the Bridge of Austerlitz, but the weather was so indifferent as to spoil the fine show.

We dined at the Ambassador's—Lord Granville, formerly Lord Leveson Gower. He inhabits the same splendid house which Lord Castlereagh had in 1815, namely, Numero 30, Rue du Fauxbourg St.

[1] For an account of M. Chevalier, and an interview in 1815 with David "of the blood-stained brush," see *Life*, vol. v. p. 87.

[2] Madame de Souza-Botelho, author of *Adèle de Senanges*, and other works, which formed the subject of an article in the *Edinburgh*, No. 68, written by Moore. At the time Scott met her she had just lost her second husband, who is remembered by his magnificent editions of Camoens' *Lusiad*, on which it is said he spent about £4000. Mme. de Souza died in 1836.

Honoré. It once belonged to Pauline Borghese, and if its walls could speak, they might tell us mighty curious stories. Without their having any tongue, they spoke to my feelings "with most miraculous organ."[1] In these halls I had often seen and conversed familiarly with many of the great and powerful, who won the world by their swords, and divided it by their counsel.

Here I saw very much of poor Lord Castlereagh—a man of sense, presence of mind, courage, and fortitude, which carried him through many an affair of critical moment, when finer talents might have stuck in the mire. He had been, I think, indifferently educated, and his mode of speaking being far from logical or correct, he was sometimes in danger of becoming almost ridiculous, in spite of his lofty presence, which had all the grace of the Seymours, and his determined courage.[2] But then he was always up to the occasion, and upon important matters was an orator to convince, if not to delight, his hearers. He is gone, and my friend Stanhope also, whose kindness this town so strongly recalls. It is remarkable they were the only persons of sense and credibility who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence, and both died in the same melancholy manner. I shall always tremble when any friend of mine becomes visionary.[3]

I have seen in these rooms the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, Schwarzenberg, old Blucher, Fouché, and many a maréchal whose truncheon had guided armies—all now at peace, without subjects, without dominion, and where their past life, perhaps, seems but the recollection of a feverish dream. What a group would this band have made in the gloomy regions described in the Odyssey! But to lesser things. We were most kindly received by Lord and Lady Granville, and met many friends, some of them having been guests at Abbotsford; among these were Lords Ashley and Morpeth—there were also Charles Ellis (Lord Seaford now), *cum plurimis aliis.* Anne saw for the first time an entertainment *à la mode de France*, where the gentlemen left the parlour with the ladies. In diplomatic houses it is a good way of preventing political discussion, which John Bull is always apt to introduce with the second bottle. We left early, and came home at ten, much pleased with Lord and Lady Granville's kindness, though it was to be expected, as our recommendations came from Windsor.

November 2.—Another gloomy day—a pize upon it!—and we have settled to go to Saint Cloud, and dine, if possible, with the Drummonds at Auteuil. Besides, I expect poor W. R. S[pencer] to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me.

[1] *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

[2] The following mixed metaphor is said to have been taken from one of his speeches:—"Ministers were not to look on like Crockodiles, with their hands in their breeches' pockets, doing nothing."

[3] The story regarding Castlereagh's Radiant Boy, is that one night, when he was in barracks and alone, he saw a figure glide from the fireplace, the face becoming brighter as it approached him. On Lord Castlereagh stepping forward to meet it, the figure retired again, and as he advanced it gradually faded from his view. Sir Walter does not tell us of his friend Stanhope's ghostly experience.

Well—but let us jot down a little politics, as my book has a pretty firm lock. The Whigs may say what they please, but I think the Bourbons will stand. Gallois, no great Royalist, says that the Duke of Orleans lives on the best terms with the reigning family, which is wise on his part, for the golden fruit may ripen and fall of itself, but it would be dangerous to

"Lend the crowd his arm to shake the tree."[1]

The army, which was Bonaparte's strength, is now very much changed by the gradual influence of time, which has removed many, and made invalids of many more. The citizens are neutral, and if the King will govern according to the Charte, and, what is still more, according to the habits of the people, he will sit firm enough, and the constitution will gradually attain more and more reverence as age gives it authority, and distinguishes it from those temporary and ephemeral governments, which seemed only set up to be pulled down. The most dangerous point in the present state of France is that of religion. It is, no doubt, excellent in the Bourbons to desire to make France a religious country; but they begin, I think, at the wrong end. To press the observances and ritual of religion on those who are not influenced by its doctrines is planting the growing tree with its head downwards. Rites are sanctified by belief; but belief can never arise out of an enforced observance of ceremonies; it only makes men detest what is imposed on them by compulsion. Then these Jesuits, who constitute emphatically an *imperium in imperio*, labouring first for the benefit of their own order, and next for that of the Roman See—what is it but the introduction into France of a foreign influence whose interest may often run counter to the general welfare of the kingdom?

We have enough of ravishment. M. Meurice writes me that he is ready to hang himself that we did not find accommodation at his hotel; and Madame Mirbel came almost on her knees to have permission to take my portrait. I was cruel; but, seeing her weeping-ripe, consented she should come to-morrow and work while I wrote. A Russian Princess Galitzin, too, demands to see me in the heroic vein; "*Elle vouloit traverser les mers pour aller voir S. W. S.*," and offers me a rendezvous at my hotel. This is precious tomfoolery; however, it is better than being neglected like a fallen sky-rocket, which seemed like to be my fate last year.

We went to Saint Cloud with my old friend Mr. Drummond, now at a pretty *maison de campagne* at Auteuil. Saint Cloud, besides its unequalled views, is rich in remembrances. I did not fail to revisit the *Orangerie*, out of which Bon. expelled the Council of [Five Hundred]. I thought I saw the scoundrels jumping the windows, with the bayonets at their rumps. What a pity the house was not two stories high! I asked the Swiss some questions on the *locale*, which he

[1] Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*—Character of Shaftesbury —J. G. L.

answered with becoming caution, saying, however, that "he was not present at the time." There are also new remembrances. A separate garden, laid out as a playground for the royal children, is called Il Trocadero,[1] from the siege of Cadiz [1823]. But the Bourbons should not take military ground—it is firing a pop-gun in answer to a battery of cannon.

All within the house is changed. Every trace of Nap. or his reign totally done away, as if traced in sand over which the tide has passed. Moreau and Pichegru's portraits hang in the royal ante-chamber. The former has a mean look; the latter has been a strong and stern-looking man. I looked at him, and thought of his death-struggles. In the guard-room were the heroes of La Vendée—Charette with his white bonnet, the two La Rochejacqueleins, Lescure, in an attitude of prayer, Stofflet, the gamekeeper, with others.

We dined at Auteuil. Mrs. Drummond, formerly the beautiful Cecilia Telfer, has lost her looks, but kept her kind heart. On our return, went to the Italian opera, and saw *Figaro*. Anne liked the music; to me it was all caviare. A Mr. —— dined with us; sensible, liberal in his politics, but well informed and candid.

November 3.—Sat to Mad. Mirbel—Spencer at breakfast. Went out and had a long interview with Marshal Macdonald, the purport of which I have put down elsewhere. Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manner, or want of manner, peculiar to his countrymen.[2] He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America by entering the book as [the] property of a citizen. I will think of this. Every little helps, as the tod says, when, etc. At night at the Theatre de Madame, where we saw two *petit* pieces, *Le Mariage de Raison* and *Le plus beau jour de ma vie*—both excellently played. Afterwards at Lady Granville's rout, which was as splendid as any I ever saw—and I have seen *beaucoup dans ce genre*. A great number of ladies of the first rank were present, and if honeyed words from pretty lips could surfeit, I had enough of them. One can swallow a great deal of whipped cream, to be sure, and it does not hurt an old stomach.

November 4.—Anne goes to sit to Mad. Mirbel. I called after ten,

[1] The name has since been bestowed on the high ground on the bank of the Seine, on which was built the Palace in connection with the International Exhibition of 1878.

[2] It should be noted that Scott wrote "manner" not "manners," as in all previous editions the word is printed. Of Cooper, his latest American biographer, Mr. Lounsbury, says there was in his manner at times "a self-assertion that often bordered, or seemed to border, on arrogance" (p. 50).

Of this interview, Cooper is said to have recorded in after years that Scott was so obliging as to make him a number of flattering speeches, which, however, he did not repay in kind, giving, as a reason for his silence, the words of Dr. Johnson regarding his meeting with George III.: "It was not for me to bandy compliments with my sovereign." These two "lions" met on four occasions, viz., on the 3d, 4th, and 6th November, Scott leaving Paris next day.

It cannot be too widely known that if Scott never derived any profits from the enormous sale of his works in America, it was not the fault of his brother author, who urged him repeatedly to try the plan here proposed. Whether the attempt was made is unknown, but it is amusing to see one cause of Scott's hesitation was the fear that the American public would not get his works at the low prices to which they had been accustomed.

Mr. Cooper and Gallois having breakfasted with me. The former seems quite serious in desiring the American attempt. I must, however, take care not to give such a monopoly as to prevent the American public from receiving the works at the prices they are accustomed to. I think I may as well try if the thing can be done.

After ten I went with Anne to the Tuileries, where we saw the royal family pass through the Glass Gallery as they went to Chapel. We were very much looked at in our turn, and the King, on passing out, did me the honour to say a few civil words, which produced a great sensation. Mad. la Dauphine and Mad. de Berri curtsied, smiled, and looked extremely gracious; and smiles, bows, and curtsies rained on us like odours, from all the courtiers and court ladies of the train. We were conducted by an officer of the Royal Gardes du Corps to a convenient place in chapel, where we had the pleasure of hearing the grand mass performed with excellent music.

I had a perfect view of the King and royal family. The King is the same in age as I knew him in youth at Holyrood House—debonair and courteous in the highest degree. Mad. Dauphine resembles very much the prints of Marie Antoinette, in the profile especially. She is not, however, beautiful, her features being too strong, but they announce a great deal of character, and the princess whom Bonaparte used to call the *man* of the family. She seemed very attentive to her devotions. The Duchess of Berri seemed less immersed in the ceremony, and yawned once or twice. She is a lively-looking blonde—looks as if she were good-humoured and happy, by no means pretty, and has a cast with her eyes; splendidly adorned with diamonds, however. After this gave Mad. Mirbel a sitting, where I encountered *le général*, her uncle,[1] who was *chef de l'état major* to Bonaparte. He was very communicative, and seemed an interesting person, by no means over much prepossessed in favour of his late master, whom he judged impartially, though with affection.

We came home and dined in quiet, having refused all temptations to go out in the evening; this on Anne's account as well as my own. It is not quite gospel, though Solomon says it—the eye *can* be tired with seeing, whatever he may allege in the contrary. And then there are so many compliments. I wish for a little of the old Scotch causticity. I am something like the bee that sips treacle.

November 5.—I believe I must give up my Journal till I leave Paris. The French are literally outrageous in their civilities—bounce in at all hours, and drive one half mad with compliments. I am ungracious not to be so entirely thankful as I ought to this kind and merry people. We breakfasted with Mad. Mirbel, where were the Dukes of Fitz-James, and, I think, Duras,[2] goodly company—but all's

[1] General Monthion.

[2] Fitz-James was great-grandson of James II., and Duras was related to Feversham, James's general at Sedgemoor. Both died in the same year, 1835.

one for that. I made rather an impatient sitter, wishing to talk much more than was agreeable to Madame. Afterwards we went to the Champs Elysées, where a balloon was let off, and all sorts of frolics performed for the benefit of the *bons gens de Paris*—besides stuffing them with victuals. I wonder how such a civic festival would go off in London or Edinburgh, or especially in Dublin. To be sure, they would not introduce their shillelahs! But in the classic taste of the French, there were no such gladiatorial doings. To be sure, they have a natural good-humour and gaiety which inclines them to be pleased with themselves, and everything about them.

We dined at the Ambassador's, where was a large party, Lord Morpeth, the Duke of Devonshire, and others—all were very kind. Pozzo di Borgo there, and disposed to be communicative. A large soirée. Home at eleven. These hours are early, however.

November 6.—Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsédés partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded, I mean discharged, their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or entertain Mr. Cooper at all. After this we sat again for our portraits. Mad. Mirbel took care not to have any one to divert my attention, but I contrived to amuse myself with some masons finishing a façade opposite to me, who placed their stones, not like Inigo Jones, but in the most lubberly way in the world, with the help of a large wheel, and the application of strength of hand. John Smith of Darnick, and two of his men, would have done more with a block and pulley than the whole score of them. The French seem far behind in machinery.—We are almost eaten up with kindness, but that will have its end. I have had to parry several presents of busts, and so forth. The funny thing was the airs of my little friend. We had a most affectionate parting—wet, wet cheeks on the lady's side.[1] The pebble-hearted cur shed as few tears as Crab of dogged memory.[2]

Went to Galignani's, where the brothers, after some palaver, offered me £105 for the sheets of Napoleon, to be reprinted at Paris in English. I told them I would think of it. I suppose Treuttel and Wurtz had apprehended something of this kind, for they write me that they had made a bargain with my publisher (Cadell, I suppose) for the publishing of my book in all sorts of ways. I must look into this.

Dined with Marshal Macdonald and a splendid party;[3] amongst others, Marshal Marmont—middle size, stout-made, dark complexion, and looks sensible. The French hate him much for his conduct in

[1] Madame Mirbel, who painted Scott at this time, continued to be a favourite artist with the French (Bonapartist, Bourbon, and Orleanist) for the next twenty years. Among her latest sitters (1841) was Scott's angry correspondent of four months later—General Gourgaud. Madame Mirbel died in 1849. The portrait alluded to was probably a miniature which has been engraved at least once—by J. T. Wedgwood.

[2] *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 3.—J. G. L.

[3] The Marshal had visited Scotland in 1825—and Scott saw a good deal of him under the roof of his kinsman, Mr. Macdonald Buchanan.—J. G. L.

1814, but it is only making him the scape-goat. Also, I saw Mons. de Molé, but especially the Marquis de Lauriston, who received me most kindly. He is personally like my cousin Colonel Russell. I learned that his brother, Louis Law,[1] my old friend, was alive, and the father of a large family. I was most kindly treated, and had my vanity much flattered by the men who had acted such important parts talking to me in the most frank manner.

In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princesses of Russia arrayed in tartan! with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested was Mad. de Boufflers,[2] upwards of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the *agrémens* of a French Court lady of the time of Mad. Sévigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. Cooper was there, so the Scotch and American lions took the field together.—Home, and settled our affairs to depart.

November 7.—Off at seven; breakfasted at Beaumont, and pushed on to Airaines. This being a forced march, we had bad lodgings, wet wood, uncomfortable supper, damp beds, and an extravagant charge. I was never colder in my life than when I waked with the sheets clinging round me like a shroud.

November 8.—We started at six in the morning, having no need to be called twice, so heartily was I weary of my comfortless couch. Breakfasted at Abbeville; then pushed on to Boulogne, expecting to find the packet ready to start next morning, and so to have had the advantage of the easterly tide. But, lo ye! the packet was not to sail till next day. So after shrugging our shoulders—being the solace *à la mode de France*—and recruiting ourselves with a pullet and a bottle of Chablis *à la mode d'Angleterre*, we set off for Calais after supper, and it was betwixt three and four in the morning before we got to Dessein's, when the house was full, or reported to be so. We could only get two wretched brick-paved garrets, as cold and moist as those of Airaines, instead of the comforts which we were received with at our arrival. But I was better prepared. Stripped off the sheets, and lay down in my dressing-gown, and so roughed it out—*tant bien que mal.*

[1] Lauriston, the ancient seat of the Laws, so famous in French history, is very near Edinburgh, and the estate was in their possession at the time of the Revolution. Two or three cadets of the family were of the first emigration, and one of them (M. Louis Law) was a frequent guest of the Poet's father, and afterwards corresponded during many years with himself. I am not sure whether it was M. Louis Law whose French designation so much amused the people of Edinburgh. One brother of the Marquis de Lauriston, however, was styled *Le Chevalier de Mutton-hole*, this being the name of a village on the Scotch property. —J. G. L.

[2] The Madame de Boufflers best known to the world [Hippolyte de Saujon Comtesse de Boufflers], the correspondent not only of Walpole, but of David Hume, must have been nearer a hundred than eighty years of age at this date, if we are to believe the *Biographie Universelle*, which gives 1724 as the date of her birth. It does not record her death. It is known that she took refuge in England during the Revolution; but Count Paul de Rémusat, who has been consulted on the subject, has kindly pointed out that the lady of whom Scott speaks must have been the widow of the Chevalier de Boufflers-Remencourt, known by his poems and stories. Her maiden name was Jean de Manville, and her first husband was a de Comte de Sabran. She died in 1827.—See *Correspondance inédite de la Comtesse de Sabran*, Paris, 8vo, 1875.

November 9.—At four in the morning we were called; at six we got on board the packet, where I found a sensible and conversible man—a very pleasant circumstance. The day was raw and cold, the wind and tide surly and contrary, the passage slow, and Anne, contrary to her wont, excessively sick. We had little trouble at the Custom House, thanks to the secretary of the Embassy, Mr. Jones, who gave me a letter to Mr. Ward. [At Dover] Mr. Ward came with the Lieutenant-Governor of the castle, and wished us to visit that ancient fortress. I regretted much that our time was short, and the weather did not admit of our seeing views, so we could only thank the gentlemen in declining their civility.

The castle, partly ruinous, seems to have been very fine. The Cliff, to which Shakespeare gave his immortal name, is, as all the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implies. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their cliff, impute this diminution of its consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. I think it more likely that the imagination of Shakespeare, writing perhaps at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been. Besides, Shakespeare was born in a flat country, and Dover Cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy. At all events, it has maintained its reputation better than the Tarpeian Rock;—no man could leap from it and live.

Left Dover after a hot luncheon about four o'clock, and reached London at half-past three in the morning. So adieu to *la belle France*, and welcome merry England.[1]

[*Pall Mall*,] *November* 10.—Ere I leave *la belle France*, however, it is fit I should express my gratitude for the unwontedly kind reception which I met with at all hands. It would be an unworthy piece of affectation did I not allow that I have been pleased—highly pleased—to find a species of literature intended only for my own country has met such an extensive and favourable reception in a foreign land where there was so much *a priori* to oppose its progress.

For my work I think I have done a good deal; but, above all, I have been confirmed strongly in the impressions I had previously formed of the character of Nap., and may attempt to draw him with a firmer hand.

The succession of new people and unusual incidents has had a favourable effect [on my mind], which was becoming rutted like an ill-kept highway. My thoughts have for some time flowed in another and pleasanter channel than through the melancholy course into which my solitary and deprived state had long driven them, and which gave often pain to be endured without complaint, and without sympathy. "For this relief," as Francisco says in Hamlet, "much thanks."

[1] Readers who may wish to compare with the visit of 1826 Scott's impressions of Paris in 1815 will find a brilliant record of the latter in *Paul's Letters*, xii.–xvi.

To-day I visited the public offices, and prosecuted my researches. Left inquiries for the Duke of York, who has recovered from a most desperate state. His legs had been threatened with mortification; but he was saved by a critical discharge; also visited the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melville, and others, besides the ladies in Piccadilly. Dined and spent the evening quietly in Pall Mall.

November 11.—Croker came to breakfast, and we were soon after joined by Theodore Hook, *alias* "John Bull";[1] he has got as fat as the actual monarch of the herd. Lockhart sat still with us, and we had, as Gil Blas says, a delicious morning, spent in abusing our neighbours, at which my three neighbours are no novices any more than I am myself, though (like Puss in Boots, who only caught mice for his amusement) I am only a chamber counsel in matters of scandal. The fact is, I have refrained, as much as human frailty will permit, from all satirical composition. Here is an ample subject for a little blackballing in the case of Joseph Hume, the great Æconomist, who has [managed] the Greek loan so egregiously. I do not lack personal provocation (see 13th March last), yet I won't attack him—at present at least—but *qu'il se garde de moi*:

> "I'm not a king, nor nae sic thing,
> My word it may not stand;
> And Joseph may a buffet bide,
> Come he beneath my brand."

At dinner we had a little blow-out on Sophia's part: Lord Dudley, Mr. Hay, Under Secretary of State [Sir Thomas Lawrence, etc.]. *Mistress* (as she now calls herself) Joanna Baillie, and her sister, came in the evening. The whole went off pleasantly.

November 12.—Went to sit to Sir T. L. to finish the picture for his Majesty, which every one says is a very fine one. I think so myself; and wonder how Sir Thomas has made so much out of an old weather-beaten block. But I believe the hard features of old Dons like myself are more within the compass of the artist's skill than the

[1] A Sunday newspaper started in 1820, to advocate the cause of George IV., and to vilify the Queen and her friends, male and female. The first number was published on December 17th, and "told at once from the convulsed centre to the extremity of the Kingdom. There was talent of every sort in the paper that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in Synod over the elements of withering derision." Hook, however, was the master spirit, the majority of the lampoons in prose, and all the original poetry in the early volumes from the "Hunting the Hare," were from his own pen, except, perhaps, "Michael's Dinner," which has been laid at Canning's door.

Oddly enough Scott appears to have been the indirect means of placing Hook in the editorial chair. When he was in London, in April, 1820, a nobleman called upon him, and asked if he could find him in Edinburgh some clever fellow to undertake the editorship of a paper about to be established. Sir Walter suggested that his Lordship need not go so far a field, described Hook's situation, and the impression he had received of him from his table talk, and his Magazine, the *Arcadian*. This was all that occurred, but when, towards the end of the year, *John Bull* electrified London, Sir Walter confessed that he could not help fancying that his mentioning this man's name had its consequences.

Hook, in spite of his £2000 per annum for several years from *John Bull*, and large prices received for his novels, died in poverty in 1841, a prematurely old man. His sad story may be read in a most powerful sketch in the *Quarterly Review*, attributed to Mr. Lockhart.

lovely face and delicate complexion of females. Came home after a heavy shower. I had a long conversation about —— with Lockhart. All that was whispered is true—a sign how much better our domestics are acquainted with the private affairs of our neighbours than we are. A dreadful tale of incest and seduction, and nearly of blood also—horrible beyond expression in its complications and events—"And yet the end is not;"—and this man was amiable, and seemed the soul of honour—laughed, too, and was the soul of society. It is a mercy our own thoughts are concealed from each other. Oh! if, at our social table, we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun human society! To see the projector trembling for his falling speculations; the voluptuary rueing the event of his debauchery; the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea—all—all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets—we should not need to go to the hall of the Caliph Vathek to see men's hearts broiling under their black veils.[1] Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd!

We dined to-day at Lady Stafford's [at West-hill].[2] Lord S. looks very poorly, but better than I expected. No company, excepting Sam Rogers and Mr. Grenville,[3]—the latter is better known by the name of Tom Grenville—a very amiable and accomplished man, whom I knew better about twenty years since. Age has touched him, as it has doubtless affected me. The great lady received us with the most cordial kindness, and expressed herself, I am sure, sincerely, desirous to be of service to Sophia.

November 13.—I consider Charles's business as settled by a private intimation which I had to that effect from Sir W. K.; so I need negotiate no further, but wait the event. Breakfasted at home, and somebody with us, but the whirl of visits so great that I have already forgot the party. Lockhart and I dined at an official person's, where there was a little too much of that sort of flippant wit, or rather smartness which becomes the parochial Joe Miller of boards and offices. You must not be grave, because it might lead to improper discussions; and to laugh without a joke is a hard task. Your professed wags are treasures to this species of company. Gil Blas was right in censuring the literary society of his friend Fabricio; but nevertheless one or two of the mess would greatly have improved the conversation of his *Commis*.

Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully swelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying. She has a good heart, and is really a clever creature, but unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is

[1] See Beckford's *Vathek*, Hall of Eblis.

[2] Lady Stafford says: "We were so lucky as to have Sir W. Scott here for a day, and were glad to see him look well, and though perfectly unaltered by his successes, yet enjoying the satisfaction they must have given him."—Sharpe's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 379.

[3] The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville died in 1846 at the age of ninety-one. He left his noble collection of books to the nation.

not always so bad as it is called. She can always make up her soirée, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives *petit* dinners, but not in a style to carry the point *à force d'argent*. In her case the world is good-natured, and perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed.

November 14.—We breakfasted at honest Allan Cunningham's—honest Allan—a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop, to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it. I look upon the alteration of "It 's hame and it 's hame," and "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," as among the best songs going. His prose has often admirable passages; but he is obscure, and overlays his meaning, which will not do now-a-days, when he who runs must read.

Dined at Croker's, at Kensington, with his family, the Speaker,[1] and the facetious Theodore Hook.

We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs. Arbuthnot to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body—and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with all his usual kindness. He talked away about Bonaparte, Russia, and France.

November 15.—At breakfast a conclave of medical men about poor little Johnnie Lockhart. They give good words, but I cannot help fearing the thing is very precarious, and I feel a miserable anticipation of what the parents are to undergo. It is wrong, however, to despair. I was myself a very weak child, and certainly am one of the strongest men of my age in point of constitution. Sophia and Anne went to the Tower, I to the Colonial Office, where I laboured hard.

Dined with the Duke of Wellington. Anne with me, who could not look enough at the *vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*. The party were Mr. and Mrs. Peel, and Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot,[2] Vesey Fitzgerald, Bankes, and Croker, with Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgina. One gentleman took much of the conversation, and gave us, with unnecessary emphasis, and at superfluous length, his opinion of a late gambling transaction. This spoiled the evening. I am sorry for the occurrence though, for Lord —— is fetlock deep in it, and it looks like a vile bog. This misfortune, with the foolish incident at ——, will not be suffered to fall to the ground, but will be used as a counterpoise to the Greek loan. Peel asked me, in private, my opinion of three candidates for the Scotch gown, and I gave it him candidly. We will see if it has weight.[3]

[1] The Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury. He died in 1845.

[2] Mrs. Arbuthnot was Harriet, third daughter of the Hon. H. Fane, and wife of Charles Arbuthnot, a great friend of the Duke of Wellington. She died in 1838, Mr. Arbuthnot in 1850.

[3] Sir Walter had recommended George Cranstoun, his early friend, one of the brethren of *the mountain*, who succeeded Lord Hermand, and took his seat on the Scotch Bench before

I begin to tire of my gaieties; and the late hours and constant feasting disagree with me. I wish for a sheep's head and whisky toddy against all the French cookery and champagne in the world.

Well, I suppose I might have been a Judge of Session this term—attained, in short, the grand goal proposed to the ambition of a Scottish lawyer. It is better, however, as it is, while, at least, I can maintain my literary reputation.

I had some conversation to-day with Messrs. Longman and Co. They agreed to my deriving what advantage I could in America, and that very willingly.

November 16.—Breakfasted with Rogers, with my daughters and Lockhart. R. was exceedingly entertaining, in his dry, quiet, sarcastic manner. At eleven to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me a bundle of remarks on Bonaparte's Russian campaign, written in his carriage during his late mission to St. Petersburg.[1] It is furiously scrawled, and the Russian names hard to distinguish, but it *shall* do me yeoman's service. Then went to Pentonville, to old Mr. Handley, a solicitor of the old school, and manager of the Devonshire property. Had an account of the claim arising on the estate of one Mrs. Owen, due to the representatives of my poor wife's mother. He was desperately excursive, and spoke almost for an hour, but the prospect of £4000 to my children made me a patient auditor. Thence I passed to the Colonial Office, where I concluded my extracts. [Lockhart and I] dined with Croker at the Admiralty *au grand couvert*. No less than five Cabinet Ministers were present—Canning, Huskisson, Melville, [Peel,] and Wellington, with sub-secretaries by the bushel. The cheer was excellent, but the presence of too many men of distinguished rank and power always freezes the conversation. Each lamp shines brightest when placed by itself; when too close, they neutralise each other.[2]

November 17.—My morning here began with the arrival of Bahauder Jah; soon after Mr. Wright;[3] then I was called out to James Scott the young painter. I greatly fear this modest and amiable creature is throwing away his time. Next came an animal who is hunting out a fortune in Chancery, which has lain *perdu* for thirty years. The fellow, who is in figure and manner the very essence of the creature called a sloth, has attached himself to this pursuit with the steadiness of a well-scented beagle. I believe he will actually get the prize.

the end of the month. The appointment satisfied both political parties, though Cockburn said that "his removal was a great loss to the bar which he had long adorned, and where he had the entire confidence of the public." An admirable sketch of Cranstoun is given in No. 32 of *Peter's Letters*. He retired in 1839, and died at Corehouse, his picturesque seat on the Clyde, in 1850.

[1] This striking paper was afterwards printed in full under the title, "Memorandum on the War in Russia in 1812," in the *Despatches* edited by his Son (Dec. 1825 to May, 1827), Murray, 1868, vol. i. 8vo, pp. 1–53. Sir Walter Scott's letter to the Duke on the subject is given at p. 509 of the same volume, and see this Journal under Feb. 15, 1827.

[2] In returning from this dinner Sir Walter said, "I have seen some of these great men at the same table *for the last time*."—J. G. L.

[3] Mr. William Wright, Barrister, Lincoln's Inn.—See *Life*, vol. viii. p. 84.

Sir John Malcolm acknowledges and recommends my Persian visitor Bruce.

Saw the Duke of York. The change on H.R.H. is most wonderful. From a big, burly, stout man, with a thick and sometimes an inarticulate mode of speaking, he has sunk into a thin-faced, slender-looking old man, who seems diminished in his very size. I could hardly believe I saw the same person, though I was received with his usual kindness. He speaks much more distinctly than formerly; his complexion is clearer; in short, H.R.H. seems, on the whole, more healthy after this crisis than when in the stall-fed state, for such it seemed to be, in which I remember him. God grant it! his life is of infinite value to the King and country—it is a breakwater behind the throne.

November 18.—Was introduced by Rogers to Mad. D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*,—an elderly lady, with no remains of personal beauty, but with a gentle manner and a pleasing expression of countenance. She told me she had wished to see two persons—myself, of course, being one; the other George Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with—a nice little handsome pat of butter made up by a neat-handed Phillis[1] of a dairy-maid, instead of the grease, fit only for cart-wheels, which one is dosed with by the pound.

Mad. D'Arblay told us the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of *Evelina* being printed. But the following circumstances may have given rise to the story:—Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, "You should read this new work, madam—you should read *Evelina*; every one says it is excellent, and they are right." The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Mad. D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again. She has simple and apparently amiable manners, with quick feelings.

Dined at Mr. Peel's with Lord Liverpool, Duke of Wellington, Croker, Bankes, etc. The conversation very good—Peel taking the lead in his own house, which he will not do elsewhere. We canvassed the memorable criminal case of *Ashford*,[2] Peel almost con-

[1] Milton's *L'Allegro*.—J. G. L.

[2] A murder committed in 1817. The accused claimed the privilege of *Wager of Battle*, which was allowed by the Court for the last time, as the law was abolished in 1819.—See *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, vol. xi. pp. 88, 259, 317, and p. 431 for a curious account of the bibliography of this very singular case.

vinced of the man's innocence. Should have been at the play, but sat too late at Mr. Peel's.

So ends my campaign among these magnificoes and potent signiors,[1] with whom I have found, as usual, the warmest acceptation. I wish I could turn a little of my popularity amongst them to Lockhart's advantage, who cannot bustle for himself. He is out of spirits just now, and views things *au noir*. I fear Johnnie's precarious state is the cause.

I finished my sittings to Lawrence, and am heartily sorry there should be another picture of me except that which he has finished. The person is remarkably like, and conveys the idea of the stout blunt carle that cares for few things, and fears nothing. He has represented the author as in the act of composition, yet has effectually discharged all affectation from the manner and attitude. He seems pleased with it himself. He dined with us at Peel's yesterday, where, by the way, we saw the celebrated Chapeau de Paille, which is not a Chapeau de Paille at all.

November 19.—Saw this morning Duke of Wellington and Duke of York; the former so communicative that I regretted extremely the length of time,[2] but have agreed on a correspondence with him. *Trop d'honneur pour moi.* The Duke of York saw me by appointment. He seems still mending, and spoke of state affairs as a high Tory. Were his health good, his spirit is as strong as ever. H.R.H. has a devout horror of the liberals. Having the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, and (perhaps) a still greater person on his side, he might make a great fight when they split, as split they will. But Canning, Huskisson, and a mitigated party of Liberaux will probably beat them. Canning's will and eloquence are almost irresistible. But then the Church, justly alarmed for their property, which is plainly struck at, and the bulk of the landed interest, will scarce brook a mild infusion of Whiggery into the Administration. Well, time will show.

We visited our friends Peel, Lord Gwydyr, Arbuthnot, etc., and left our tickets of adieu. In no instance, during my former visits to London, did I ever meet with such general attention and respect on all sides.

Lady Louisa Stuart dined—also Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Christie. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes came in the evening; so ended pleasantly our last night in London.

[*Oxford,*] *November* 20.—Left London after a comfortable breakfast, and an adieu to the Lockhart family. If I had had but comfortable hopes of their poor, pale, prostrate child, so clever and so interesting, I should have parted easily on this occasion, but these misgivings overcloud the prospect. We reached Oxford by six o'clock, and found Charles and his friend young Surtees waiting for

[1] *Othello.*—J. G. L.

[2] Sir Walter no doubt means that he regretted not having seen the Duke at an earlier period of his historical labours.—J. G. L.

us, with a good fire in the chimney, and a good dinner ready to be placed on the table. We had struggled through a cold, sulky, drizzly day, which deprived of all charms even the beautiful country near Henley. So we came from cold and darkness into light and warmth and society. *N.B.*—We had neither daylight nor moonlight to see the view of Oxford from the Maudlin Bridge, which I used to think one of the most beautiful in the world.

Upon finance I must note that the expense of travelling has mounted high. I am too old to rough it, and scrub it, nor could I have saved fifty pounds by doing so. I have gained, however, in health, spirits, in a new stock of ideas, new combinations, and new views. My self-consequence is raised, I hope not unduly, by the many flattering circumstances attending my reception in the two capitals, and I feel confident in proportion. In Scotland I shall find time for labour and for economy.

[*Cheltenham,*] *November* 21.—Breakfasted with Charles in his chambers [at Brasenose], where he had everything very neat. How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like an aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted. My poor plant has some storms to undergo, but were this expedition conducive to no more than his entrance into life under suitable auspices, I should consider the toil and the expense well bestowed. We then sallied out to see the lions—guides being Charles, and friend Surtees, Mr. John Hughes, young Mackenzie (Fitz-Colin), and a young companion or two of Charles's. Remembering the ecstatic feelings with which I visited Oxford more than twenty-five years since, I was surprised at the comparative indifference with which I revisited the same scenes. Reginald Heber, then composing his Prize Poem, and imping his wings for a long flight of honourable distinction, is now dead in a foreign land—Hodgson and other able men all entombed. The towers and halls remain, but the voices which fill them are of modern days. Besides, the eye becomes satiated with sights, as the full soul loathes the honeycomb. I admired indeed, but my admiration was void of the enthusiasm which I formerly felt. I remember particularly having felt, while in the Bodleian, like the Persian magician who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses,[1] while less eager sages retired in alarm. Now I had some base thoughts concerning luncheon, which was most munificently supplied by Surtees [at his rooms in University College], with the aid of the best ale I ever drank in my life, the real wine of Ceres, and worth that of Bacchus. Dr. Jenkyns,[2] the vice-chancellor, did me the honour to call, but I saw him not. I called on Charles Douglas at All-Souls, and had a chat of an hour with him.[3]

[1] See Weber's *Tales of the East*, 3 vols. 8vo, Edin. 1812. *History of Avicene*, vol. ii. pp. 452–457.

[2] Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Master of Balliol College.—J. G. L.

[3] Charles Douglas succeeded his brother, Baron Douglas of Douglas, in 1844.

Before three set out for Cheltenham, a long and uninteresting drive, which we achieved by nine o'clock. My sister-in-law [Mrs. Thomas Scott] and her daughter instantly came to the hotel, and seem in excellent health and spirits.

November 22.—Breakfasted and dined with Mrs. Scott, and leaving Cheltenham at seven, pushed on to Worcester to sleep.

November 23.—Breakfasted at Birmingham, and slept at Macclesfield. As we came in between ten and eleven, the people of the inn expressed surprise at our travelling so late, as the general distress of the manufacturers has rendered many of the lower class desperately outrageous. The inn was guarded by a special watchman, who alarmed us by giving his signal of turn out, but it proved to be a poor deserter who had taken refuge among the carriages, and who was reclaimed by his sergeant. The people talk gloomily of winter, when the distress of the poor will be increased.

November 24.—Breakfasted at Manchester. Ere we left, the senior churchwarden came to offer us his services, to show us the town, principal manufactures, etc. We declined his polite offer, pleading haste. I found his opinion about the state of trade more agreeable than I had ventured to expect. He said times were mending gradually but steadily, and that the poor-rates were decreasing, of which none can be so good a judge as the churchwarden. Some months back the people had been in great discontent on account of the power engines, which they conceived diminished the demand for operative labour. There was no politics in their discontent, however, and at present it was diminishing. We again pressed on—and by dint of exertion reached Kendal to sleep; thus getting out of the region of the stern, sullen, unwashed artificers, whom you see lounging sulkily along the streets of the towns in Lancashire, cursing, it would seem by their looks, the stop of trade which gives them leisure, and the laws which prevent them employing their spare time. God's justice is requiting, and will yet further requite those who have blown up this country into a state of unsubstantial opulence, at the expense of the health and morals of the lower classes.

November 25.—Took two pair of horses over the Shap Fells, which are covered with snow, and by dint of exertion reached Penrith to breakfast. Then rolled on till we found our own horses at Hawick, and returned to our own home at Abbotsford about three in the morning. It is well we made a forced march of about one hundred miles, for I think the snow would have stopped us had we lingered.

[*Abbotsford,*] *November* 26.—Consulting my purse, found my good £60 diminished to Quarter less Ten. In purse £8. Naturally reflected how much expense has increased since I first travelled. My uncle's servant, during the jaunts we made together while I was a boy, used to have his option of a shilling per diem for board wages, and usually preferred it to having his charges borne. A servant nowadays, to be comfortable on the road, should have 4s. or 4s. 6d. board wages,

which before 1790 would have maintained his master. But if this be pitiful, it is still more so to find the alteration in my own temper. When young, on returning from such a trip as I have just had, my mind would have loved to dwell on all I had seen that was rich and rare, or have been placing, perhaps in order, the various additions with which I had supplied my stock of information—and now, like a stupid boy blundering over an arithmetical question half obliterated on his slate, I go stumbling on upon the audit of pounds, shillings, and pence. Why, the increase of charge I complain of must continue so long as the value of the thing represented by cash continues to rise, or as the value of the thing representing continues to decrease —let the economists settle which is the right way of expressing the process when groats turn plenty and eggs grow dear—

> "And so 'twill be when I am gone,
> The increasing charge will still go on,
> And other bards shall climb these hills,
> And curse your charge, *dear* evening bills."

Well, the skirmish has cost me £200. I wished for information—and I have had to pay for it. The information is got, the money is spent, and so this is the only mode of accounting amongst friends.

I have packed my books, etc., to go by cart to Edinburgh to-morrow. I idled away the rest of the day, happy to find myself at home, which is home, though never so homely. And mine is not so homely neither; on the contrary, I have seen in my travels none I liked so well—fantastic in architecture and decoration if you please—but no real comfort sacrificed to fantasy. "Ever gramercy my own purse," saith the song;[1] "Ever gramercy my own house," quoth I.

November 27.—We set off after breakfast, but on reaching Fushie Bridge at three, found ourselves obliged to wait for horses, all being gone to the smithy to be roughshod in this snowy weather. So we stayed dinner, and Peter, coming up with his horses, bowled us into town about eight. Walter came and supped with us, which diverted some heavy thoughts. It is impossible not to compare this return to Edinburgh with others in more happy times. But we should rather recollect under what distress of mind I took up my lodgings in Mrs. Brown's last summer, and then the balance weighs deeply on the favourable side. This house is comfortable and convenient.[2]

[*Edinburgh,*] *November* 28.—Went to Court and resumed old habits. Dined with Walter and Jane at Mrs. Jobson's. When we returned were astonished at the news of ——'s death, and the manner of it; a quieter, more inoffensive, mild, and staid mind I never knew. He was free from all these sinkings of the imagination which render those who are liable to them the victims of occasional low spirits.

[1] "But of all friends in field or town,
Ever gramercy," etc.
Dame Juliana Berners.

[2] A furnished house in Walker Street, which he had taken for the winter (No. 3).

All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy, class, must have felt at times that, but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. But poor —— was none of these: he was happy in his domestic relations; and on the very day on which the rash deed was committed was to have embarked for rejoining his wife and child, whom I so lately saw anxious to impart to him their improved prospects.

O Lord, what are we—lords of nature? Why, a tile drops from a housetop, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys itself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire were it in their choice to hold an Irish cabin.

November 29.—Awaked from horrid dreams to reconsideration of the sad reality; he was such a kind, obliging, assiduous creature. I thought he came to my bedside to expostulate with me how I could believe such a scandal, and I thought I detected that it was but a spirit who spoke, by the paleness of his look and the blood flowing from his cravat. I had the nightmare in short, and no wonder.

I felt stupefied all this day, but wrote the necessary letters notwithstanding. Walter, Jane, and Mrs. Jobson dined with us—but I could not gather my spirits. But it is nonsense, and contrary to my system, which is of the stoic school, and I think pretty well maintained. It is the only philosophy I know or can practise, but it cannot always keep the helm.

November 30.—I went to the Court, and on my return set in order a sheet or two of copy. We came back about two—the new form of hearing counsel makes our sederunt a long one. Dined alone, and worked in the evening.

DECEMBER

December 1.[1]—The Court again very long in its sitting, and I obliged to remain till the last. This is the more troublesome, as in winter, with my worn-out eyes, I cannot write so well by candle-light. Naboclish! when I am quite blind, *good-night to you*, as the one-eyed fellow said when a tennis ball knocked out his remaining luminary. My short residue of time before dinner was much cut up by calls—all old friends, too, and men whom I love; but this makes the loss of time more galling, that one cannot and dare not growl at those on whom it has been bestowed. However, I made out two hours better than I expected. I am now once more at my oar, and I will row hard.

December 2.—Returned early from Court, but made some calls by the way. Dined alone with Anne, and meant to have worked, but—I don't know how—this horrid story stuck by me, so I e'en read Boutourlin's account of the Moscow campaign to eschew the foul fiend.

December 3.—Wrote five pages before dinner. Sir Thomas Brisbane and Sir William Arbuthnot called, also John A. Murray. William dined with us, all vivid with his Italian ideas, only Jane besides. Made out five pages, I think, or nearly.

December 4.—Much colded, which is no usual complaint of mine, but worked about five leaves, so I am quite up with my task-work and better. But my books from Abbotsford have not arrived. Dined with the Royal Society Club—about thirty members present—too many for company. After coffee, the Society were like *Mungo* in *The Padlock*.[2] I listened, without understanding a single word, to two scientific papers; one about the tail of a comet, and the other about a chucky-stone; besides hearing Basil Hall describe, and see-

[1] During the winter of 1826–7 Sir Walter suffered great pain (enough to have disturbed effectually any other man's labours, whether official or literary) from successive attacks of rheumatism, which seems to have been fixed on him by the wet sheets of one of his French inns; and his Diary contains, besides, various indications that his constitution was already shaking under the fatigue to which he had subjected it. Formerly, however great the quantity of work he put through his hands, his evenings were almost all reserved for the light reading of an elbow-chair, or the enjoyment of his family and friends. Now he seemed to grudge every minute that was not spent at his desk. The little that he read of new books, or for mere amusement, was done by snatches in the course of his meals; and to walk, when he could walk at all, to the Parliament House, and back again through the Princes Street Gardens, was his only exercise and his only relaxation. Every ailment, of whatever sort, ended in aggravating his lameness; and, perhaps, the severest test his philosophy encountered was the feeling of bodily helplessness that from week to week crept upon him. The winter, to make bad worse, was a very cold and stormy one. The growing sluggishness of his blood showed itself in chilblains, not only on the feet but the fingers, and his handwriting becomes more and more cramped and confused.—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 58–9.

[2] See Bickerstaff's Comic Opera, *The Padlock*.

ing him exhibit, a new azimuth. I have half a mind to cut the whole concern; and yet the situation is honourable, and, as Bob Acres says, one should think of their honour. We took possession of our new rooms on the Mound, which are very handsome and gentlemanlike.

December 5.—Annoyed with the cold and its consequences all night, and wish I could shirk the Court this morning. But it must not be. Was kept late, and my cold increased. I have had a regular attack of this for many years past whenever I return to the sedentary life and heated rooms of Edinburgh, which are so different from the open air and constant exercise of the country. Odd enough that during cold weather and cold nocturnal journeys the cold never touched me, yet I am no sooner settled in comfortable quarters and warm well-aired couches, but *la voilà*. I made a shift to finish my task, however, and even a leaf more, so we are bang up. We dined and supped alone, and I went to bed early.

December 6.—A bad and disturbed night with fever, headache, and some touch of cholera morbus, which greatly disturbed my slumbers. But I fancy Nature was scouring the gun after her own fashion. I slept little till morning, and then lay abed, contrary to my wont, until half-past nine o'clock, when I came down to breakfast. Went to Court, and returned time enough to write about five leaves. Dined at Skene's, where we met Lord Elgin and Mr. Stewart, a son of Sir M. Shaw Stewart, whom I knew and liked, poor man. Talked among other things and persons of Sir J. Campbell of Ardkinglas, who is now here.[1] He is happy in escaping from his notorious title of Callander of Craigforth. In my youth he was a black-leg and swindler of the first water, and like Pistol did

"Somewhat lean to cut-purse of quick hand."[2]

He was obliged to give up his estate to his son Colonel Callander, a gentleman of honour, and as Dad went to the Continent in the midst of the French Revolution, he is understood to have gone through many scenes. At one time, Lord Elgin assured us, he seized upon the island of Zante, as he pretended, by direct authority from the English Government, and reigned there very quietly for some months, until, to appease the jealousy of the Turks, Lord Elgin despatched a frigate to dethrone the new sovereign. Afterwards he traversed India in the dress of a fakir. He is now eighty and upwards.

I should like to see what age and adventures have done upon him. I recollect him a very handsome, plausible man. Of all good breeding, that of a swindler (of good education, be it understood) is the most perfect.

[1] This gentleman published his own Memoirs (2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1832). They read like chapters from the *Arabian Nights*. He gives a somewhat different account of his occupation of Zante, which he says was effected at Nelson's suggestion, and by Lord Keith's authority. Sir James died in 1832 at a very great age.

[2] *Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 1.

December 7.—Again a very disturbed night, scarce sleeping an hour, yet well when I rose in the morning. I did not do above a leaf to-day, because I had much to read. But I am up to one-fourth of the volume, of 400 pages, which I began on the first December current; the 31st must and shall see the end of vol. vi. We dined alone. I had a book sent me by a very clever woman, in defence of what she calls the rights of her sex. Clever, though. I hope she will publish it.

December 8.—Another restless and deplorable Knight—night I should say—faith, either spelling will suit. Returned early, but much done up with my complaint and want of sleep last night. I wrought however, but with two or three long interruptions, my drowsiness being irresistible. Went to dine with John Murray, where met his brother Henderland, Jeffrey, Harry Cockburn, Rutherfurd, and others of that file. Very pleasant—capital good cheer and excellent wine—much laugh and fun.

December 9.—I do not know why it is that when I am with a party of my Opposition friends, the day is often merrier than when with our own set. Is it because they are cleverer? Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are, to be sure, very extraordinary men, yet it is not owing to that entirely. I believe both parties meet with the feeling of something like novelty. We have not worn out our jests in daily contact. There is also a disposition on such occasions to be courteous, and of course to be pleased. Wrought all day, but rather dawdled, being abominably drowsy. I fancy it is bile, a visitor I have not had this long time.

December 10.—An uncomfortable and sleepless night; and the lime water assigned to cure me seems far less pleasant, and about as inefficacious as lime punch would be in the circumstances. I felt main stupid the whole forenoon, and though I wrote my task, yet it was with great intervals of drowsiness and fatigue which made me, as we Scots says, dover away in my arm-chair. Walter and Jane came to dinner, also my Coz Colonel Russell, and above and attour[1] James Ballantyne, poor fellow. We had a quiet and social evening, I acting on prescription. Well, I have seen the day—but no matter.

December 11.—Slept indifferent well with a feverish halo about me, but no great return of my complaint. It paid it off this morning, however, but the difference was of such consequence that I made an ample day's work, getting over six pages, besides what I may do. On this, the 11th December, I shall have more than one-third of vol. vi. finished, which was begun on the first of this current month. Dined quiet and at home. I must take no more frisks till this fit is over.

"When once life's day draws near the gloaming,
Then farewell careless social roaming;
And farewell cheerful tankards foaming,

[1] For *By and attour*, i.e. over and above.

And social noise;
And farewell dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys!"[1]

Long life to thy fame and peace to thy soul, Rob Burns! When I want to express a sentiment which I feel strongly, I find the phrase in Shakespeare — or thee. The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare—not fit to tie his brogues.[2]

December 12.—Did not go to the Parliament House, but drove with Walter to Dalkeith, where we missed the Duke, and found Mr. Blakeney. One thing I saw there which pleased me much, and that was my own picture, painted twenty years ago by Raeburn for Constable, and which was to have been brought to sale among the rest of the wreck, hanging quietly up in the dining-room at Dalkeith.[3] I do not care much about these things, yet it would have been annoying to have been knocked down to the best bidder even in effigy; and I am obliged to the friendship and delicacy which placed the portrait where it now is. Dined at Archie Swinton's, with all the cousins of that honest clan, and met Lord Cringletie,[4] his wife, and others. Finished my task this day.

December 13.—Went to the Court this morning early, and remained till past three. Then attended a meeting of the Edinburgh Academy Directors on account of some discussion about flogging. I am an enemy to corporal punishment, but there are many boys who will not attend without it. It is an instant and irresistible motive, and I love boys' heads too much to spoil them at the expense of their opposite extremity. Then, when children feel an emancipation on this point, we may justly fear they will loosen the bonds of discipline altogether. The master, I fear, must be something of a despot at the risk of his becoming something like a tyrant. He governs subjects whose keen sense of the present is not easily ruled by any considerations that are not pressing and immediate. I was indifferently well beaten at school; but I am now quite certain that twice as much discipline would have been well bestowed.

Dined at home with Walter and Jane; they with Anne went out in the evening, I remained, but not I fear to work much. I feel sorely fagged. I am sadly fagged. Then I cannot get ——'s fate out of my head. I see that kind, social, beneficent face never turned to me without respect and complacence, and—I see it in the agonies of death. This is childish; I tell myself so, and I trust the feeling to no one else. But here it goes down like the murderer who could not cease painting the ideal vision of the man he had murdered, and

[1] Burns's lines to J. Smith.

[2] Delta's lines on Leslie's portrait of Scott may be recorded here:—

Brother of Homer and of him
On Avon's shore, mid twilight dim,
Who dreamed immortal dreams, and took
From Nature's hand her picture book;
Time hath not seen, Time may not see,
Till ends his reign, a third like thee.

[3] Now at Bowhill.

[4] James Wolfe Murray succeeded Lord Meadowbank on the Bench as Lord Cringletie, in November, 1816, and died in 1836.

who he supposed haunted him. A thousand fearful images and dire suggestions glance along the mind when it is moody and discontented with itself. Command them to stand and show themselves, and you presently assert the power of reason over imagination. But if by any strange alterations in one's nervous system you lost for a moment the talisman which controls these fiends, would they not terrify into obedience with their mandates, rather than we would dare longer to endure their presence?

December 14.—Annoyed with this cursed complaint, though I live like a hermit on pulse and water. Bothered, too, with the Court, which leaves me little room for proof-sheets, and none for copy. They sat to-day till past two, so before I had walked home, and called for half an hour on the Chief Commissioner, the work part of the day was gone; and then my lassitude—I say lassitude—not indolence—is so great that it costs me an hour's nap after I come home. We dined to-day with R. Dundas of Arniston—Anne and I. There was a small cabal about Cheape's election for Professor of Civil Law, which it is thought we can carry for him. He deserves support, having been very indifferently used in the affair of the *Beacon*,[1] where certain high Tories showed a great desire to leave him to the mercy of the enemy; as *Feeble* says, "I will never bear a base mind."[2] We drank some "victorious Burgundy," contrary to all prescription.

December 15.—Egad! I think I am rather better for my good cheer! I have passed one quiet night at least, and that is something gained. A glass of good wine is a gracious creature, and reconciles poor mortality to itself, and that is what few things can do.

Our election went off very decently; no discussions or aggravating speeches. Sir John Jackass seconded the Whig's nominee. So much they will submit to to get a vote. The numbers stood—Cheape,[3] 138; Bell, 132. Majority, 6—mighty hard run. The Tory interest was weak among the old stagers, where I remember it so strong, but preferment, country residence, etc., has thinned them. Then it was strong in the younger classes. The new Dean, James Moncreiff,[4] presided with strict propriety and impartiality. Walter and Jane dined with us.

[1] A Party Newspaper started by the Tories in Edinburgh at the beginning of 1821. It was suppressed in the month of August, but during the interval contrived to give great offence to the Whig leaders by its personality. Lockhart says of it that "a more pitiable mass of blunders and imbecility was never heaped together than the whole of this affair exhibited;" and Scott, who was one of its founders, along with the Lord Advocate and other official persons, wrote to Erskine, "I am terribly malcontent about the *Beacon*. I was dragged into the bond against all reasons I could make, and now they have allowed me no vote regarding standing or flying. *Entre nous*, our friends went into the thing like fools, and came out very like cowards." The wretched libels it contained cost Sir A. Boswell his life, and for a moment endangered that of Scott.—See *Life*, vol. vi. pp. 426–429, and Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 312.

[2] 2 *Henry IV.* Act III. Sc. 2.

[3] Douglas Cheape, whose Introductory Lecture was published in 1827. Mr. Cheape died in 1861.

[4] James Moncreiff, son of the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood. The new Dean succeeded Lord Alloway on the Scotch Bench in 1829, and died in 1851. Cockburn writes of him thus:—"During the twenty-one years he was on the civil and criminal benches, he performed all his duties admirably. Law-learning and law-reasoning, industry, honesty, and high-minded purity could do no more for any judge. After forty years of unbroken friendship, it is a pleasure to record my love of the man, and my admiration of his character.—*Journals*, vol. ii. p. 364.

December 16.—Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and all the little cares which were put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new sense to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *Malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages. The old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn; windows will not be pulled up; doors refuse to open, or being open will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment; your sicknesses come thicker and thicker; your comforting or sympathising friends fewer and fewer; for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollection of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all.

We had a long sitting in the Court. Came home through a cold easterly rain without a greatcoat, and was well wet. A goodly medicine for my aching bones.[1] Dined at Mr. Adam Wilson's, and had some good singing in the evening. Saw Dr. Stokoe, who attended Boney in Saint Helena, a plain, sensible sort of man.[2]

December 17.—This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. My Journal is getting a vile chirurgical aspect.

I begin to be afraid of the odd consequences complaints in the *post equitem* are said to produce. Walter and Jane dined. Mrs. Skene came in the evening.

December 18.—Almost sick with pain, and it stops everything. I shall tire of my Journal if it is to contain nothing but biles and plasters and unguents. In my better days I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships; and I can only look at them as through the grated door of a long burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. My pains were those of the heart, and had something flattering in their character; if in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon gallantly received and well paid back.

I went to the meeting of the Commissioners;[3] there was none today. The carriage had set me down; so I walked from the college in one of the sourest and most unsocial days which I ever felt. Why should I have liked this? I do not know; it is my dogged humour to yield little to external circumstances. Sent an excuse to the Royal Society, however.

[1] *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Sc. 2.

[2] Dr. Stokoe, who had settled at Durham, died suddenly at York in 1852. He had been surgeon in the fleet at Trafalgar, and was afterwards appointed to St. Helena.

[3] The University Commission.—See *ante*, p. 168.

December 19.—Went to Court. No, I lie; I had business there. Wrote a task; no more; could not. Went out to Dalkeith, and dined with the Duke. It delights me to hear this hopeful young nobleman talk with sense and firmness about his plans for improving his estate, and employing the poor. If God and the world spare him, he will be far known as a true Scots lord.[1]

December 20.—Being a Teind day, I had a little repose. We dined at Hector Macdonald's with William Clerk and some youngsters. Highland hospitality as usual. I got some work done to-day.

December 21.—In the house till two o'clock nearly. Came home, corrected proof-sheets, etc., mechanically. All well, would the machine but keep in order, but "The spinning wheel is auld and stiff."

I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence. I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either.

December 22.—Poor old Honour and Glory dead—once Lord Moira, more lately Lord Hastings. He was a man of very considerable talents, but had an overmastering degree of vanity of the grossest kind. It followed of course that he was gullible. In fact the propensity was like a ring in his nose into which any rogue might put a string. He had a high reputation for war, but it was after the pettifogging hostilities in America where he had done some clever things. He died, having the credit, or rather having had the credit, to leave more debt than any man since Caesar's time. £1,200,000 is said to be the least. There was a time that I knew him well, and regretted the foibles which mingled with his character, so as to make his noble qualities sometimes questionable, sometimes ridiculous. He was always kind to me. Poor Plantagenet! Young Percival went out to dine at Dalkeith with me.

December 24.—To add to my other grievances I have this day a proper fit of rheumatism in my best knee. I pushed to Abbotsford, however, after the Court rose, though compelled to howl for pain as they helped me out of the carriage.

[*Abbotsford,*] *December* 25.—By dint of abstinence and opodeldoc I passed a better night than I could have hoped for; but took up my lodging in the chapel room, as it is called, for going upstairs was impossible.

To-day I have been a mere wretch. I lay in bed till past eleven, thinking to get rid of the rheumatism; then I walked as far as Turnagain with much pain, and since that time I have just roasted myself like a potato by the fireside in my study, slumbering away my precious time, and unable to keep my eyes open or my mind intent on anything, if I would have given my life for it. I seemed to sleep

[1] The long life of Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, more than fulfilled the hopes and prognostics of his friend. A "true Scots lord," he carried with him to the grave in 1884 the love and respect of his countrymen.

tolerably, too, last night, but I suppose Nature had not her dues properly paid; neither has she for some time.

I saw the filling up of the quarry on the terrace walk, and was pleased. Anne and I dined at Mertoun, as has been my old wont and use as Christmas day comes about. We were late in setting out, and I have rarely seen so dark a night. The mist rolled like volumes of smoke on the road before us.

December 26.—Returned to Abbotsford this morning. I heard it reported that Lord B. is very ill. If that be true it affords ground for hope that Sir John —— is not immortal. Both great bores. But the Earl has something of wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso.

December 27.—Still weak with this wasting illness, but it is clearly going off. Time it should, quoth Sancho. I began my work again, which had slumbered betwixt pain and weakness. In fact I could not write or compose at all.

December 28.—Stuck to my work. Mr. Scrope came to dinner, and remained next day. We were expecting young Percival and his wife, once my favourite and beautiful Nancy M'Leod, and still a very fine woman; but they came not.

In bounced G. T[homson], alarmed by an anonymous letter, which acquainted him that thirty tents full of Catholics were coming to celebrate high mass in the Abbey church; and to consult me on such a precious document he came prancing about seven at night. I hope to get him a kirk before he makes any extraordinary explosion of simplicity.

December 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Percival came to-day. He is son of the late lamented statesman, equally distinguished by talents and integrity. The son is a clever young man, and has read a good deal; pleasant, too, in society; but tampers with phrenology, which is unworthy of his father's son. There is a certain kind of cleverish men, either half educated or cock-brained by nature, who are attached to that same turnipology. I am sorry this gentleman should take such whims—sorry even for his name's sake. Walter and Jane arrived; so our Christmas party thickens. Sir Adam and Colonel Ferguson dined.

December 30.—Wrote and wrought hard, then went out a drive with Mr. and Mrs. Percival; and went round by the lake. If my days of good fortune should ever return I will lay out some pretty rides at Abbotsford.

Last day of an eventful year; much evil and some good; but especially the courage to endure what Fortune sends without becoming a pipe for her fingers.[1]

It is *not* the last day of the year, but to-morrow being Sunday we hold our festival of neighbours to-day instead. The Fergusons came

[1] *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 2.—J. G. L.

en masse, and we had all the usual appliances of mirth and good cheer. Yet our party, like the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, dragged heavily.

Some of the party grow old and infirm; others thought of the absence of the hostess, whose reception of her guests was always kind. We did as well as we could, however.

> "It's useless to murmur and pout—
> There's no good in making ado;
> 'Tis well the old year is out,
> And time to begin a new."

December 31.—It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet on such occasions like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through the diminished ranks of those who remain, while we think of those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining? Or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other?

1827.—JANUARY

January 1.—God make this a happy year to the King and country, and to all honest men!

I went with all our family to-day to dine as usual at the kind house of Huntly Burn; but the same cloud which hung over us on Saturday still had its influence. The effect of grief upon [those] who, like myself and Sir A. F., are highly susceptible of humour, has, I think, been finely touched by Wordsworth in the character of the merry village teacher Matthew, whom Jeffrey profanely calls the hysterical schoolmaster.[1] But, with my friend Jeffrey's pardon, I think he loves to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He does not make allowance for starts and sallies and bounds when Pegasus is beautiful to behold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. Not that I think the amiable bard of Rydal shows judgment in choosing such subjects as the popular mind cannot sympathise in. It is unwise and unjust to himself. I do not compare myself, in point of imagination, with Wordsworth—far from it; for [his] is naturally exquisite, and highly cultivated by constant exercise. But I can see as many castles in the clouds as any man, as many genii in the curling smoke of a steam engine, as perfect a Persepolis in the embers of a sea-coal fire. My life has been spent in such day-dreams. But I cry no roast-meat. There are times a man should remember what Rousseau used to say: *Tais-toi, Jean-Jacques, car on ne t'entend pas!*[2]

January 2.—I had resolved to mark down no more griefs and groans, but I must needs briefly state that I am nailed to my chair like the unhappy Theseus. The rheumatism, exasperated by my sortie of yesterday, has seized on my only serviceable knee—and I am, by Proserpine, motionless as an anvil. Leeches and embrocations are all I have for it. *Diable!* there was a twinge. The Russells and Fergusons here; but I was fairly driven off the pit after dinner, and compelled to retreat to my own bed, there to howl till morning like a dog in his solitary cabin.

January 3.—Mending slowly. Two things are comfortable—1*st*, I lose no good weather out of doors, for the ground is covered with snow; 2*d*, That, by exerting a little stoicism, I can make my illness promote the advance of *Nap*. As I can scarcely stand, however, I

[1] "A half-crazy sentimental person."—*Edin. Rev.* No. xxiii. p. 135.—J. G. L.

[2] Mme. de Boufflers's saying to the author of *Julie*.

am terribly awkward at consulting books, maps, etc. The work grows under my hand, however; vol. vi. [*Napoleon*] will be finished this week, I believe. Russells being still with us, I was able by dint of handing and chairing to get to the dining-room and the drawing-room in the evening.

Talking of Wordsworth, he told Anne and me a story, the object of which was to show that Crabbe had not imagination. He, Sir George Beaumont, and Wordsworth were sitting together in Murray the bookseller's back-room. Sir George, after sealing a letter, blew out the candle, which had enabled him to do so, and, exchanging a look with Wordsworth, began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly arose from the expiring wick, when Crabbe put on the extinguisher. Anne laughed at the instance, and inquired if the taper was wax, and being answered in the negative, seemed to think that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to their admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms. In two other men I should have said "this is affectations,"[1] with Sir Hugh Evans; but Sir George is the man in the world most void of affectation; and then he is an exquisite painter, and no doubt saw where the *incident* would have succeeded in painting. The error is not in you yourself receiving deep impressions from slight hints, but in supposing that precisely the same sort of impression must arise in the mind of men otherwise of kindred feeling, or that the commonplace folks of the world can derive such inductions at any time or under any circumstances.

January 4.—My enemy gained some strength during the watches of the night, but has again succumbed under scalding fomentations of camomile flowers. I still keep my state, for my knee, though it has ceased to pain me, is very feeble. We began to fill the ice-house today. Dine alone—*en famille*, that is, Jane, Anne, Walter, and I. Why, this makes up for *aiches*, as poor John Kemble used to call them. After tea I broke off work, and read my young folks the farce of the *Critic*, and "merry folks were we."

January 5.—I waked, or *aked* if you please, for five or six hours I think, then fevered a little. I am better though, God be thanked, and can now shuffle about and help myself to what I want without ringing every quarter of an hour. It is a fine clear sunny day; I should like to go out, but flannel and poultices cry nay. So I drudge away with the assisting of Pelet, who has a real French head, believing all he desires should be true, and affirming all he wishes should be believed. Skenes (Mr. and Mrs., with Miss Jardine) arrived about six o'clock. Skene very rheumatic, as well as I am.

January 6.—Worked till dusk, but not with much effect; my head and mind not clear somehow. W. Laidlaw at dinner. In the evening read Foote's farce of the *Commissary*, said to have been levelled at

[1] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1.—J. G. L.

Sir Lawrence Dundas; but Sir Lawrence was a man of family. Walter and Jane dined at Mertoun.

January 7.—Wrought till twelve, then sallied and walked with Skene for two miles; home and corrected proofs, and to a large amount. Mr. Scrope and George Thomson dined.

January 8.—Slept well last night in consequence I think of my walk, which I will, God willing, repeat to-day. I wrote some letters too long delayed, and sent off my packets to J. B. Letter from C. Sharpe very pressing. I should employ my interest at Windsor to oppose the alterations on the town of Edinburgh. "One word from you, and all that." I don't think I shall speak that word though. I hate the alterations, that is certain; but then *ne accesseris in consilium nisi vocatus*,—what is the use of my volunteering an opinion? Again, the value of many people's property may depend on this plan going forward. Have I a right from mere views of amenity to interfere with those serious interests? I something doubt it. Then I have always said that I never meddle in such work, and ought I *sotto voce* now to begin it? By my faith I won't; there are enough to state the case besides me.[1]

The young Duke of B. came in to bid us good-by, as he is going off to England. God bless him! He is a hawk of a good nest. Afterwards I walked to the Welsh pool, Skene declining to go, for I

> "—— not over stout of limb,
> Seem stronger of the two."

January 9.—This morning received the long-expected news of the Duke of York's death.[2] I am sorry both on public and private accounts. His R.H. was, while he occupied the situation of next in the royal succession, a *Breakwater* behind the throne. I fear his brother of Clarence's opinions may be different, and that he will hoist a standard under which will rendezvous men of desperate hopes and evil designs. I am sorry, too, on my own account. The Duke of York was uniformly kind to me, and though I never tasked his friendship deeply, yet I find a powerful friend is gone. His virtues were honour, good sense, integrity; and by exertion of these qualities he raised the British army from a very low ebb to be the pride and dread of Europe. His errors were those of a sanguine and social temper; he could not resist the temptation of deep play, which was fatally allied with a disposition to the bottle. This last is incident to his complaint,

[1] Mr. Sharpe was doing what he could by voice and pen to prevent the destruction of many historic buildings in Edinburgh, which the craze for "improvements" caused at this time. St. Giles' Church was unfortunately left to its fate. Witness its external condition at the present day!

The immediate cause of Mr. Sharpe's letter was a hint to him from the Court, "that one person is all-powerful in everything regarding Scotland, I mean Sir W. S." This was not the only appeal made to Scott to interpose, and that he had done so at least in one case effectually may be seen by referring to Sharpe's *Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 380, 388, 389.

[2] Scott sent a biographical notice of the Duke of York to the *Weekly Journal* on this day. It is now included in the *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. iv. pp. 400–416.

which vinous influence soothes for the time, while it insidiously increases it in the end.

Here blows a gale of wind. I was to go to Galashiels to settle some foolish lawsuit, and afterwards to have been with Mr. Kerr of Kippilaw to treat about a march-dike. I shall content myself with the first duty, for this day does not suit Bowden-moor.

Went over to Galashiels like the devil in a gale of wind, and found a writer contesting with half-a-dozen unwashed artificers the possession of a piece of ground the size and shape of a three-cornered pocket-handkerchief. Tried to "gar them gree," and if I succeed, I shall think I deserve something better than the *touch of rheumatism*, which is like to be my only reward.

Scotts of Harden and John Pringle of Clifton dined, and we got on very well.

January 10.—Enter rheumatism, and takes me by the knee. So much for playing the peacemaker in a shower of rain. Nothing for it but patience, cataplasm of camomile, and labour in my own room the whole day till dinner-time—then company and reading in the evening.

January 11.—Ditto repeated. I should have thought I would have made more of these solitary days than I find I can do. A morning, or two or three hours before dinner, have often done more efficient work than six or seven of these hours of languor, I cannot say of illness, can produce. A bow that is slackly strung will never send an arrow very far. Heavy snow. We are engaged at Mr. Scrope's, but I think I shall not be able to go. I remained at home accordingly, and, having nothing else to do, worked hard and effectively. I believe my sluggishness was partly owing to the gnawing rheumatic pain in my knee, for after all I am of opinion pain is an evil, let Stoics say what they will. Thank God, it is an evil which is mending with me.

January 12.—All this day occupied with camomile poultices and pen and ink. It is now four o'clock, and I have written yesterday and to-day ten of my pages—that is, one-tenth of one of these large volumes—moreover, I have corrected three proof-sheets. I wish it may not prove fool's haste, yet I take as much pains too as is in my nature.

January 13.—The Fergusons, with my neighbours Mr. Scrope and Mr. Bainbridge and young Hume, eat a haunch of venison from Drummond Castle, and seemed happy. We had music and a little dancing, and enjoyed in others the buoyancy of spirit that we no longer possess ourselves. Yet I do not think the young people of this age so gay as we were. There is a turn for persiflage, a fear of ridicule among them, which stifles the honest emotions of gaiety and lightness of spirit; and people, when they give in the least to the expansion of their natural feelings, are always kept under by the fear of becoming ludicrous. To restrain your feelings and check your en-

thusiasm in the cause even of pleasure is now a rule among people of fashion, as much as it used to be among philosophers.

January 14.—Well—my holidays are out—and I may count my gains and losses as honest Robinson Crusoe used to balance his accounts of good and evil.

I have not been able, during three weeks, to stir above once or twice from the house. But then I have executed a great deal of work, which would be otherwise unfinished.

Again I have sustained long and sleepless nights and much pain. True; but no one is the worse of the thoughts which arise in the watches of the night; and for pain, the complaint which brought on this rheumatism was not so painful perhaps, but was infinitely more disagreeable and depressing.

Something there has been of dulness in our little reunions of society which did not use to cloud them. But I have seen all my own old and kind friends, with my dear children (Charles alone excepted); and if we did not rejoice with perfect joy, it was overshadowed from the same sense of regret.

Again, this new disorder seems a presage of the advance of age with its infirmities. But age is but the cypress avenue which terminates in the tomb, where the weary are at rest.

I have been putting my things to rights to go off to-morrow. Though I always wonder why it should be so, I feel a dislike to order and to task-work of all kinds—a predominating foible in my disposition. I do not mean that it influences me in morals; for even in youth I had a disgust at gross irregularities of any kind, and such as I ran into were more from compliance with others and a sort of false shame, than any pleasure I sought or found in dissipation. But what I mean is a detestation of precise order in petty matters—in reading or answering letters, in keeping my papers arranged and in order, and so on. Weber, and then Gordon, used to keep my things in some order—now they are verging to utter confusion. And then I have let my cash run ahead since I came from the Continent—I must slump the matter as I can.

[*Shandwick Place,*] *January* 15.—Off we came, and despite of rheumatism I got through the journey comfortably. Greeted on my arrival by a number of small accounts whistling like grape-shot; they are of no great avail, and incurred, I see, chiefly during the time of illness. But I believe it will take me some hard work till I pay them, and how to get the time to work? It will be hard purchased if, as I think not unlikely, this bitch of a rheumatism should once more pin me to my chair. Coming through Galashiels, we met the Laird of Torwoodlee, who, on hearing how long I had been confined, asked how I bore it, observing that he had once in his life (Torwoodlee must be between sixty and seventy) been confined for five days to the house, and was like to hang himself. I regret God's free air as much as any man, but I could amuse myself were it in the Bastile.

January 16.—Went to Court, and returned through a curious atmosphere, half mist, half rain, famous for rheumatic joints. Yet I felt no increase of my plaguey malady, but, on the contrary, am rather better. I had need, otherwise a pair of crutches for life were my prettiest help.

Walter dined with us to-day, Jane remaining with her mother. The good affectionate creatures leave us to-morrow. God send them a quick passage through the Irish Channel! They go to Gort, where Walter's troop is lying—a long journey for winter days.

January 17.—Another proper day of mist, sleet, and rain, through which I navigated homeward. I imagine the distance to be a mile and a half. It is a good thing to secure as much exercise.

I observed in the papers my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. The translation of Juvenal is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Maeviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancour against those who had preceded him in the task, but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment.

This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health, for he was very valetudinary, and realised two verses, wherein he says fortune assigned him—

> "——One eye not over good,
> Two sides that to their cost have stood
> A ten years' hectic cough,
> Aches, stitches, all the various ills
> That swell the dev'lish doctor's bills,
> And sweep poor mortals off."

But he might also justly claim, as his gift, the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza—

> "——A soul
> That spurns the crowd's malign control,
> A firm contempt of wrong:
> Spirits above afflictions' power,
> And skill to soothe the lingering hour
> With no inglorious song."[1]

January 18.—To go on with my subject—Gifford was a little man,

[1] Gifford's *Mæviad*, 12mo, Lond. 1797; Ode to Rev. John Ireland, slightly altered.

dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr. Wolcot, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirising him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack, but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. Gifford had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this.[1]

This is another vile day of darkness and rain, with a heavy yellow mist that might become Charing Cross—one of the benefits of our extended city; for that in our atmosphere was unknown till the extent of the buildings below Queen Street. M'Culloch of Ardwell called.

Wrought chiefly on a critique of Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novels,[2] and proofs.

January 19.—Uncle Adam,[3] *vide Inheritance*, who retired last year from an official situation at the age of eighty-four, although subject to fits of giddiness, and although carefully watched by his accomplished daughter, is still in the habit of walking by himself if he can by possibility make an escape. The other day, in one of these excursions, he fell against a lamp-post, cut himself much, bled a good deal, and was carried home by two gentlemen. What said old Rugged-and-Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing could have befallen him, for the bleeding was exactly the remedy for his disorder.

"Lo! stout hearts of men!"

Called on said "uncle," also on David Hume, Lord Chief-Commissioner, Will Clerk, Mrs. Jobson, and others. My knee made no allowance for my politeness, but has begun to swell again, and to burn like a scorpion's bite.

January 20.—Scarce slept all night; scarce able to stand or move this morning; almost an absolute fixture.

"A sleepless knight,
A weary knight,
God be the guide."[4]

[1] William Gifford, editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* in 1797, and the *Quarterly* from 1809 to 1824. His political opponent, Leigh Hunt, wrote of him in 1812:—

"William Gifford's a name, I think, pretty well known.
Oh! now I remember," said Phœbus;—"ah true—
My thanks to that name are undoubtedly due.
The rod that got rid of the Cruscas and Lauras,
That plague of the butterflies saved me the horrors,
The Juvenal too stops a gap in my shelf,
At least in what Dryden has not done himself,
And there's something which even distaste must respect
In the self-taught example that conquered neglect."
—*Feast of the Poets.*

[2] See *Miscell. Prose Works*, vol. iv. pp. 120–70.

[3] James Ferrier, Esq.—See p. 103, February 3, 1826.

[4] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*; a parody on Helena's

"O weary night
O long and tedious night."

This is at the Court a blank day, being that of the poor Duke of York's funeral. I can sit at home, luckily, and fag hard.

And so I have, pretty well; six leaves written, and four or five proof-sheets corrected. Cadell came to breakfast, and proposes an eighth volume for *Napoleon*. I told him he might write to Longman for their opinion. Seven is an awkward number, and will extremely cramp the work. Eight, too, would go into six octavos, should it ever be called for in that shape. But it shall be as they list to have it.

January 21.—A long day of some pain relieved by labour. Dr. Ross came in and recommended some stuff, which did little good. I would like ill to lose the use of my precious limbs. Meanwhile, Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.

Missie dined with us to-day—an honest Scotch lass, ladylike and frank. I finished about six leaves, doing indeed little else.

January 22.—Work, varied with camomile; we get on, though. A visit from Basil Hall, with Mr. Audubon the ornithologist, who has followed that pursuit by many a long wandering in the American forests. He is an American by naturalisation, a Frenchman by birth;[1] but less of a Frenchman than I have ever seen—no dash, or glimmer, or shine about him, but great simplicity of manners and behaviour; slight in person, and plainly dressed; wears long hair, which time has not yet tinged; his countenance acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic. I wish I had gone to see his drawings; but I had heard so much about them that I resolved not to see them—"a crazy way of mine, your honour."—Five more leaves finished.

January 23.—I have got a piece of armour, a knee-cap of chamois leather, which I think does my unlucky rheumatism some good. I begin, too, to sleep at night, which is a great comfort. Spent this day completely in labour; only betwixt dinner and tea, while husbanding a tumbler of whisky and water, I read the new novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*[2]—part of it, that is.

January 24.—Visit from Mr. Audubon, who brings some of his birds. The drawings are of the first order—the attitudes of the birds of the most animated character, and the situations appropriate; one of a snake attacking a bird's nest, while the birds (the parents) peck at the reptile's eyes—they usually, in the long-run, destroy him,

[1] John James Audubon was born in Lousiana in the United States in 1780, but educated in France.—Buchanan's *Life of Audubon*, p. 4.

[2] Written by Mrs. J. Johnstone, in after years editor of *Tait's Magazine*, well known also as the author of *Meg Dods' Cookery Book*, which Sir Walter refers to in *St. Ronan's Well*. Her sense of humour and power of delineating character are shown in her stories and sketches in *Tait*, and a good example of her ready wit has been told by Mr. Alexander Russell, editor of the *Scotsman*. On a visit to Altrive Mrs. Johnstone and her party were kindly received by the Ettrick Shepherd, who did the honours of the district, and among other places took them to a Fairy Well, from which he drew a glass of sparkling water. Handing it to the lady the bard of Kilmeny said, "Hae, Mrs. Johnstone, ony merrit wumman wha drinks a tumbler of this will hae twuns in a twalmont'!" "In that case, Mr. Hogg," replied the lady, "I shall only take half a tumbler."

Mrs. Johnstone died in Edinburgh in 1857.

says the naturalist. The feathers of these gay little sylphs, most of them from the Southern States, are most brilliant, and are represented with what, were it [not] connected with so much spirit in the attitude, I would call a laborious degree of execution. This extreme correctness is of the utmost consequence to the naturalist, [but] as I think (having no knowledge of *virtu*), rather gives a stiffness to the drawings. This sojourner in the desert had been in the woods for months together. He preferred associating with the Indians to the company of the Back Settlers; very justly, I daresay, for a civilised man of the lower order—that is, the dregs of civilisation—when thrust back on the savage state becomes worse than a savage. They are Wordsworth's adventurer,

> "Deliberate and undeceived
> The wild men's vices who received,
> And gave them back his own."[1]

The Indians, he says, are dying fast; they seem to pine and die whenever the white population approaches them. The Shawanese, who amounted, Mr. Audubon says, to some thousands within his memory, are almost extinct, and so are various other tribes. Mr. Audubon could never hear any tradition about the mammoth, though he made anxious inquiries. He gives no countenance to the idea that the Red Indians were ever a more civilised people than at this day, or that a more civilised people had preceded them in North America. He refers the bricks, etc., occasionally found, and appealed to in support of this opinion, to the earlier settlers,—or, where kettles and other utensils may have been found, to the early trade between the Indians and the Spaniards.

John Russell[2] and Leonard Horner[3] came to consult me about the propriety and possibility of retaining the northern pronunciation of the Latin in the new Edinburgh Academy.[4] I will think of it until to-morrow, being no great judge. We had our solitary dinner; indeed, it is only remarkable nowadays when we have a guest.

January 25.—Thought during the watches of the night and a part of the morning about the question of Latin pronunciation, and came to the following conclusions. That the mode of pronunciation approved by Buchanan and by Milton, and practised by all nations, excepting the English, assimilated in sound, too, to the Spanish, Italian, and other languages derived from the Latin, is certainly the

[1] Slightly varied from the lines in *Ruth*,—Poems, vol. ii. p. 112, Edinburgh, 1836.

[2] John Russell (a grandson of Principal Robertson), long Chief Clerk in the Jury Court, and Treasurer to the Royal Society and the Edinburgh Academy. He took a keen interest in education, and published in October, 1855, some curious *Statistics of a Class* [Christison's] *in the High School* [of Edinburgh] from 1787 to 1791, of which he had been a member. Mr. Russell died on January 30, 1862.

[3] Leonard Horner, editor in after years of the Memoirs of his brother Francis (2 vols. 8vo, London, 1843). He died in 1864.

[4] See *Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of the Edinburgh Academy on the Pronunciation of Latin*, Edin. 1827. Sir Walter always took a warm interest in the school. His speech as Chairman at the opening ceremony, on the 1st October, 1824, is quoted in the *Life*, vol. vii. p. 268.

best, and is likewise useful as facilitating the acquisition of sounds which the Englishman attemps in vain. Accordingly I wish the cockneyfied pedant who first disturbed it by reading *Emo* for *Amo*, and *quy* for *qui*, had choked in the attempt. But the question is, whether a youth who has been taught in a manner different from that used all over England will be heard, if he presumes to use his Latin at the bar or the senate; and if he is to be unintelligible or ludicrous, the question [arises] whether his education is not imperfect under one important view. I am very unwilling to sacrifice our *sumpsimus* to their old *mumpsimus*—still more to humble ourselves before the Saxons while we can keep an inch of the Scottish flag flying. But this is a question which must be decided not on partialities or prejudices.

I got early from the Court to-day, and settled myself to work hard.

January 26.—My rheumatism is almost gone. I can walk without Major Weir, which is the name Anne gives my cane, because it is so often out of the way that it is suspected, like the staff of that famous wizard,[1] to be capable of locomotion. Went to Court, and tarried till three o'clock, after which transacted business with Mr. Gibson and Dr. Inglis as one of Miss Hume's trustees. Then was introduced to young Mr. Rennie,[2] or he to me, by [Sir] James Hall, a genteel-looking young man, and speaks well. He was called into public notice by having, many years before, made a draught of a plan of his father's for London Bridge. It was sought for when the building was really about to take place, and the assistance which young Mr. Rennie gave to render it useful raised his character so high, that his brother and he are now in first-rate practice as civil engineers.

January 27.—Read *Elizabeth de Bruce*; it is very clever, but does not show much originality. The characters, though very entertaining, are in the manner of other authors, and the finished and filled-up portraits of which the sketches are to be found elsewhere. One is too apt to feel on such occasions the pettish resentment that you might entertain against one who had poached on your manor. But the case is quite different, and a claim set up on having been the first who betook himself to the illustration of some particular class of character, or department of life, is no more a right of monopoly than that asserted by the old buccaneers by setting up a wooden cross, and killing an Indian or two on some new discovered island. If they can make anything of their first discovery, the better luck theirs; if not, let others come, penetrate further into the country, write descriptions, make drawings or settlements at their pleasure.

We were kept in Parliament House till three. Called to return thanks to Mr. Menzies of Pitfoddels, who lent some pamphlets about

[1] Burnt at Edinburgh in 1670.—See Arnot's *Crim. Trials*. 4to, Edin. 1785.

[2] Afterwards Sir John Rennie, knighted on the completion of the Bridge.

the unhappy Duke d'Enghien. Read in the evening *Boutourlin* and *Ségur*, to prepare for my Russian campaign.

January 28.—Continued my reading with the commentary of the D. of W.[1] If his broad shoulders cannot carry me through, the devil must be in the dice. Longman and Company agree to the eight volumes. It will make the value of the book more than £12,000. Wrought indifferent hard.

January 29.—Mr. Gibson breakfasted with Dr. Marshman,[2] the head of the missionaries at Serampore, a great Oriental scholar. He is a thin, dark-featured, middle-sized man, about fifty or upwards, his eye acute, his hair just beginning to have a touch of the grey. He spoke well and sensibly, and seemed liberal in his ideas. He was clearly of opinion that general information must go hand in hand, or even ought to precede religious instruction. Thinks the influence of European manners is gradually making changes in India. The natives, so far as their religion will allow them, are become fond of Europeans, and invite them to their great festivals. He has a conceit that the Afghans are the remains of the Ten Tribes. I cannot find he has a better reason than their own tradition, which calls them Ben-Israel, and says they are not Ben-Judah. They have Jewish rites and ceremonies, but so have all Mahometans; neither could I understand that their language has anything peculiar. The worship of Bhoodah he conceives to have [been] an original, or rather the original, of Hindu religion, until the Brahmins introduced the doctrines respecting caste and other peculiarities. But it would require strong proof to show that the superstition of caste could be introduced into a country which had been long peopled, and where society had long existed without such restriction. It is more like to be adopted in the early history of a tribe, when there are but few individuals, the descent of whom is accurately preserved. How could the castes be distinguished or *told off* in a populous nation? Dr. Marshman was an old friend of poor John Leyden.

January 30.—Blank day at Court, being the Martyrdom. Wrought hard at *Bon.* all day, though I had settled otherwise. I ought to have been at an article for John Lockhart, and one for poor Gillies; but there is something irresistible in contradiction, even when it consists in doing a thing equally laborious, but not the thing you are especially called upon to do. It is a kind of cheating the devil, which a self-willed monster like me is particularly addicted to. Not to make myself worse than I am though, I was full of information about the Russian campaign, which might evaporate unless used, like lime, as soon after it was wrought up as possible. About three, Pitfoddels called. A bauld crack that auld papist body, and well informed. We got on religion. He is very angry with the Irish demagogues, and a

[1] See *ante*, p. 201, and *post*, p. 234.

[2] Dr. Marshman died in 1837. See Marshman's *Lives of Carey, Marshman, and Ward*. London, 2 vols. 8vo, 1859.

sound well-thinking man.[1] Heard of Walter and Jane; all well, God be praised!

By a letter from Gibson I see the gross proceeds of *Bonaparte*, at eight volumes, are £12,600 0 0
Discount, five months..... 210 0 0

£12,390 0 0

I question if more was ever made by a single work, or by a single author's labours, in the same time. But whether it is deserved or not is the question.

January 31.—Young Murray, son of Mr. M., in Albemarle Street, breakfasted with me. English boys have this advantage, that they are well-bred, and can converse when ours are regular-built cubs. I am not sure if it is an advantage in the long-run. It is a temptation to premature display.

Wet to the skin coming from the Court. Called on Skene, to give him, for the Antiquarian Society, a heart, human apparently, stuck full of pins. It was found lying opposite to the threshold of an old tenement in [Dalkeith], a little below the surface; it is in perfect preservation. Dined at the Bannatyne Club, where I am chairman. We admitted a batch of new members, chiefly noblemen and men connected with the public offices and records in London, such as Palgrave, Petrie, etc. We drank to our old Scottish heroes, poets, historians, and printers, and were funny enough, though, like Shylock, I had no will to go abroad. I was supported by Lord Minto and Lord Eldin.

[1] John Menzies of Pitfoddels, the last of an old Aberdeenshire family, of whom it was said that for thirty-seven years he never became aware of distress or difficulty without exerting himself to relieve it. In 1828 he gave the estate of Blairs, near Aberdeen, for the foundation of the Roman Catholic College established there, and was also a munificent benefactor to the Convent of St. Margaret, Edinburgh, opened in 1835. Mr. Menzies died in 1843.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—I feel a return of the cursed rheumatism. How could it miss, with my wetting? Also feverish, and a slight headache. So much for claret and champagne. I begin to be quite unfit for a good fellow. Like Mother Cole in the *Minor*, a thimbleful upsets me,[1]—I mean, annoys my stomach, for my brains do not suffer. Well, I have had my time of these merry doings.

> "The haunch of the deer, and the wine's red dye,
> Never bard loved them better than I."

But it was for the sake of sociality; never either for the flask or the venison. That must end—is ended. The evening sky of life does not reflect those brilliant flashes of light that shot across its morning and noon. Yet I thank God it is neither gloomy nor disconsolately lowering; a sober twilight—that is all.

I am in great hopes that the Bannatyne Club, by the assistance of Thomson's wisdom, industry, and accuracy, will be something far superior to the Dilettanti model on which it started. The *Historie of K. James VI.*, *Melville's Memoirs*, and other works, executed or in hand, are decided boons to Scottish history and literature.

February 2.—In confirmation of that which is above stated, I see in Thorpe's sale-catalogue a set of the Bannatyne books, lacking five, priced £25. Had a dry walk from the Court by way of dainty, and made it a long one. Anne went at night to Lady Minto's.

Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she had a party at dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, and sometimes with rather a free turn in conversation, when she let her wit run wild. But she was a woman of much wit, and had a feeling and kind heart. She made her point good, a *bas-bleu* in London to a point not easily attained, and contrived to have every evening a very good literary *mêlée*, and little dinners which were very entertaining. She had also the newest lions upon town. In a word, she was not and would not be forgotten, even when disease obliged her, as it did for years, to confine herself to her couch; and the world, much abused for hard-heartedness, was kind in her case—so she lived in the society she liked.

[1] Foote's Comedy, Act I. Sc. 1.

No great expenditure was necessary for this. She had an easy fortune, but not more. Poor Lydia! I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them.[1]

"The view o't gave them little fright."[2]

Did not get quite a day's work finished to-day, thanks to my walk.

February 3.—There is nought but care on every hand. James Hogg writes that he is to lose his farm,[3] on which he laid out, or rather threw away, the profit of all his publications.

Then Terry has been pressed by Gibson for my debt to him. That I may get managed.

I sometimes doubt if I am in what the good people call the right way. Not to sing my own praises, I have been willing always to do my friends what good was in my power, and have not shunned personal responsibility. But then that was in money matters, to which I am naturally indifferent, unless when the consequences press on me. But then I am a bad comforter in case of inevitable calamity; and feeling proudly able to endure in my own case, I cannot sympathise with those whose nerves are of a feebler texture.

Dined at Jeffrey's, with Lord and Lady Minto, John Murray and his lady,[4] a Mr. Featherstone, an Americo-Yorkshireman, and some others. Mrs. Murray is a very amiable person, and seems highly accomplished; plays most brilliantly.

February 4.—R.R. These two letters, you must understand, do not signify, as in Bibliomania phrase, a double degree of rarity, but, chirurgically, a double degree of rheumatism. The wine gets to weak places, Ross says. I have a letter from no less a person than that pink of booksellers, Sir Richard Phillips, who, it seems, has been ruined, and as he sees me floating down the same dark tide, sings out his *nos poma natamus*.

February 5.—R. One R. will do to-day. If this cursed rheumatism gives way to February weather, I will allow she has some right to be called a spring month, to which otherwise her pretensions are slender. I worked this morning till two o'clock, and visited Mr. Grant's[5] pict-

[1] Scott, who had accompanied this lady to the Highlands in the summer of 1808, wrote from Edinburgh on 19th January:—"We have here a very diverting lion and sundry wild beasts; but the most meritorious is Miss Lydia White, who is what Oxonians call a lioness of the first order, with stockings nineteen times dyed blue; very lively, very good-humoured, and extremely absurd. It is very diverting to see the sober Scotch ladies staring at this phenomenon."—*Life*, vol. iii. pp. 38, 95, 96.

[2] Burns's "Twa Dogs."—J. G. L.

[3] Mount Benger.

[4] John Archibald Murray, whose capital bachelors' dinner on Dec. 8 Scott so pleasantly describes (on page 210), had married in the interval Miss Rigby, a Lancashire lady, who was long known in Edinburgh for her hospitality and fine social qualities as Lady Murray. (See page 247, April 2, 1827.) Miss Martineau celebrated her parliamentary Tea-Table in London, when her husband was Lord Advocate, and Lord Cockburn, the delights of Strachur on Loch Fyne.

[5] Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Grant became a member of the Scottish Academy in 1830, an associate of Royal Academy in 1842, and Academician in 1851. His successful career as a painter secured his elevation to the Presidentship of the Academy in 1866. Sir Francis died at Melton-Mowbray in October, 1878, aged 75.

ures, who has them upon sale. They seem, to my inexperienced eye, genuine, or at least, good paintings. But I fear picture-buying, like horse-jockeyship, is a profession a gentleman cannot make much of without laying aside some of his attributes. The pictures are too high-priced, I should think, for this market. There is a very knowing catalogue by Frank Grant himself. Next went to see a show of wild beasts; it was a fine one. I think they keep them much cleaner than formerly, when the strong smell generally gave me a headache for the day. The creatures are also much tamer, which I impute to more knowledge of their habits and kind treatment. A lion and tigress went through their exercise like poodles—jumping, standing, and lying down at the word of command. This is rather degrading. I would have the Lord Chancellor of Beasts good-humoured, not jocose. I treated the elephant, who was a noble fellow, to a shilling's worth of cakes. I wish I could have enlarged the space in which so much bulk and wisdom is confined. He kept swinging his head from side to side, looking as if he marvelled why all the fools that gaped at him were at liberty, and he cooped up in the cage.

Dined at the Royal Society Club—about thirty present. Went to the Society in the evening, and heard an essay by Peter Tytler[1] on the first encourager of Greek learning in England.[2]

February 6.—Was at our Court till two; afterwards wrote a good deal, which has become a habit with me. Dined at Sir John Hay's, where met the Advocate and a pleasant party. There had been a Justiciary trial yesterday, in which something curious had occurred. A woman of rather the better class, a farmer's wife, had been tried on the 5th for poisoning her maid-servant. There seems to have been little doubt of her guilt, but the motive was peculiar. The unfortunate girl had an intrigue with her son, which this Mrs. Smith (I think that is the name) was desirous to conceal, from some ill-advised puritanic notions, and also for fear of her husband. She could find no better way of hiding the shame than giving the girl (with her own knowledge and consent, I believe) potions to cause abortion, which she afterwards changed for arsenic, as the more effectual silencing medicine. In the course of the trial one of the jury fell down in an epileptic fit, and on his recovery was far too much disordered to permit the trial to proceed. With only fourteen jurymen it was impossible to go on. But the Advocate, Sir William

[1] Patrick Fraser Tytler, the Scottish historian. He died on Christmas-day, 1849, aged fifty-eight.—See Burgon's *Memoirs*, 8vo, Lond. 1859.

[2] Audubon says in his Journal of the same date:—"Captain Hall led me to a seat immediately opposite to Sir Walter Scott, the President, where I had a perfect view of the great man, and studied Nature from Nature's noblest work."

The publication of Audubon's great work, *The Birds of America*, commenced in 1827, and was completed in 1839, forming 4 vols. in the largest folio size, and containing 435 plates. It shows the indomitable courage of the author, that even when the work was completed, he had only 161 subscribers, 82 of whom were in America. The price of the book was two guineas for each part with five coloured plates. During the last dozen years its price at auctions runs about £250 to £300. Audubon died in New York in 1851.—See *Life*, by Buchanan, 8vo, London, 1866.

Rae, says she shall be tried anew, since she has not tholed an assize. *Sic Paulus ait—et recte quidem.* But, having been half tried, I think she should have some benefit of it, as far as saving her life, if convicted on the second indictment. The Advocate declares, however, she shall be hanged, as certainly she deserves. But it looks something like hanging up a man who has been recovered by the surgeons, which has always been accounted harsh justice.

February 7.—Wrote six leaves to-day, and am tired—that's all.

February 8.—I lost much time to-day. I got from the Court about half-past twelve, therefore might have reckoned on four hours, or three at least, before dinner. But I had to call on Dr. Shortt at two, which made me lounge till that hour came. Then I missed him, and, too tired to return, went to see the exhibition, where Skene was hanging up the pictures, and would not let me in. Then to the Oil Gas Company, who propose to send up counsel to support their new bill. As I thought the choice unadvisedly made, I fairly opposed the mission, which, I suppose, will give much offence; but I have no notion of being shamefaced in doing my duty, and I do not think I should permit forward persons to press into situations for which their vanity alone renders them competent. Had many proof-sheets to correct in the evening.

February 9.—We had a long day of it at Court, but I whipped you off half-a-dozen of letters, for, as my cases stood last on the roll, I could do what I liked in the interim. This carried me on till two o'clock. Called on Baron Hume, and found him, as usual, in high spirits, notwithstanding his late illness. Then crept home—my rheumatism much better, though. Corrected lives of Lord Somerville and the King [George III.][1] for the Prose Works, which took a long time; but I had the whole evening to myself, as Anne dined with the Swintons, and went to a ball at the Justice-Clerk's. *N.B.*—It is the first and only ball which has been given this season—a sign the times are pinching.

February 10.—I got a present of Lord Francis Gower's printed but unpublished *Tale of the Mill.*[2] It is a fine tale of terror in itself, and very happily brought out. He has certainly a true taste for poetry. I do not know why, but from my childhood I have seen something fearful, or melancholy at least, about a mill. Whether I had been frightened at the machinery when very young, of which I think I have some shadowy recollection—whether I had heard the stories of the miller of Thirlestane[3] and similar molendinar tragedies, I cannot tell; but not even recollection of the Lass of Patie's Mill, or the Miller of Mansfield, or he who "dwelt on the river Dee," have ever got over my inclination to connect gloom with a mill, especially when

[1] Biographical Notices had been sent to the *Weekly Journal* in 1826, and are now included in the *Miscell. Prose Works*, vol. iv. pp. 322–342.

[2] Afterwards included in *The Pilgrimage and other Poems*, Lond. 1856.

[3] See Craig Brown's *Selkirkshire*, vol. i. pp. 285–86.

sun is setting. So I entered into the spirit of the terror with which Lord Francis has invested his haunted spot. I dine with the Solicitor to-day, so *quoad* labour 'tis a blank. But then to-morrow is a new day.

"To-morrow to fresh meads and pastures new."[1]

February 11.—Wrought a good deal in the morning, and landed Boney at Smolensk. But I have him to bring off again; and, moreover, I must collate the authorities on the movements of the secondary armies of Witgenstein and the Admiral with the break-tooth name. Dined with Lord Minto, where I met Thomson, Cranstoun, and other gay folks. These dinner parties narrow my working hours; yet they must sometimes be, or one would fall out of the line of society, and go to leeward entirely, which is not right to venture. This is the high time for parties in Edinburgh; no wonder one cannot keep clear.

February 12.—I was obliged to read instead of writing, and the infernal Russian names, which everybody spells *ad libitum*, makes it difficult to trace the operations on a better map than mine. I called to-day on Dr. Shortt, principal surgeon at Saint Helena, and who presided at the opening of Bonaparte's body. He mentions as certain the falsehood of a number of the assertions concerning his usage, the unhealthy state of the island, and so forth. I have jotted down his evidence elsewhere. I could not write when I came home. Nervous a little, I think, and not yet up to the motions of Tchitchagoff, as I must be before I can write. Will [Clerk] and Sir A. Ferguson dine here to-day—the first time any one has had that honour for long enough, unless at Abbotsford. The good Lord Chief-Commissioner invited himself, and I asked his son, Admiral Adam. Col. Ferguson is of the party.

February 13.—The dining parties come thick, and interfere with work extremely. I am, however, beforehand very far. Yet, as James B. says—the tortoise comes up with the hare. So Puss must make a new start; but not this week. Went to see the exhibition—certainly a good one for Scotland—and less trash than I have seen at Somerset-House (begging pardon of the pockpuddings). There is a beautiful thing by Landseer—a Highlander and two stag-hounds engaged with a deer. Very spirited, indeed. I forgot my rheumatism, and could have wished myself of the party. There were many fine folks, and there was a collation, chocolate, and so forth. We dine at Sir H. Jardine's, with Lord Ch.-Com., Lord Chief-Baron, etc.

February 14.—"Death's gi'en the art an unco devel."[2] Sir George Beaumont's dead; by far the most sensible and pleasing man I ever knew; kind, too, in his nature, and generous; gentle in society, and

[1] Milton's *Lycidas*, varied.

[2] "Death's gi'en the Lodge an unco devel,
Tain Samson's dead."
Burns.—J. G. L.

of those mild manners which tend to soften the causticity of the general London [tone] of persiflage and personal satire. As an amateur, he was a painter of the very highest rank. Though I know nothing of the matter, yet I should hold him a perfect critic on painting, for he always made his criticisms intelligible, and used no slang. I am very sorry, as much as is in my nature to be, for one whom I could see but seldom. He was the great friend of Wordsworth, and understood his poetry, which is a rare thing, for it is more easy to see his peculiarities than to feel his great merit, or follow his abstract ideas. I dined to-day at Lord Ch.-Commissioner's—Lord Minto, and Lord Ch.-Baron, also Harden. Little done to-day.

February 15.—Rheumatism returns with the snow. I had thoughts of going to Abbotsford on Saturday, but if this lasts, it will not do; and, sooth to speak, it ought not to do; though it would do me much pleasure if it would do.

I have a letter from Baron Von Goethe,[1] which I must have read to me; for though I know German, I have forgot their written hand. I make it a rule seldom to read, and never to answer, foreign letters from literary folks. It leads to nothing but the battle-dore and shuttle-cock intercourse of compliments, as light as cork and feathers. But Goethe is different, and a wonderful fellow, the Ariosto at once, and almost the Voltaire of Germany. Who could have told me thirty years ago I should correspond, and be on something like an equal footing, with the author of *Goetz*? Ay, and who could have told me fifty things else that have befallen me?[2]

[1] For letter and reply see *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 92, 98.

[2] Sir Walter at this date returned the valuable MSS. lent him by the Duke of Wellington in Nov. 1826 (see *ante*, p. 200) with the following letter:—

"Edinburgh, 15*th February* 1827.

"My dear Lord Duke,—The two manuscripts safely packed leave this by post to-day, as I am informed your Grace's franks carry any weight. * * *

"I have been reading with equal instruction and pleasure the memoir on the Russian campaign, which demonstrates as plainly as possible that the French writers have taken advantage of the snow to cover under it all their General's blunders, and impute to it all their losses. This I observe is Bonaparte's general practice, and that of his admirers. Whenever they can charge anything upon the elements or upon accident, he and they combine in denying all bravery and all wisdom to their enemies. The conduct of Kutusow on more than one occasion in the retreat seems to have been singularly cautious, or rather timorous. For it is impossible to give credit to the immense superiority claimed by Ségur, Beauchamp, etc., for the French troops over the Russians. Surely they were the same Russians who had fought so bravely against superior force, and how should the twentieth part of the French army have been able to clear their way without cavalry or artillery in a great measure? and it seems natural to suppose that we must impute to tardy and inactive conduct on the part of their General what we cannot account for on the idea of the extremely superior valour or discipline claimed for the French soldiers by their country. The snow seems to have become serious on the 6th November, when Napoleon was within two marches of Smolensk, which he soon after reached, and by that time it appears to me that his army was already mouldered away from 100,000 men who left Moscow, to about 35,000 only, so that his great loss was incurred before the snow began.

"I am afraid your Grace has done me an unparalleled injury in one respect, that the clearness, justice, and precision of your Grace's reasoning puts me out of all patience with my own attempts. I dare hardly hope in this increase of business for a note or two on Waterloo; but if your Grace had any, however hasty, which could be copied by a secretary, the debt would be never to be forgotten.

"I am going to mention a circumstance, which I do with great apprehension, lest I should be thought to intrude upon your Grace's goodness. It respects a youth, the son of one of my most intimate friends, a gentleman of good family and fortune, who is extremely desirous of being admitted a cadet of artillery. His father is the best draughtsman in Scotland, and the lad himself shows a great deal of talent both in science and the ordinary branches of

February 16.—R. Still snow; and, alas! no time for work, so hard am I fagged by the Court and the good company of Edinburgh. I almost wish my rheumatics were bad enough to give me an apology for staying a week at home. But we have Sunday and Monday clear. If not better, I will cribb off Tuesday; and Wednesday is Teind day. We dined to-day with Mr. Borthwick, younger of Crookston.

February 17.—James Ferguson ill of the rheumatism in head and neck, and Hector B. Macdonald in neck and shoulders. I wonder, as Commodore Trunnion says, what the blackguard hell's-baby has to say to the Clerks of Session.[1] Went to the Second Division to assist Hector. *N.B.*—Don't like it half so well as my own, for the speeches are much longer. Home at dinner, and wrought in the evening.

February 18.—Very cold weather. I am rather glad I am not in the country. What says Dean Swift—

> "When frost and snow come both together,
> Then sit by the fire and save shoe leather."

Wrought all morning and finished five pages. Missie dined with us.

February 19.—As well I give up Abbotsford, for Hamilton is laid up with the gout. The snow, too, continues with a hard frost. I have seen the day I would have liked it all the better. I read and wrote at the bitter account of the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, till the little room and coal fire seemed snug by comparison. I felt cold in its rigour in my childhood and boyhood, but not since. In youth and advanced life we got less sensible to it, but I remember thinking it worse than hunger. Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves.[2]

February 20.—At Court, and waited to see the poisoning woman. She is clearly guilty, but as one or two witnesses said the poor wench hinted an intention to poison herself, the jury gave that bastard verdict, *Not proven.* I hate that Caledonian *medium quid.* One who is not *proven guilty* is innocent in the eye of law. It was a face to do or die, or perhaps to do to die. Thin features, which had been handsome, a flashing eye, an acute and aquiline nose, lips much marked, as arguing decision, and, I think, bad temper—they were thin, and habitually compressed, rather turned down at the corners, as one of a rather melancholy disposition. There was an awful crowd; but,

learning. I enclose a note of the youth's age, studies, and progress, in case your Grace might think it possible to place on your list for the Engineer service the name of a poor Scots Hidalgo; your Grace knows Scotland is a breeding not a feeding country, and we must send our sons abroad, as we send our black cattle to England; and, as old Lady Campbell of Ardkinglas proposed to dispose of her nine sons, we have a strong tendency to put our young folks 'a' to the sword.'

"I have too long detained you, my Lord Duke, from the many high occupations which have been redoubled upon your Grace's head, and beg your Grace to believe me, with an unusually deep sense of respect and obligation, my dear Lord Duke, your Grace's much honoured and grateful, humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

—*Wellington's Despatches*, etc. (Continuation), vol. iii. pp. 590–1. London, 8vo, 1868.

1 Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, vol. i. cap. 13.

2 One page of his MS. answers to four or five of the close printed pages of the original edition of his *Bonaparte*.—J. G. L.

sitting within the bar, I had the pleasure of seeing much at my ease; the constables knocking the other folks about, which was of course very entertaining.[1]

Lord Liverpool is ill of an apoplexy. I am sorry for it. He will be missed. Who will be got for Premier? Not B—— certainly;[2] he wants weight. If Peel would consent to be made a peer, he would do better; but I doubt his ambition will prefer the House of Commons. Wrought a good deal.

February 21.—Being the vacant Wednesday I wrote all the morning. Had an answer from D. of W., unsuccessful in getting young Skene put upon the engineer list; he is too old. Went out at two with Anne, and visited the exhibition; also called on the Mansfield family and on Sydney Smith. Jeffrey unwell from pleading so long and late for the poisoning woman. He has saved her throat and taken a quinsey in his own. Adam Ferguson has had a fall with his horse.

February 22.—Was at Court till two, then lounged till Will Murray[3] came to speak about a dinner for the Theatrical Fund, in order to make some arrangements. There are 300 tickets given out.[4] I fear it will be uncomfortable; and whatever the stoics may say, a bad dinner throws cold water on the charity. I have agreed to preside, a situation in which I have been rather felicitous, not by much superiority of wit or wisdom, far less of eloquence; but by two or three simple rules which I put down here for the benefit of posterity.

1st. Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. A slight fillip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing and to be amused.

2d. Push on, keep moving, as Punch says. Do not think of saying fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feel-

[1] Lord Cockburn says:—"Scott's description of the woman is very correct; she was like a vindictive masculine witch. I remember him sitting within the bar looking at her. As we were moving out, Sir Walter's remark upon the acquittal was, 'Well, sirs, all I can say is that if that woman was my wife I should take good care to be my own cook.'"—*Circuit Journeys*, 8vo, Edinburgh, 1888, p. 12.

[2] This can scarcely be taken to refer to Brougham, though at the time

> "Canning calls Brougham his *Learned* Friend.
> 'My honours come and share 'em.'
> Reformers their assistance give
> To countenance old Sarum."
>
> *Annus Mirabilis.*

It may, however, stand for Lord Bathurst, who became President of the Council shortly afterwards in Wellington's Administration.

[3] Mr. W. H. Murray, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. This excellent actor retired from the stage with a competency, and spent the last years of his life in St. Andrews, where he died in March, 1852, aged 61.

[4] This was the dinner at which the veil was publicly withdrawn from the authorship of *Waverley*; it took place on Friday, 23d February, 1827, and a full account of the proceedings is given in the *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 79–84.

ings, or no feelings, of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your texts with discretion, the sermon may be as you like. If a drunkard or an ass breaks in with anything out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience you will have the support of every one.

When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good fellow, and banish modesty if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion, then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses.

Lastly. Always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skiel*—cut a tale with a drink.

> "This is the purpose and intent
> Of gude Schir Walter's testament." [1]

We dined to-day at Mrs. Dundas of Arniston, Dowager.

February 24.—I carried my own instructions into effect the best I could, and if our jests were not good, our laugh was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end that farce at once I pleaded guilty, so that splore is ended. As to the collection, it was much cry and little woo', as the deil said when he shore the sow. Only £280 from 300 people, but many were to send money to-morrow. They did not open books, which was impolitic, but circulated a box, where people might put in what they pleased—and some gave shillings, which gives but a poor idea of the company. Yet there were many respectable people and handsome donations. But this fashion of not letting your right hand see what your left hand doeth is no good mode of raising a round sum. Your penny-pig collections don't succeed. I got away at ten at night. The performers performed very like gentlemen, especially Will Murray. They attended as stewards with white rods, and never thought of sitting down till after dinner, taking care that the company was attended to.

February 25.—Very bad report of the speeches in the papers. We dined at Jeffrey's with Sydney Smith—funny and good-natured as usual. One of his daughters is very pretty indeed; both are well-mannered, agreeable, and sing well. The party was pleasant.

February 26.—At home, and settled to work; but I know not why I was out of spirits—quite Laird of Humdudgeon, and did all I could to shake it off, and could not. James Ballantyne dined with me.

February 27.—Humdudgeonish still; hang it, what fools we are!

[1] Sir Walter parodies the conclusion of King Robert the Bruce's "Maxims or Political Testament."—See Hailes' *Annals*, A.D. 1311.—J. G. L.

I worked, but coldly and ill. Yet something is done. I wonder if other people have these strange alternations of industry and incapacity. I am sure I do not indulge myself in fancies, but it is accompanied with great drowsiness—bile, I suppose, and terribly jaded spirits. I received to-day Dr. Shortt and Major Crocket, who was orderly-officer on Boney at the time of his death.

February 28.—Sir Adam breakfasted. One of the few old friends left out of the number of my youthful companions. In youth we have many companions, few friends perhaps; in age companionship is ended, except rarely, and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger companions who listen to their stories, honour their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present day crow to the same tune. Of all the friends that I have left I have none who has any decided attachment to literature. So either I must talk on that subject to young people—in other words, turn proser, or I must turn tea-table talker and converse with ladies. I am too old and too proud for either character, so I'll live alone and be contented. Lockhart's departure for London was a loss to me in this way. Came home late from the Court, but worked tightly in the evening. I think discontinuing smoking, as I have done for these two months past, leaves me less muzzy after dinner. At any rate, it breaks a custom—I despise custom.

MARCH

March 1.—At Court until two—wrote letters under cover of the lawyers' long speeches, so paid up some of my correspondents, which I seldom do upon any other occasion. I sometimes let letters lie for days unopened, as if that would postpone the necessity of answering them. Here I am at home, and to work we go—not for the first time to-day, for I wrought hard before breakfast. So glides away Thursday 1st. By the by, it is the anniversary of Bosworth Field. In former days *Richard III.* was always acted at London on this day; now the custom, I fancy, is disused. Walpole's *Historic Doubts* threw a mist about this reign. It is very odd to see how his mind dwells upon it at first as the mere sport of imagination, till at length they became such Delilahs of his imagination that he deems it far worse than infidelity to doubt his Doubts. After all, the popular tradition is so very strong and pointed concerning the character of Richard, that it is I think in vain to doubt the general truth of the outline. Shakespeare, we may be sure, wrote his drama in the tone that was to suit the popular belief, although where that did Richard wrong, his powerful scene was sure to augment the impression. There was an action and a reaction.

March 2.—Clerk walked home with me from the Court. I was scarce able to keep up with him; could once have done it well enough. Funny thing at the Theatre. Among the discourse in "High Life below Stairs,"[1] one of the ladies' ladies asks who wrote Shakespeare. One says, "Ben Jonson," another, "Finis." "No," said Will Murray, "it is Sir Walter Scott; he confessed it at a public meeting the other day."

March 3.—Very severe weather, came home covered with snow. White as a frosted-plum-cake, by jingo! No matter; I am not sorry to find I can stand a brush of weather yet; I like to see Arthur's Seat and the stern old Castle with their white watch-cloaks on. But, as Byron said to Moore, "d—n it, Tom, don't be poetical." I settled to *Boney*, and wrote right long and well.

March 4.—I sat in by the chimney-neuk with no chance of interruption, and "feagued it away." Sir Adam came, and had half an hour's chat and laugh. My jaws ought to be sore, if the unwontedness of the motion could do it. But I have little to laugh at but myself, and my own bizarreries are more like to make me cry. Wrought hard, though—there's sense in that.

[1] See Townley's *Farce*.

March 5.—Our young men of first fashion, in whom tranquillity is the prime merit, a sort of quietism of foppery, if one can use the expression, have one capital name for a fellow that *outrés* and outroars the fashion, a sort of high-buck as they were called in my days. They hold him a vulgarian, and call him a tiger. Mr. Gibson came in, and we talked over my affairs; very little to the purpose I doubt. Dined at home with Anne as usual, and despatched half-a-dozen Selkirk processes; among others one which savours of Hamesucken.[1] I think to-day I have finished a quarter of vol. viii., and last. Shall I be happy when it is done?—Umph! I think not.

March 6.—A long seat at Court, and an early dinner, as we went to the play. John Kemble's brother acted Benedick. He is a fine-looking man, and a good actor, but not superior. He reminds you eternally that he is acting; and he had got, as the devil directed it, hold of my favourite Benedick, for which he has no power. He had not the slightest idea of the part, particularly of the manner in which Benedick should conduct himself in the quarrelling scene with the Prince and Claudio, in which his character rises almost to the dignity of tragedy. The laying aside his light and fantastic humour, and showing himself the man of feeling and honour, was finely marked of yore by old Tom King.[2] I remember particularly the high strain of grave moral feeling which he threw upon the words—"in a false quarrel there is no true valour"—which, spoken as he did, checked the very brutal levity of the Prince and Claudio. There were two farces; one I wished to see, and that being the last, was obliged to tarry for it. Perhaps the headache I contracted made me a severe critic on Cramond Brig,[3] a little piece ascribed to Lockhart. Perhaps I am unjust, but I cannot think it his;[4] there are so few good things in it, and so much prosing transferred from that mine of marrowless morality called the *Miller of Mansfield*.[5] Yet it pleases.

March 7.—We are kept working hard during the expiring days of the Session, but this being a blank day I wrote hard till dressing time, when I went to Will Clerk's to dinner. As a bachelor, and keeping a small establishment, he does not do these things often, but they are proportionally pleasant when they come round. He had trusted Sir Adam to bespeak his dinner, who did it *con amore*; so we had excellent cheer, and the wines were various and capital. As I before hinted, it is not every day that M'Nab[6] mounts on horseback, and so our landlord had a little of that solicitude that the party should go off well, which is very flattering to the guests. We had a

[1] *Hamesucken.*—The crime of beating or assaulting a person in his own house. A Scotch law term.

[2] King had retired from the stage in 1801. He died four years later.

[3] *Cramond Brig* is said to have been written by Mr. W. H. Murray, the manager of the Theatre, and is still occasionally acted in Edinburgh.

[4] Marginal Note in Original MSS. "I never saw it—not mine.—J. G. L."

[5] By Dodsley.

[6] That singular personage, the late M'Nab of *that ilk*, spent his life almost entirely in a district where a boat was the usual conveyance. —J. G. L.

very pleasant evening. The Chief-Commissioner was there, Admiral Adam, Jo. Murray, and Thomson, etc., etc. Sir Adam predominating at the head, and dancing what he calls his "merry andrada" in great style. In short, we really laughed, and real laughter is a thing as rare as real tears. I must say, too, there was a *heart*,—a kindly feeling prevailed over the party. Can London give such a dinner? It may, but I never saw one; they are too cold and critical to be so easily pleased. In the evening I went with some others to see the exhibition lit up for a promenade, where there were all the fashionable folks about town; the appearance of the rooms was very gay indeed.

March 8.—It snowed all night, which must render the roads impassable, and will detain me here till Monday. Hard work at Court, as Hammie is done up with the gout. We dine with Lord Corehouse—that's not true by the by, for I have mistaken the day. It's to-morrow we dine there. Wrought, but not too hard.

March 9.—An idle morning. Dalgleish being set to pack my books. Wrote notes upon a Mr. Kinloch's Collection of Scottish Ballads,[1] which I communicated to the young author in the Court this present morning. We were detained till half-past three o'clock, so when I came home I was fatigued and slept. I walk slow, heavily, and with pain; but perhaps the good weather may banish the Fiend of the joints. At any rate, impatience will do nae good at a', man. Letter from Charles for £50. Silver and gold have I none; but that which I have I will give unto him. We dined at the Cranstouns,—I beg his pardon, Lord Corehouse; Ferguson, Thomson, Will Clerk, etc., were there, also the Smiths and John Murray, so we had a pleasant evening.

March 10.—The business at the Court was not so heavy as I have seen it the last day of the Session, yet sharp enough. About three o'clock I got to a meeting of the Bannatyne Club. I hope this institution will be really useful and creditable. Thomson is superintending a capital edition of Sir James Melville's Memoirs.[2] It is brave to see how he wags his Scots tongue, and what a difference there is in the force and firmness of the language, compared to the mincing English edition in which he has hitherto been alone known. Nothing to-day but correcting proofs; Anne went to the play, I remained at home.

March 11.—All my books packed this morning, and this and to-morrow will be blank days, or nearly such; but I am far ahead of the printer, who is not done with vol. vii., while I am deep in volume viii. I hate packing; but my servants never pack books quite to please me. James Ballantyne dined with us. He kept up my heart about *Bonaparte*, which sometimes flags; and he is such a grumbler

[1] *Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from tradition, with notes*, etc., by George R. Kinloch, 8vo, London, 1827.

[2] Issued by the Club, June 4, 1827.

that I think I may trust him when he is favourable. There must be sad inaccuracies, some which might certainly have been prevented by care; but as the Lazaroni used to say, "Did you but know how lazy I am!"

[*Abbotsford,*] *March* 12.—Away we set, and came safely to Abbotsford amid all the dulness of a great thaw, which has set the rivers a-streaming in full tide. The wind is wintry, but for my part

"I like this rocking of the battlements."[1]

I was received by old Tom and the dogs, with the unsophisticated feelings of goodwill. I have been trying to read a new novel which I have heard praised. It is called *Almacks*, and the author has so well succeeded in describing the cold selfish fopperies of the time, that the copy is almost as dull as the original. I think I will take up my bundle of Sheriff-Court processes instead of *Almacks*, as the more entertaining avocation of the two.

March 13.—Before breakfast, prepared and forwarded the processes to Selkirk. As I had the loan of £250 at March from Cadell I am now verging on to the £500 which he promised to allow me in advance on second series *Canongate Chronicles*. I do not like this, but unless I review or write to some other purpose, what else can I do? My own expenses are as limited as possible, but my house expenses are considerable, and every now and then starts up something of old scores which I cannot turn over to Mr. Gibson and his co-trustees. Well—time and the hour—money is the smallest consideration.

Had a pleasant walk to the thicket, though my ideas were olla-podrida-ish, curiously checkered between pleasure and melancholy. I have cause enough for both humours, God knows. I expect this will not be a day of work but of idleness, for my books are not come. Would to God I could make it light thoughtless idleness, such as I used to have when the silly smart fancies ran in my brain like the bubbles in a glass of champagne,—as brilliant to my thinking, as intoxicating as evanescent. But the wine is somewhat on the lees. Perhaps it was but indifferent cider after all. Yet I am happy in this place, where everything looks friendly, from old Tom to young Nym.[2] After all, he has little to complain of who has left so many things that like him.

March 14.—All yesterday spent in putting to rights books, and so forth. Not a word written except interlocutors. But this won't do. I have tow on the rock, and it must be spun off. Let us see our present undertakings. 1. Napoleon. 2. Review Home, Cranbourne Chase,[3] and the Mysteries. 3. Something for that poor fai-

[1] Zanga in *The Revenge*, Act I. Sc. 1.—J. G. L.

[2] Nimrod, a staghound.—J. G. L.

[3] *Anecdotes of Cranbourne Chase*, etc., by Chafin. 8vo, London, 1818. Mr. Lockhart says, "I am sorry Sir Walter never redeemed his promise to make it the subject of an article in the *Quarterly Review*."—See *Life*, vol. vii. pp. 43–44.

neant Gillies. 4. Essay on Ballad and Song. 5. Something on the modern state of France. These two last for the Prose Works. But they may

"—— do a little more,
And produce a little ore."

Come, we must up and be doing. There is a rare scud without, which says, "Go spin, you jade, go spin." I loitered on, and might have answered,

"My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff."

Smoked a brace of cigars after dinner as a sedative. This is the first time I have smoked these two months. I was afraid the custom would master me. Went to work in the afternoon, and reviewed for Lockhart Mackenzie's edition of Home's Works.[1] Proceeded as far as the eighth page.

March 15.—Kept still at the review till two o'clock; not that there is any hurry, but because I should lose my ideas, which are not worth preserving. Went on therefore. I drove over to Huntly Burn with Anne, then walked through the plantations, with Tom's help to pull me through the snow-wreaths. Returned in a glow of heat and spirits. Corrected proof-sheets in the evening.

March 16.—

"A trifling day we have had here,
Begun with trifle and ended."

But I hope no otherwise so ended than to meet the rubrick of the ballad, for it is but three o'clock. In the morning I was *l'homme qui cherche*—everything fell aside,—the very pens absconded, and crept in among a pack of letters and trumpery, where I had the devil's work finding them. Thus the time before breakfast was idled, or rather fidgeted, away. Afterwards it was rather worse. I had settled to finish the review, when, behold, as I am apt to do at a set task, I jibb'd, and my thoughts would rather have gone with Waterloo. So I dawdled, as the women say, with both, now writing a page or two of the review, now reading a few pages of the Battle of Waterloo by Captain Pringle, a manuscript which is excellently written.[2] Well, I will find the advantage of it by and by. So now I will try to finish this accursed review, for there is nothing to prevent me, save the untractable character that hates to work on compulsion, whether of individuals or circumstances.

March 17.—I wrought away at the review and nearly finished it. Was interrupted, however, by a note from Ballantyne, demanding copy, which brought me back from Home and Mackenzie to *Boney*.

[1] The article appeared in the Number for June 1827, and is now included in the *Prose Misc. Works*, vol. xix. pp. 283–367.

[2] See Captain John Pringle's remarks on the campaign of 1815 in App. to Scott's *Napoleon*, vol. ix. pp. 115–160.

I had my walk as usual, and worked nevertheless very fairly. Corrected proofs.

March 18.—Took up *Boney* again. I am now at writing, as I used to be at riding, slow, heavy, and awkward at mounting, but when I did get fixed in my saddle, could screed away with any one. I have got six pages ready for my learned Theban[1] to-morrow morning. William Laidlaw and his brother George dined with me, but I wrote in the evening all the same.

March 19.—Set about my labours, but enter Captain John Ferguson from the Spanish Main, where he has been for three years. The honest tar sat about two hours, and I was heartily glad to see him again. I had a general sketch of his adventures, which we will hear more in detail when we can meet at kail-time. Notwithstanding this interruption I have pushed far into the seventh page. Well done for one day. Twenty days should finish me at this rate, and I read hard too. But allowance must be made for interruptions.

March 20.—To-day worked till twelve o'clock, then went with Anne on a visit of condolence to Mrs. Pringle of Yair and her family. Mr. Pringle was the friend both of my father and grandfather; the acquaintance of our families is at least a century old.

March 21.—Wrote till twelve, then out upon the heights though the day was stormy, and faced the gale bravely. Tom Purdie was not with me. He would have obliged me to keep the sheltered ground. But, I don't know—

"Even in our ashes live our wonted fires."

There is a touch of the old spirit in me yet that bids me brave the tempest,—the spirit that, in spite of manifold infirmities, made me a roaring boy in my youth, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick, of all which valuable qualities there are now but slender remains. I worked hard when I came in, and finished five pages.

March 22.—Yesterday I wrote to James Ballantyne, acquiescing in his urgent request to extend the two last volumes to about 600 each. I believe it will be no more than necessary after all, but makes one feel like a dog in a wheel, always moving and never advancing.

March 23.—When I was a child, and indeed for some years after, my amusement was in supposing to myself a set of persons engaged in various scenes which contrasted them with each other, and I remember to this day the accuracy of my childish imagination. This might be the effect of a natural turn to fictitious narrative, or it might be the cause of it, or there might be an action and reaction, or it does not signify a pin's head how it is. But with a flash of this remaining spirit, I imagine my mother Duty to be a sort of old task-

[1] *Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4.

mistress, like the hag of the merchant Abudah, in the Tales of the Genii—not a hag though, by any means; on the contrary, my old woman wears a rich old-fashioned gown of black silk, with ruffles of triple blonde-lace, and a coif as rich as that of Pearling Jean;[1] a figure and countenance something like Lady D. S.'s twenty years ago; a clear blue eye, capable of great severity of expression, and conforming in that with a wrinkled brow, of which the ordinary expression is a serious approach to a frown—a cautionary and nervous shake of the head; in her withered hand an ebony staff with a crutch head,—a Tompion gold watch, which annoys all who know her by striking the quarters as regularly as if one wished to hear them. Occasionally she has a small scourge of nettles, which I feel her lay across my fingers at this moment, and so *Tace* is Latin for a candle.[2] I have 150 pages to write yet.

March 24.—Does Duty not wear a pair of round old-fashioned silver buckles? Buckles she has, but they are square ones. All belonging to Duty is rectangular. Thus can we poor children of imagination play with the ideas we create, like children with soap-bubbles. Pity that we pay for it at other times by starting at our shadows.

"Man but a rush against Othello's breast."

The hard work still proceeds, varied only by a short walk.

March 25.—Hard work still, but went to Huntly Burn on foot, and returned in the carriage. Walked well and stoutly—God be praised!—and prepared a whole bundle of proofs and copy for the Blucher to-morrow; that damned work will certainly end some time or other. As it drips and dribbles out on the paper, I think of the old drunken Presbyterian under the spout.

March 26.—Despatched packets. Colonel and Captain Ferguson arrived to breakfast. I had previously determined to give myself a day to write letters; and, as I expect John Thomson to dinner, this day will do as well as another. I cannot keep up with the world without shying a letter now and then. It is true the greatest happiness I could think of would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns. Mr.

[1] "Pearling Jean," the name of the ghost of the Spanish Nun at Allanbank, Berwickshire. See Sharpe's *Letters*, vol. i. pp. 303–5, and Ingram's *Haunted Homes*, Lond. 1884, vol. i. pp. 1–4.

[2] This quaint saying, arising out of some forgotten joke, has been thought to be Scott's own, as it was a favourite with him and his intimates, and he introduces it in more than one of his works.[1] But though its origin cannot be traced, Swift uses it in that very curious collection of proverbs and saws, which he strung together under the title of *Polite Conversation*, and published about 1738.[2] Fielding also introduces it in *Amelia*,[3] 1752. See *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. i. p. 385; ii. p. 45; iv. p. 450; x. p. 173; sixth series, vol. iii. p. 213; iv. p. 157.

[1] e.g. *Redgauntlet*, ch. xii. Pate-in-Peril at Dumfries.

[2] *Lord Smart*—"Well, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a candle?"
Neverout—"O, my Lord, I know that [answer]: Brandy is Latin for a goose! and *Tace* is Latin for a candle."—Scott's *Swift*, vol. ix. p. 457.

[3] "*Tace*, Madam," added Murphy, "is Latin for a candle."—*Amelia*, Bk. i. cap. xi.

Thomson came accordingly — not John Thomson of Duddingston, whom the letter led me to expect, but John Anstruther Thomson of Charlton [Fifeshire], the son-in-law of Lord Ch.-Commissioner.

March 27.—Wrote two leaves this morning, and gave the day after breakfast to my visitor, who is a country gentleman of the best description; knows the world, having been a good deal attached both to the turf and the field; is extremely good-humoured, and a good deal of a local antiquary. I showed him the plantations, going first round the terrace, then to the lake, then came down by the Rhymer's Glen, and took carriage at Huntly Burn, almost the grand tour, only we did not walk from Huntly Burn. The Fergusons dined with us.

March 28.—Mr. Thomson left us about twelve for Minto, parting a pleased guest, I hope, from a pleased landlord. When I see a "gemman as *is* a gemman," as the blackguards say, why, I know how to be civil. After he left I set doggedly to work with *Bonaparte*, who had fallen a little into arrear. I can clear the ground better now by mashing up my old work in the Edinburgh Register with my new matter, a species of *colcannen*, where cold potatoes are mixed with hot cabbage. After all, I think Ballantyne is right, and that I have some talents for history-writing after all. That same history in the Register reads prettily enough. *Coragio*, cry Claymore. I finished five pages, but with additions from Register they will run to more than double I hope; like Puff in the Critic, be luxuriant.[1]

Here is snow back again, a nasty, comfortless, stormy sort of a day, and I will work it off at *Boney*. What shall I do when *Bonaparte* is done? He engrosses me morning, noon, and night. Never mind; *Komt Zeit komt Rath*, as the German says. I did not work longer than twelve, however, but went out in as rough weather as I have seen, and stood out several snow blasts.

March 29, 30.—

> "He walk'd and wrought, poor soul! What then?
> Why, then he walk'd and wrought again."

March 31.—Day varied by dining with Mr. Scrope, where we found Mr. Williams and Mr. Simson,[2] both excellent artists. We had not too much of the palette, but made a very agreeable day out. I contrived to mislay the proof-sheets sent me this morning, so that I must have a revise. This frequent absence of mind becomes very exceeding troublesome. I have the distinct recollection of laying them carefully aside after I dressed to go to the Pavilion. Well, I have a head—the proverb is musty.

[1] Sheridan's Play, Act II. Sc. 1.

[2] William Simson, R.S.A., landscape painter He died in London, 1847.

APRIL

April 1.—The proofs are not to be found. Applications from R. P. G[illies]. I must do something for him; yet have the melancholy conviction that nothing will do him any good. Then he writes letters and expects answers. Then they are bothering me about writing in behalf of the oil-gas light, which is going to the devil very fast. I cannot be going a-begging for them or anybody. Please to look down with an eye of pity—a poor distressed creature! No, not for the last morsel of bread. A dry ditch and a speedy death is worth it all.

April 2.—Another letter from R. P. G. I shall begin to wish, like S., that he had been murthered and robbed in his walks between Wimbledon and London. John [Archibald] Murray and his young wife came to dinner, and in good time. I like her very much, and think he has been very lucky. She is not in the vaward of youth, but John is but two or three years my junior. She is pleasing in her manners, and totally free from affectation; a beautiful musician, and willingly exerts her talents in that way; is said to be very learned, but shows none of it. A large fortune is no bad addition to such a woman's society.

April 3.—I had processes to decide; and though I arose at my usual hour, I could not get through above two of five proofs. After breakfast I walked with John Murray, and at twelve we went for Melrose, where I had to show the lions. We came back by Huntly Burn, where the carriage broke down, and gave us a pretty long walk home. Mr. Scrope dined with his two artists, and John [Thomson?]. The last is not only the best landscape-painter of his age and country, but is, moreover, one of the warmest-hearted men living, with a keen and unaffected feeling of poetry. Poor fellow! he has had many misfortunes in his family. I drank a glass or two of wine more than usual, got into good spirits, and *came from Tripoli* for the amusement of the good company. I was in good fooling.

April 4.—I think I have a little headache this morning; however, as Othello says, "That's not much." I saw our guests go off by seven in the morning, but was not in time to give them good-bye.

"And now again, boys, to the oar."

I did not go to the oar though, but walked a good deal.

April 5.—Heard from Lockhart; the Duke of W[ellington] and

Croker are pleased with my historical labours; so far well—for the former, as a soldier said of him, "I would rather have his long nose on my side than a whole brigade." Well! something good may come of it, and if it does it will be good luck, for, as you and I know, Mother Duty, it has been a rummily written work. I wrote hard to-day.

April 6.—Do. Do. I only took one turn about the thicket, and have nothing to put down but to record my labours.

April 7.—The same history occurs; my desk and my exercise. I am a perfect automaton. *Bonaparte* runs in my head from seven in the morning till ten at night without intermission. I wrote six leaves to-day and corrected four proofs.

April 8.—Ginger, being in my room, was safely delivered in her basket of four puppies; the mother and children all doing well. Faith! that is as important an entry as my Journal could desire. The day is so beautiful that I long to go out. I won't, though, till I have done something. A letter from Mr. Gibson about the trust affairs. If the infernal bargain with Constable go on well, there will be a pretty sop in the pan to the creditors; £35,000 at least. If I could work as effectually for three years more, I shall stand on my feet like a man. But who can assure success with the public?

April 9.—I wrote as hard to-day as need be, finished my neat eight pages, and, notwithstanding, drove out and visited at Gattonside. The devil must be in it if the matter drags out longer now.

April 10.—Some incivility from the Leith Bank, which I despise with my heels. I have done for settling my affairs all that any man —much more than most men—could have done, and they refuse a draught of £20, because, in mistake, it was £8 overdrawn. But what can be expected of a *sow* but a *grumph?* Wrought hard, hard.

April 11.—The parks were rouped for £100 a year more than they brought last year. Poor Abbotsford will come to good after all. In the meantime it is *Sic vos non vobis*—but who cares a farthing? If *Boney* succeeds, we will give these affairs a blue eye, and I will wrestle stoutly with them, although

"My *banks* they are covered with *bees*,"[1]

or rather with wasps. A very tough day's work.

April 12.—*Ha-a-lt*—as we used to say, my proof-sheets being still behind. Very unhandsome conduct on the part of the Blucher[2] while I was lauding it so profusely. It is necessary to halt and close up our files—of correspondence I mean. So it is a chance if, except for contradiction's sake, or upon getting the proof-sheets, I write a line to-

[1] See Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad*, Part ii., Hope.

[2] The coach to Edinburgh.

day at *Boney*. I did, however, correct five revised sheets and one proof, which took me up so much of the day that I had but one turn through the courtyard. Owing to this I had some of my flutterings, my trembling exies, as the old people called the ague. Wrote a great many letters—but no "copy."

April 13.—I have sometimes wondered with what regularity—that is, for a shrew of my impatient temper—I have been able to keep this Journal. The use of the first person being, of course, the very essence of a diary, I conceive it is chiefly vanity, the dear pleasure of writing about the best of good fellows, Myself, which gives me perseverance to continue this idle task. This morning I wrote till breakfast, then went out and marked trees to be cut for paling, and am just returned—and what does any one care? Ay, but, Gad! I care myself, though. We had at dinner to-day Mr. and Mrs. Cranstoun (Burns's Maria of Ballochmyle[1]), Mr. Bainbridge and daughters, and Colonel Russell.

April 14.—Went to Selkirk to try a fellow for an assault on Dr. Clarkson—fined him seven guineas, which, with his necessary expenses, will amount to ten guineas. It is rather too little; but as his income does not amount to £30 a year, it will pinch him severely enough, and is better than sending him to an ill-kept jail, where he would be idle and drunk from morning to night. I had a dreadful headache while sitting in the Court—rheumatism in perfection. It did not last after I got warm by the fireside.

April 15.—Delightful soft morning, with mild rain. Walked out and got wet, as a sovereign cure for the rheumatism. Was quite well, though, and scribbled away.

April 16.—A day of work and exercise. In the evening a letter from L[ockhart], with the wonderful news that the Ministry has broken up, and apparently for no cause that any one can explain. The old grudge, I suppose, betwixt Peel and Canning, which has gone on augmenting like a crack in the side of a house, which enlarges from day to day, till down goes the whole. Mr. Canning has declared himself fully satisfied with J. L., and sent Barrow to tell him so. His suspicions were indeed most erroneous, but they were repelled with no little spirit both by L. and myself, and Canning has not been like another Great Man I know to whom I showed demonstrably that he had suspected an individual unjustly. "It may be so," he said, "but his mode of defending himself was offensive."[2]

[1] See "The Braes of Ballochmyle;" Currie's *Burns*, vol. iv. p. 294.

[2] The conduct of the *Quarterly* at this time was in after years thus commented upon by John Wilson.

"*North.*—While we were defending the principles of the British constitution, bearding its enemies, and administering to them the knout, the *Quarterly Review* was meek and mum as a mouse.

"*Tickler.*—Afraid to lose the countenance and occasional assistance of Mr. Canning.

"*North.*—There indeed, James, was a beautiful exhibition of party politics, a dignified exhibition of personal independence."—*Noctes Ambrosianae.*

It is understood that Canning, who had received the King's commands in April 10, felt keenly the loneliness of his position—estranged from his old comrades, and deterred by the remembrance of many bitter satires against them from having close intimacy with his new coadjutors.

April 17.—Went to dinner to-day to Mr. Rutherfurd's Gattonside House, and had fireworks in the evening, made by Captain Burchard, a good-humoured kind of Will Wimble.[1] One nice little boy entertained us everything that was going to be done, with the importance of a prologue. Some of the country folks assembled, and our party was enlivened by the squeaks of the wenches and the long-protracted Eh, eh's! by which a Teviotdale tup testifies his wonder.

April 18.—I felt the impatience of news so much that I walked up to Mr. Laidlaw, surely for no other purpose than to talk politics. This interrupted *Emmy* a little. After I returned, about twelve or one, behold Tom Tack; he comes from Buenos Ayres with a parcel of little curiosities he had picked up for me. As Tom Tack spins a tough yarn, I lost the morning almost entirely—what with one thing, what with t' other, as my friend the Laird of Raeburn says. Nor have I much to say for the evening, only I smoked a cigar more than usual to get the box ended, and give up the custom for a little.

April 19.—Another letter from Lockhart.[2] I am sorry when I think of the goodly fellowship of vessels which are now scattered on the ocean. There is the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Melville, Mr. Peel, and I wot not who besides, all turned out of office or resigned! I wonder what they can do in the House of Lords when all the great Tories are on the wrong side of the House. Canning seems quite serious in his views of helping Lockhart. I hope it will come to something.

April 20.—A surly sort of day. I walked for two hours, however, and then returned chiefly to *Nap*. Egad! I believe it has an end at last, this blasted work. I have the fellow at Plymouth, or near about it. Well, I declare, I thought the end of these beastly big eight volumes was like the end of the world, which is always talked of and never comes.

April 21.—Here is a vile day—downright rain, which disconcerts an inroad of bairns from Gattonside, and, of course, annihilates a part of the stock of human happiness. But what says the proverb of your true rainy day—

> "'Tis good for book, 'tis good for work,
> For cup and can, or knife and fork."

April 22.—Wrote till twelve o'clock, then sallied forth, and walked to Huntly Burn with Tom: and so, look you, sir, I drove

[1] See *Spectator*.

[2] "... Your letter has given me the vertigo—my head turns round like a chanter when I am in the point of making—

"'Why, how now? Am I alive or am I not?'

"The Duke of Wellington, etc.'—had news at home and were amused. Lord Anglesea in his regiment—more evil would hit the master Duke of Clarence in the Navy'—will work Lord Melville, I suppose, falls of course—perhaps runs and squeals across which appears odious to W. Has sent the Scotsman I have mine. The whole is gateway to one who wants to get parts and has wits to read. I must get one, though of this work is to go on. For it is quite horrid up in generals, flaming a daughter and bridegroom—but I think impossible it will go above twelve hundred. I fear Murray will shake, and heartily sorry I should feel for mine. ..."
—Scott to Lockhart, *Life*, vol. ix. p. 88.

home in the carriage. Wrought in the afternoon, and tried to read *De Vere*, a sensible but heavy book, written by an able hand—but a great bore for all that.[1] Wrote in the evening.

April 23.—Snowy morning. White as my shirt. The little Bainbridges came over; invited to see the armoury, etc., which I stood showman to. It is odd how much less cubbish the English boys are than the Scotch. Well-mannered and sensible are the southern boys. I suppose the sun brings them forward. Here comes six o'clock at night, and it is snowing as if it had not snowed these forty years before. Well, I'll work away a couple of chapters—three at most will finish *Napoleon*.

April 24.—Still deep snow—a foot thick in the court-yard, I dare say. Severe welcome to the poor lambs now coming into the world. But what signifies whether they die just now, or a little while after to be united with salad at luncheon-time? It signifies a good deal too. There is a period, though a short one, when they dance among the gowans, and seem happy. As for your aged sheep or wether, the sooner they pass to the Norman side of the vocabulary the better. They are like some old dowager ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance,—no one cares about them till they come to be *cut up*, and then we see how the tallow lies on the kidneys and the chine.

April 25.—Snow yet, and it prevents my walking, and I grow bilious. I wrote hard though. I have now got *Boney* pegg'd up in the knotty entrails of Saint Helena, and may make a short pause.

So I finished the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse and stately sentiment, but something lukewarmish, excepting Douglas, which is certainly a masterpiece. Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; but it is certainly one of the best acting plays going. Perhaps a play, to act well, should not be too poetical.

There is a talk in London of bringing in the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lauderdale will perhaps come in here. It is certain the old Tory party is down the wind, not from political opinions, but from personal aversion to Canning. Perhaps his satirical temper has partly occasioned this; but I rather consider emulation as the source of it, the head and front of the offending. Croker no longer rhymes to joker. He has made a good *coup*, it is said, by securing Lord Hertford for the new administration. D. W. calls him their viper. After all, I cannot sympathise with that delicacy which throws up office, because the most eloquent man in England, and certainly the only man who can manage the House of Commons, is named Minister.[2]

April 26.—The snow still profusely distributed, and the surface, as our hair used to be in youth, after we had played at some active game, half black, half white, all in large patches. I finished the crit-

[1] R. Plumer Ward.—See July 4.

[2] A fuller statement of Scott's views at this crisis will be found in his letters to Lockhart and Morritt in *Life*, vol. ix. (April, May, and June, 1827).

icism on Home, adding a string of Jacobite anecdotes, like that which boys put to a kite's tail. Sent off the packet to Lockhart; at the same time sent Croker a volume of French tracts, containing *La Portefeuille de Bonaparte*, which he wished to see. Received a great cargo of papers from Bernadotte, some curious, and would have been inestimable two months back, but now my siege is almost made. Still my feelings for poor Count Itterburg,[1] the lineal and legitimate, make me averse to have much to do with this child of the revolution.

April 27.—This hand of mine gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much deciphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be deciphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself. Weather better, which is well, as I shall get a walk. I have been a little nervous, having been confined to the house for three days. Well, I may be disabled from duty, but my tamed spirits and sense of dejection have quelled all that freakishness of humour which made me a voluntary idler. I present myself to the morning task, as the hack-horse patiently trudges to the pole of his chaise, and backs, however reluctantly, to have the traces fixed. Such are the uses of adversity.

April 28.—Wrought at continuing the Works, with some criti-

[1] Count Itterburg, then in his 20th year, was the name under which Gustavus, the ex-Crown Prince of Sweden, visited Scotland in 1819. It was his intention to study at the University of Edinburgh during the winter session, but, his real name becoming known, this was rendered impracticable by the curiosity and attention of the public. He devoted himself mainly to the study of military matters, and out-door exercises, roughing it in all sorts of weather, sometimes,—to his mentor Baron Polier's uneasiness,—setting out on dark and stormy nights, and making his way across country from point to point. This self-imposed training was no doubt with the secret hope that he might some day be called upon by the Swedes to oust Bernadotte, and mount the throne of the great Gustavus. Mr. Skene saw a good deal of him, and gives many interesting details of his life in Edinburgh, such as the following account of a meeting at his own house. "He was interested with a set of portraits of the two last generations of the Royal Family of Scotland, which hung in my dining-room, and which had been presented to my grandfather by Prince Charles Edward, in consideration of the sacrifices he had made for the Prince's service during the unfortunate enterprise of the year 1745, having raised and commanded one of the battalions of Lord Lewis Gordon's brigade. The portrait of Prince Charles Edward, taken about the same age as Comte Itterburg, and no doubt also the marked analogy existing in the circumstances to which they had been each reduced, seemed much to engage his notice; and when the ladies had retired he begged me to give him some account of the rebellion, and of the various endeavours of the Stewarts to regain the Scottish crown. The subject was rather a comprehensive one, but having done my best to put him in possession of the leading features, it seemed to have taken very strong hold of his mind, as he frequently, at our subsequent meetings, reverted to the subject. Upon another occasion by degrees the topic of conversation slipped into its wonted channel—the rebellion of 1745, its final disaster, and the singular escape of the Prince from the pursuit of his enemies. The Comte inquired what effect the failure of the enterprise had produced upon the Prince's character, with whose gallant bearing and enthusiasm, in the conduct of his desperate enterprise, he evinced the strongest interest and sympathy. I stated briefly the mortifying disappointments to which Charles Edward was exposed in France, the hopelessness of his cause, and the indifference generally shown to him by the continental courts, which so much preyed on his mind as finally to stifle every spark of his former character, so that he gave himself up to a listless indifference, which terminated in his becoming a sot during the latter years of his life. On turning round to the Prince, who had been listening to these details, I perceived the big drops chasing each other down his cheeks and therefore changed the subject, and he never again recurred to it."—*Reminiscences.*

Count Itterburg, or Prince Gustavus Vasa, to give him the title of an old family dignity which he assumed in 1829, entered the Austrian army, in which he attained the rank of Lieutenant Field-Marshal. His services, it is needless to say, were never required by the Swedes, though he never relinquished his pretensions, and claimed the throne at his father's death in 1837 He died at Pillnitz on the 4th August, 1877, leaving one daughter, the present Queen of Saxony.

Notices of his visits to 39 Castle Street and Abbotsford are given in the 6th vol. of *Life.*

cism on Defoe.[1] I have great aversion, I cannot tell why, to stuffing the "Border Antiquities" into what they call the Prose Works.

There is no encouragement, to be sure, for doing better, for nobody seems to care. I cannot get an answer from J. Ballantyne, whether he thinks the review on the Highlands would be a better substitution.

April 29.—Colonel and Captain Ferguson dined here with Mr. Laidlaw. I wrote all the morning, then cut some wood. I think the weather gets too warm for hard work with the axe, or I get too stiff and easily tired.

April 30.—Went to Jedburgh to circuit, where found my old friend and schoolfellow, D. Monypenny.[2] Nothing to-day but a pack of riff-raff cases of petty larceny and trash. Dined as usual with the Judge, and slept at my old friend Mr. Shortreed's.

[1] This refers to the *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, forming 24 vols., the publication of which did not commence until May, 1834, although, as is shown by the Journal, the author was busy in its preparation. The "criticism on Defoe" will be found in the fourth volume, pp. 247-296, forming a supplement to John Ballantyne's Biographical Notice of Defoe in the same volume. The "Essay on Border Antiquities" appeared, notwithstanding Scott's misgivings, in the seventh volume.

[2] Lord Pitmilly.—See *ante*, p. 79.

MAY

May 1.—Brought Andrew Shortreed to copy some things I want. Maxpopple came with us as far as Lessudden, and we stopped and made a pilgrimage to Fair Maiden Lilliard's Stone, which has been restored lately, to the credit of Mr. Walker of Muirhouselaw.[1] Set my young clerk to work when we came home, and did some laborious business. A letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence informed me I am chosen Professor of Antiquities to the Royal Academy—a beautiful professor to be sure!

May 2.—Did nothing but proofs this morning. At ten went to Selkirk to arrange about the new measures, which, like all new things, will throw us into confusion for a little at least. The weather was so exquisitely good that I walked after tea to half-past eight, and enjoyed a sort of half-lazy, half-sulky humour—like Caliban's, "There's wood enough within."[2] Well, I may be the bear, but I must mount the ragged staff all the same. I set myself to labour for R. P. G.[3] The Germanic Horrors are my theme, and I think something may be yet made of them.

May 3.—An early visit from Mr. Thomas Stewart, nephew of Duchess of Wellington, with a letter from his aunt. He seems a well-behaved and pleasant young man. I walked him through the Glen. Colonel Ferguson came to help us out at dinner, and then we had our wine and wassail.

May 4.—Corrected proofs in the morning. Mr. Stewart still here, which prevented work; however, I am far beforehand with everything. We walked a good deal; asked Mr. Alexander Pringle, Whytbank, to dinner. This is rather losing time, though.

May 5.—Worked away upon those wild affairs of Hoffmann for Gillies. I think I have forgot my German very much, and then the stream of criticism does not come freely at all: I cannot tell why. I gave it up in despair at half-past one, and walked out.

[1] The rude inscription on the stone placed over the grave of this Border amazon, slain at Ancrum Moor, A.D. 1545, ran thus—

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature but great was her fame,
Upon the English louns she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were cuttet off she fought upon her stumps."

See *New Stat. Account Scot.*, "Roxburgh," p. 244.

[2] *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

[3] An article for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, regarding which Mr. Lockhart says:—"It had then been newly started under the Editorship of Mr. R. P. Gillies. This article, it is proper to observe, was a benefaction to Mr. Gillies, whose pecuniary affairs rendered such assistance very desirable. Scott's generosity in this matter—for it was exactly giving a poor brother author £100 at the expense of considerable time and drudgery to himself—I think it necessary to mention; the date of the exertion requires it of me."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 72–3; see *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xviii. p. 270.

Had a letter from R. P. G. He seems in spirits about his work. I wish it may answer. Under good encouragement it certainly might. But——

Maxpopple came to dinner, and Mr. Laidlaw after dinner, so that broke up the day, which I can ill spare. Mr. Stewart left us this day.

May 6.—Wrought again at Hoffmann—unfructuously I fear—unwillingly I am certain; but how else can I do a little good in my generation? I will try a walk. I would fain catch myself in good-humour with my task, but that will not be easy.

May 7.—Finished Hoffmann, *talis qualis*. I don't like it; but then I have been often displeased with things that have proved successful. Our own labours become disgusting in our eyes, from the ideas having been turned over and over in our own minds. To others, to whom they are presented for the first time, they have a show of novelty. God grant it may prove so. I would help the poor fellow if I could, for I am poor myself.

May 8.—Corrected Hoffmann with a view to send him off, which, however, I could not accomplish. I finished a criticism on Defoe's Writings.[1] His great forte is his power of *vraisemblance*. This I have instanced in the story of Mrs. Veal's Ghost. Ettrick Shepherd arrived.

May 9.—This day we went to dinner at Mr. Scrope's, at the Pavilion, where were the Haigs of Bemerside, Isaac Haig, Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, etc. Warm dispute whether par are or are not salmon trout. "Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls."

Mr. Scrope has made a painting of Tivoli, which, when mellowed a little by time, will be a fine one. Letters from Lockhart, with news concerning the beautiful mess they are making in London. Henry Scott will be threatened in Roxburghshire. This would be bad policy, as it would drive the young Duke to take up his ground, which, unless pressed, he may be in no hurry to do. Personally, I do not like to be driven to a point, as I think Canning may do much for the country, provided he does not stand committed to his new Whig counsellors. But if the push does come, I will not quit my old friends—*that* I am freely resolved, and *dissolutely*, as Slender says.[2]

May 10.—We went to breakfast at Huntly Burn, and I wandered all the morning in the woods to avoid an English party who came to see the house. When I came home I found my cousin Col. Russell, and his sister, so I had no work to-day but my labour at proofs in the morning. To-day I dismiss my aide-de-camp, Shortreed—a fine lad. The Boar of the Forest left us after breakfast. Had a present of a medal forming one of a series from Chantrey's busts. But this is not for nothing: the donor wants a motto for the reverse of the King's medal. I am a bad hand to apply to.

[1] See note 1, p. 253.

[2] *Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 1.

May 11.—Hogg called this morning to converse about trying to get him on the pecuniary list of the Royal Literary Society. Certainly he deserves it, if genius and necessity could do so. But I do not belong to the society, nor do I propose to enter it as a coadjutor. I don't like your royal academies of this kind; they almost always fall into jobs, and the members are seldom those who do credit to the literature of a country. It affected, too, to comprehend those men of letters who are specially attached to the Crown, and though I love and honour my King as much as any of them can, yet I hold it best, in this free country, to preserve the exterior of independence, that my loyalty may be the more impressive, and tell more effectually. Yet I wish sincerely to help poor Hogg, and have written to Lockhart about it. It may be my own desolate feelings—it may be the apprehension of evil from this political hocus-pocus, but I have seldom felt more moody and uncomfortable than while writing these lines. I have walked, too, but without effect. W. Laidlaw, whose very ingenious mind is delighted with all novelties, talked nonsense about the new government, in which men are to resign principle, I fear, on both sides.

May 12.—Wrote Lockhart on what I think the upright and honest principle, and am resolved to vex myself no more about it. Walked with my cousin, Colonel Russell, for three hours in the woods, and enjoyed the sublime and delectable pleasure of being well, —and listened to on the subject of my favourite themes of laying out ground and plantation. Russell seems quite to follow such an excellent authority, and my spirits mounted while I found I was haranguing to a willing and patient pupil. To be sure, Ashestiel, planting the high knolls, and drawing woodland through the pasture, could be made one of the most beautiful forest things in the world. I have often dreamed of putting it in high order; and, judging from what I have been able to do here, I think I should have succeeded. At any rate, my blue devils are flown at the sense of retaining some sort of consequence. Lord, what fools we are!

May 13.—A most idle and dissipated day. I did not rise till half-past eight o'clock. Col. and Capt. Ferguson came to breakfast. I walked half-way home with them, then turned back and spent the day, which was delightful, wandering from place to place in the woods, sometimes reading the new and interesting volumes of *Cyril Thornton*,[1] sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy which strangely alternated in my mind, idly stirred by the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay thoughts strangely mingled with those of dismal melancholy; tears, which seemed ready to flow unbidden; smiles, which approached to those of insanity; all that wild variety of mood which solitude engenders. I scribbled

[1] *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton*, by Captain Thomas Hamilton, had just been published anonymously.

some verses, or rather composed them in my memory. The contrast at leaving Abbotsford to former departures is of an agitating and violent description. Assorting papers and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Ahitophel's setting his house in order and hanging himself. The one seems to me to follow the other as a matter of course. I don't mind the trouble, though my head swims with it. I do not mind meeting accounts, which unpaid remind you of your distress, or paid serve to show you you have been throwing away money you would be glad to have back again. I do not mind the strange contradictory mode of papers hiding themselves that you wish to see, and others thrusting themselves into your hand to confuse and bewilder you. There is a clergyman's letter about the Scottish pronunciation, to which I had written an answer some weeks since (the parson is an ass, by the by). But I had laid aside my answer, being unable to find the letter which bore his address; and, in the course of this day, both his letter with the address, and my answer which wanted the address, fell into my hands half-a-dozen times, but separately always. This was the positive malice of some hobgoblin, and I submit to it as such. But what frightens and disgusts me is those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through this valley of tears. These fine lines of Spencer came into my head—

"When midnight o'er the pathless skies."[1]

Ay, and can I forget the author!—the frightful moral of his own vision. What is this world? A dream within a dream—as we grow older each step is an awakening. The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The Grave the last sleep?—no; it is the last and final awakening.

May 14.—To town per Blucher coach, well stowed and crushed, but saved cash, coming off for less than £2; posting costs nearly five, and you don't get on so fast by one-third. Arrived in my old lodgings here with a stouter heart than I expected. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Skene, and met Lord Medwyn and lady.

May 15.—Parliament House a queer sight. Looked as if people were singing to each other the noble song of "The sky's falling—chickie diddle." Thinks I to myself, I'll keep a calm sough.

[1] Mr. Lockhart adds the following lines:—

"The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambitions all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

"What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were friendship, truth, and love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove."

(Poems by the Hon. W. R. Spencer, London, 1811, p. 68.) "The best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Bürger's *Lenore*. Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825, and he was now (1826) an involuntary resident in Paris, where he died in October, 1834, *anno ætat.* 65."
—J. G. L.

"Betwixt both sides I unconcerned stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh, and honest, need I cry?"

I wish the old Government had kept together, but their personal dislike to Canning seems to have rendered that impossible.

I dined at a great dinner given by Sir George Clerk to his electors, the freeholders of Midlothian; a great attendance of Whig and Tory, huzzaing each other's toasts. *If* is a good peacemaker, but quarter-day is a better. I have a guess the best gamecocks would call a truce if a handful or two of oats were scattered among them.

May 16.—Mr. John Gibson says the Trustees are to allow my expense in travelling—£300, with £50 taken in in Longman's bill. This will place me *rectus in curia*, and not much more, faith!

There is a fellow bawling out a ditty in the street, the burthen of which is

"There's nothing but poverty everywhere."

He shall not be a penny richer for telling me what I know but too well without him.

May 17.—Learned with great distress the death of poor Richard Lockhart, the youngest brother of my son-in-law. He had an exquisite talent for acquiring languages, and was under the patronage of my kinsman, George Swinton, who had taken him into his own family at Calcutta, and now he is drowned in a foolish bathing party.

May 18.—Heard from Abbotsford; all well. Wrought to-day but awkwardly. Tom Campbell called, warm from his Glasgow Rectorship; he is looking very well. He seemed surprised that I did not know anything about the contentions of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, in the great commercial city. I have other eggs on the spit. He stayed but a few minutes.[1]

May 19.—Went out to-day to Sir John Dalrymple's,[2] at Oxenford, a pretty place; the lady a daughter of Lord Duncan. Will Clerk and Robert Graeme went with me. A good dinner and pleasant enough party; but ten miles going and ten miles coming make twenty, and that is something of a journey. Got a headache too by jolting about after dinner.

May 20.—Wrote a good deal at Appendix [to Bonaparte], or perhaps I should say tried to write. Got myself into a fever when I had

[1] The following note to Mr. and Mrs. Skene belongs to this day:—

My dear Friends,—I am just returned from Court dreeping like the Water Kelpy when he had finished the Laird of Morphey's Bridge, and am, like that ill-used drudge disposed to sing—

Sair back and sair banes,[1]

In fact I have the rheumatism in head and shoulders, and am obliged to deprive myself of the pleasure of waiting upon you to-day to dinner, to my great mortification.—Always yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

WALKER STREET,
Friday, 18*th May* 1827.

—*Skene's Reminiscences.*

[2] Afterwards (in 1840) eighth Earl of Stair.

[1] Sair back and sair banes
Carrying the Lord of Morphey's stanes.
Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. pp. 360, 365.

finished four pages, and went out at eight o'clock at night to cool myself if possible. Walked with difficulty as far as Skene's,[1] and there sat and got out of my fidgety feeling. Learned that the Princes Street people intend to present me with the key of their gardens, which will be a great treat, as I am too tender-hoofed for the stones. We must now get to work in earnest.

May 21.—Accordingly this day I wrought tightly, and though not in my very best mood I got on in a very business-like manner. Was at the Gas Council, where I found things getting poorly on. The Treasury have remitted us to the Exchequer. The Committee want me to make private interest with the L. C. Baron. That I won't do, but I will state their cause publicly any way they like.

May 22.—At Court—home by two, walking through the Princes Street Gardens for the first time. Called on Mrs. Jobson. Worked two hours. Must dress to dine at Mr. John Borthwick's, with the *young folk*, now Mr. and Mrs. Dempster.[2] Kindly and affectionately received by my good young friends, who seem to have succeeded to their parents' regard for me.

May 23.—Got some books, etc., which I wanted to make up the Saint Helena affair. Set about making up the Appendix, but found I had mislaid a number of the said postliminary affair. Had Hogg's nephew here as a transcriber, a modest and well-behaved young man —clever, too, I think.[3] Being Teind Wednesday I was not obliged to go to the Court, and am now *bang up*, and shall soon finish Mr. Nappy. And how then? Ay, marry, sir, that's the question.

"Lord, what will all the people say,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor!"

"The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!"[4] as Coriolanus says. I live not in their report, I hope.

May 24.—Mr. Gibson paid me £70 more of my London journey. A good thought came into my head: to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhart from the History of Scotland, like those taken from the History of England. I will not write mine quite so simply as Croker has done. I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child will understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of style not quite my own. The grand and in-

[1] 126 Princes Street.

[2] George Dempster of Skibo had just married a daughter of the House of Arniston. This lady has had the singular gratification of listening to these pleasant impressions of a dinner party given in her honour sixty-two years ago, and which she never forgot, nor Sir Walter's talk as he sat next her at table, and with unfeigned kindness devoted himself to her entertainment.

[3] See *Life*, vol. ix. 114.

[4] *Coriolanus*, Act III. Sc. 3.

teresting consists in ideas, not in words. A clever thing of this kind will have a run—

> "Little to say,
> But wrought away,
> And went out to dine with the Skenes to-day."

Rather too many dinner engagements on my list. Must be hard-hearted. I cannot say I like my solitary days the worst by any means. I dine, when I like, on soup or broth, and drink a glass of porter or ginger-beer; a single tumbler of whisky and water concludes the *debauch*. This agrees with me charmingly. At ten o'clock bread and cheese, a single draught of small beer, porter, or ginger-beer, and to bed.

May 26.—I went the same dull and weary round out to the Parliament House, which bothers one's brains for the day. Nevertheless, I get on. Pages vanish from under my hand, and find their way to J. Ballantyne, who is grinding away with his presses. I think I may say, now I begin to get rid of the dust raised about me by so many puzzling little facts, that it is plain sailing to the end.

Dined at Skene's with George Forbes and lady. But that was yesterday.

May 27.—I got ducked in coming home from the Court. Naboclish!—I thank thee, Pat, for teaching me the word. Made a hard day of it. Scarce stirred from one room to another, but at bed-time finished a handsome handful of copy. I have quoted Gourgaud's evidence; I suppose he will be in a rare passion, and may be addicted to vengeance, like a long-moustached son of a French bitch as he is. Naboclish! again for that.

> "Frenchman, Devil, or Don,
> Damn him, let him come on,
> He sha'n't scare a son of the Island."[1]

May 28.—Another day of uninterrupted study; two such would finish the work with a murrain. I have several engagements next week; I wonder how I was such a fool as to take them. I think I shall be done, however, before Saturday. What shall I have to think of when I lie down at night and awake in the morning? What will be my plague and my pastime, my curse and my blessing, as ideas come and the pulse rises, or as they flag and something like a snow haze covers my whole imagination? I have my *Highland Tales*—and then—never mind, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

May 29.—Detained at the House till near three. Made a call on Mrs. Jobson and others; also went down to the printing-office. I hope James Ballantyne will do well. I think and believe he will. Wrought in the evening.

[1] Sir Walter *varies* a verse of *The tight little Island*.—J. G. L.

May 30.—Having but a trifle on the roll to-day, I set hard to work, and brought myself in for a holiday, or rather played truant. At two o'clock went to a Mr. Mackenzie in my old house at Castle Street, to have some touches given to Walker's print.[1] Afterwards, having young Hogg with me as an amanuensis, I took to the oar till near ten o'clock.[2]

May 31.—Being a Court day I was engaged very late. Then I called at the printing-house, but got no exact calculation how we come on. Met Mr. Cadell, who bids, as the author's copy [money] 1s. profit on each book of *Hugh Littlejohn*. I thought this too little. My general calculation is on such profits, that, supposing the book to sell to the public for 7s. 6d., the price ought to go in three shares—one to the trade, one to the expense of print and paper, and one to the author and publisher between them, which of course would be 1s. 3d., not 1s. to the author. But in stating this rule I omitted to observe that books for young persons are half bound before they go out into the trade. This comes to about 9d. for two volumes. The allowance to the trade is also heavy, so that 1s. a book is very well on great numbers. There may besides be a third volume.

Dined at James Ballantyne's, and heard his brother Sandy sing and play on the violin, beautifully as usual. James himself sang the Reel of Tullochgorum, with hearty cheer and uplifted voice. When I came home I learned that we had beat the Coal Gas Company, which is a sort of triumph.

[1] The engraving from Raeburn's picture.—See *ante*, p. 138.

[2] Mr. Robert Hogg relates that during these few days Sir W. and he laboured from six in the morning till the same hour in the evening, with the exception of the intervals allowed for breakfast and lunch, which were served in the room to save time. He noted a striking peculiarity in Scott's dictation, that with the greatest ease he was able to carry on two trains of thought at one time, "one of which was already arranged, and in the act of being spoken, while at the same time he was in advance considering what was afterwards to be said."—See his interesting letter to Mr. Lockhart, *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 115–117.

JUNE

June 1.—Settled my household-book. Sophia does not set out till the middle of the week, which is unlucky, our antiquarian skirmish beginning in Fife just about the time she is to arrive. Letter from John touching public affairs; don't half like them, and am afraid we shall have the Whig alliance turn out like the calling in of the Saxons. I told this to Jeffrey, who said they would convert us, as the Saxons did the British. I shall die in my Paganism for one. I don't like a bone of them as a party. Ugly reports of the King's health; God pity this poor country should that be so, but I think it a thing devised by the enemy. Anne arrived from Abbotsford. I dined at Sir Robert Dundas's, with Mrs. Dundas, Arniston, and other friends. Worked a little, not much.

June 2.—Do. Do. Dined at Baron Hume's. These dinners are cruelly in the way, but *que faut-il faire?* the business of the Court must be done, and it is impossible absolutely to break off all habits of visiting. Besides, the correcting of proof-sheets in itself is now become burdensome. Three or four a day is hard work.

June 3.—Wrought hard. I think I have but a trifle more to do, but new things cast up; we get beyond the life, however, for I have killed him to-day. The newspapers are very saucy; *The Sun* says I have got £4000 for suffering a Frenchman to look over my manuscript. Here is a proper fellow for you! I wonder what he thinks Frenchmen are made of—walking money-bags, doubtless. Now as Sir Fretful Plagiary[1] says, another man would be mad at this, but I care not one brass farthing.

June 4.—The birthday of our good old king. It was wrong not to keep up the thing as it was of yore with dinners, and claret, and squibs, and crackers, and saturnalia. The thoughts of the subjects require sometimes to be turned to the sovereign, were it but only that they may remember there is such a person.

The Bannatyne edition of Melville's *Memoirs* is out, and beats all print. Gad, it is a fine institution that; a rare one, by Jove! beats the Roxburghe. Wrought very bobbishly to-day, but went off at dinner-time to Thomas Thomson, where we had good cheer and good fun. By the way, we have lost our Coal Gas Bill. Sorry for it, but I can't cry.

June 5.—Proofs. Parliament House till two. Commenced the

[1] Sheridan's *Critic*, Act I Sc. 1.

character of *Bonaparte*. To-morrow being a Teind-day I will hope to get it finished. Meantime I go out to-night to see *Frankenstein* at the theatre.

June 6.—*Frankenstein* is entertaining for once—considerable art in the man that plays the Monster, to whom he gave great effect. Cooper is his name; played excellently in the farce too, as a sailor —a more natural one, I think, than my old friend Jack Bannister, though he has not quite Jack's richness of humour. I had seven proof-sheets to correct this morning, by Goles. So I did not get to composition till nine; work on with little interruption (save that Mr. Verplanck, an American, breakfasted with us) until seven, and then walked, for fear of the black dog or devil that worries me when I work too hard.

June 7.—This morning finished *Boney*. And now, as Dame Fortune says, in Quevedo's Visions, *Go, wheel, and the devil drive thee.*[1] It was high time I brought up some reinforcements, for my pound was come to half-crowns, and I had nothing to keep house when the Lockharts come. Credit enough to be sure, but I have been taught by experience to make short reckonings. Some great authors now will think it a degradation to write a child's book; I cannot say I feel it such. It is to be inscribed to my grandson, and I will write it not only without a sense of its being *infra dig.* but with a grandfather's pleasure.

I arranged with Mr. Cadell for the property of *Tales of a Grandfather*, 10,000 copies for £787, 10s.

June 8.—A Mr. Maywood, much protected by poor Alister Dhu, brought me a letter from the late Colonel Huxley. His connection and approach to me is through the grave, but I will not be the less disposed to assist him if an opportunity offers. I made a long round to-day, going to David Laing's about forwarding the books of the Bannatyne Club to Sir George Rose and Duke of Buckingham. Then I came round by the printing-office, where the presses are groaning upon *Napoleon*, and so home through the gardens. I have done little to-day save writing a letter or two, for I was fatigued and sleepy when I got home, and nodded, I think, over Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*. I will do something, though, when I have dined. By the way, I corrected the proofs for Gillies; they read better than I looked for.

June 9.—Corrected proofs in the morning. When I came home from Court I found that John Lockhart and Sophia were arrived by the steam-boat at Portobello, where they have a small lodging. I went down with a bottle of Champagne, and a flask of Maraschino, and made buirdly cheer with them for the rest of the day. Had the

[1] "No sooner had the Sun uttered these words than Fortune, as if she had been playing on a cymbal, began to unwind her wheel, which, whirling about like a hurricane, huddled all the world into an unparalleled confusion. Fortune gave a mighty squeak, saying, 'Fly, wheel, and the devil drive thee.'"—*Fortune in her Wits*, Quevedo. English trans. (1798), vol. iii. p. 107.

great pleasure to find them all in high health. Poor Johnny is decidedly improved in his general health, and the injury on the spine is got no worse. Walter is a very fine child.

June 10.—Rose with the odd consciousness of being free of my daily task. I have heard that the fish-women go to church of a Sunday with their creels new washed, and a few stones in them for ballast, just because they cannot walk steadily without their usual load. I feel somewhat like this, and rather inclined to pick up some light task, than to be altogether idle. I have my proof-sheets, to be sure; but what are these to a whole day? Fortunately my thoughts are agreeable; cash difficulties, etc., all provided for, as far as I can see, so that we go on hooly and fairly. Betwixt and August 1st I should receive £750, and I cannot think I have more than the half of it to pay away. Cash, to be sure, seems to burn in my pocket. "He wasna gien to great misguiding, but coin his pouches wouldna bide in."[1] By goles, this shall be corrected, though! Lockhart gives a sad account of Gillies's imprudences. Lockhart dined with us. Day idle.

June 11.—The attendance on the Committee, and afterwards the general meeting of the Oil Gas Company took up my morning, and the rest dribbled away in correcting proofs and trifling; reading, among the rest, an odd volume of *Vivian Grey*;[2] clever, but not so much so as to make me, in this sultry weather, go up-stairs to the drawing-room to seek the other volumes. Ah! villain, but you smoked when you read.—Well, Madam, perhaps I think the better of the book for that reason. Made a blunder,—went to Ravelston on the wrong day. This Anne's fault, but I did not reproach her, knowing it might as well have been my own.

June 12.—At Court, a long hearing. Got home only about three. Corrected proofs, etc. Dined with Baron Clerk, and met several old friends; Will Clerk in particular.

June 13.—Another long seat at Court. Almost overcome by the heat in walking home, and rendered useless for the day. Let me be thankful, however; my lameness is much better, and the nerves of my unfortunate ankle are so much strengthened that I walk with comparatively little pain. Dined at John Swinton's; a large party. These festive occasions consume much valuable time, besides trying the stomach a little by late hours, and some wine shed, though that's not much.

June 14.—Anne and Sophia dined. Could not stay at home with them alone. We had the Skenes and Allan, and amused ourselves till ten o'clock.

June 15.—This being the day long since appointed for our cruise to Fife, Thomas Thomson, Sir A. Ferguson, Will Clerk, and I, set off

[1] Burns: "On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies."

[2] *Vivian Grey*, by Benjamin Disraeli, was published anonymously in 5 vols. 12mo, 1826–7.

with Miss Adam, and made our journey successfully to Charlton, where met Lord Chief-Baron and Lord Chief-Commissioner, all in the humour to be happy, though time is telling with us all. Our good-natured host, Mr. A. Thomson, his wife, and his good-looking daughters, received us most kindly, and the conversation took its old roll, in spite of woes and infirmities. Charlton is a good house, in the midst of highly-cultivated land, and immediately surrounded with gardens and parterres, together with plantations, partly in the old, partly in the new, taste; I like it very much; though, as a residence, it is perhaps a little too much finished. Not even a bit of bog to amuse one, as Mr. Elphinstone said.

June 16.—This day we went off in a body to St. Andrews, which Thomas Thomson had never seen. On the road beyond Charlton saw a small cottage said to have been the heritable appanage of a family called the *Keays* [?]. He had a right to feed his horse for a certain time on the adjoining pasture. This functionary was sent to Falkland with the fish for the royal table. The ruins at St. Andrews have been lately cleared out. They had been chiefly magnificent from their size—not their extent of ornament. I did not go up to St. Rule's Tower as on former occasions; this is a falling off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? But the rheumatism has begun to change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sat down on a grave-stone, and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feeling and my fortune have since then taken place! some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in Runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from the tower, and the foolish idea was chased away.[1]

June 17.—Lounged about while the good family went to church. The day is rather cold and disposed to rain. The papers say that the Corn Bill is given up in consequence of the Duke of Wellington having carried the amendment in the House of Lords. All the party here—Sir A. F. perhaps excepted—are Ministerialists on the present double bottom. They say the names of Whig and Tory are now to exist no longer. Why have they existed at all?

In the forenoon we went off to explore the environs; we visited two ancient manor-houses, those of Elie and Balcaskie. Large roomy mansions, with good apartments, two or three good portraits, and a

[1] If the reader turns to December 18, 1825, he will see that this is not the first allusion in the Journal to his "first love,"—an innocent attachment, to which we owe the tenderest pages, not only of *Redgauntlet* (1824), but of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), and of *Rokeby* (1813). In all these works the heroine has certain distinctive features drawn from one and the same haunting dream. The lady was "Williamina Belches, sole child and heir of a gentleman who was a cadet of the ancient family of Invermay, and who afterwards became Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn." She married Sir William Forbes in 1797 and died in 1810. — *Life*, vol. i. p. 333; Shairp's *Memoirs of Principal Forbes*, pp. 4, 5, 8vo, London, 1873, where her portrait, engraved from a miniature, is given.

collection of most extraordinary frights, prodigiously like the mistresses of King George I., who "came for all the goods and chattels" of old England. There are at Elie House two most ferocious-looking Ogresses of this cast. There are noble trees about the house. Balcaskie put me in mind of poor Philip Anstruther, dead and gone many a long year since. He was a fine, gallant, light-hearted young sailor. I remember the story of his drawing on his father for some cash, which produced an angry letter from old Sir Robert, to which Philip replied, that if he did not know how to write like a gentleman, he did not desire any more of his correspondence. Balcaskie is much dilapidated; but they are restoring the house in the good old style, with its terraces and yew-hedges. The beastly fashion of bringing a bare ill-kept park up to your very doors seems going down. We next visited with great pleasure the Church of St. Monans, which is under repair, designed to correspond strictly with the ancient plan, which is the solid, gloomy, but impressive Gothic. It was built by David II., in the fulfilment of a vow made to St. Monan on the field of battle at Neville's Cross. One would have judged the king to be thankful for small mercies, for certainly St. Monan proved but an ineffective patron.

Mr. Hugh Cleghorn[1] dined at Charlton, and I saw him for the first time, having heard of him all my life. He is an able man, has seen much, and speaks well. Age has clawed him in his clutch, and he has become deaf. There is also Captain Black of the navy, second lieutenant of the Mars at Trafalgar. Villeneuve was brought on board that ship after the debate. He had no expectation that the British fleet would have fought till they had formed a regular line. Captain Black disowns the idea of the French and Spaniards being drawn up chequer form for resisting the British attack, and imputes the appearance of that array to sheer accident of weather.

June 18.—We visited Wemyss Castle on our return to Kinghorn. On the left, before descending to the coast, are considerable remains of a castle, called popularly the old castle, or Macduff's Castle. That of the Thane was situated at Kennochquay, at no great distance. The front of Wemyss Castle, to the land, has been stripped entirely of its castellated appearance, and narrowly escaped a new front. To the sea it has a noble situation, overhanging the red rocks; but even there the structure has been much modernised and tamed. Interior is a good old house, with large oak staircases, family pictures, etc. We were received by Captain Wemyss—a gallant sea-captain, who could talk against a north-wester,—by his wife Lady Emma, and her sister Lady Isabella—beautiful women of the house of Errol, and vindicating its title to the *handsome Hays*. We reached the Pettycur about half-past one, crossed to Edinburgh, and so ended our little excur-

[1] Hugh Cleghorn had been Professor of Civil History in St Andrews for ten years, afterwards becoming tutor to the Earl of Home, and subsequently employed by our Government in various foreign missions. A glimpse of his work is obtainable in Southey's *Life of Dr. Andrew Bell*. Mr. Cleghorn died in 1833, aged 83.

sion. Of casualties we had only one: Triton, the house-dog at Charlton, threw down Thomson and he had his wrist sprained. A restive horse threatened to demolish our landau, but we got off for the fright. Happily L. C. B. was not in our carriage.

Dined at William M'Kenzie's to meet the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, who are on their road to Dunrobin. Found them both very well.

June 19.—Lord Stafford desires to be a member of the Bannatyne Club—also Colin M'Kenzie. Sent both names up accordingly.

The day furnishes a beggarly record of trumpery. From eight o'clock till nine wrote letters, then Parliament House, where I had to wait on without anything to do till near two, when rain forced me into the Antiquarian museum. Lounged there till a meeting of the Oil Gas Committee at three o'clock. There remained till near five. Home and smoked a cheroot after dinner. Called on Thomson, who is still disabled by his sprain. *Pereat inter hæc.* We must do better to-morrow.

June 20.—Kept my word, being Teind Wednesday. Two young Frenchmen, friends of Gallois, rather interrupted me. I had asked them to breakfast, but they stayed till twelve o'clock, which is scarce fair, and plagued me with compliments. Their names are Rémusat and Guyzard.[1] Pleasant, good-humoured young men. Notwithstanding this interruption I finished near six pages, three being a good Session-day's work. *Allons, vogue la galère.* Dined at the Solicitor's with Lord Hopetoun, and a Parliament House party.

June 21.—Finished five leaves—that is, betwixt morning and dinner-time. The Court detained me till two o'clock. About nine leaves will make the volume quite large enough.

By the way, the booksellers have taken courage to print up 2000 more of the first edition [of Napoleon]; which, after the second volume, they curtailed from 8000 to 6000. This will be £1000 more in my way, at least, and that is a good help. We dine with the Skenes to-day, Lockhart being with us.[2]

[1] Count Paul de Rémusat has been good enough to give me another view of this visit which will be read with interest:—"118 Faubourg St. Honoré, February 10, 1890.— . . . . . My father has often spoken to me of this visit to Sir Walter Scott—for it was indeed my father, Charles de Rémusat, member of the French Academy, and successively Minister of the Interior and for Foreign Affairs, who went at the age of thirty to Abbotsford, and he retained to the last days of his life a most lively remembrance of the great novelist who did not acknowledge the authorship of his novels, and to whom it was thus impossible otherwise than indirectly to pay any compliment. It gives me great pleasure to learn that the visit of those young men impressed him favourably. My father's companion was his contemporary and friend, M. Louis de Guizard, who, like my father, was a contributor at that time to the Liberal press of the Restoration, the *Globe* and *La Revue Française*, and who, after the Revolution of 1830, entered, as did my father likewise, upon political life. M. de Guizard was first *préfet*, then *député*, and after 1848 became Directeur-général des Beaux Arts. He died about 1877 or 1878, after his retirement from public life.

[2] "*Woodstock* placed upwards of £8000 in the hands of Sir Walter's creditors. The *Napoleon* (first and second editions) produced for them a sum which it even now startles me to mention —£18,000. As by the time the historical work was published nearly half of the First Series of *Chronicles of the Canongate* had been written, it is obvious that the amount to which Scott's literary industry, from the close of 1825 to the 10th of June, 1827, had diminished his debt, cannot be stated at less than £28,000. Had health been spared him, how soon must he have freed himself from all his encumbrances." —J. G. L.

June 22.—Wrought in the morning as usual. Received to breakfast Dr. Bishop, a brother of Bishop the composer. He tells me his brother was very ill when he wrote "The Chough and Crow," and other music for Guy Mannering. Singular! but I do think illness, if not too painful, unseals the mental eye, and renders the talents more acute, in the study of the fine arts at least.[1]

I find the difference on 2000 additional copies will be £3000 instead of £1000 in favour of the author. My good friend Publicum is impatient. Heaven grant his expectations be not disappointed. *Coragio, andiamos!* Such another year of labour and success would do much towards making me a free man of the forest. But I must to work since we have to dine with Lord and Lady Gray. By the way, I forgot an engagement to my old friend, Lord Justice-Clerk. This is shockingly ill-bred. But the invitation was a month old, and that is some defence.

June 23.—I corrected proofs and played the grandfather in the morning. After Court saw Lady Wedderburn, who asked my advice

[1] See *Life*, vol. vi. p. 89. In Mr. Ballantyne's *Memorandum*, there is a fuller account of the mode in which *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe* were produced, and the mental phenomenon which accompanied the preparation of the first-named work:—

"During the progress of composing *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Legend of Montrose*—a period of many months—Mr. Scott's health had become extremely indifferent, and was often supposed to place him in great danger. But it would hardly be credited, were it not for the notoriety of the fact, that although one of the symptoms of his illness was pain of the most acute description, yet he never allowed it to interrupt his labours. The only difference it produced, that I am aware of, was its causing him to employ the hand of an amanuensis in place of his own. Indeed, during the greater part of the day at this period he was confined to his bed. The person employed for this purpose was the respectable and intelligent Mr. Wm. Laidlaw, who acted for him in this capacity in the country, and I think also attended him to town. I have often been present with Mr. Laidlaw during the short intervals of his labour, and it was deeply affecting to hear the account he gave of his patron's severe sufferings, and the indomitable spirit which enabled him to overmaster them. He told me that very often the dictation of Caleb Balderston's and the old cooper's best jokes was mingled with groans extorted from him by pains; but that when he, Mr. L., endeavoured to prevail upon him to take a little respite, the only answer he could obtain from Mr. Scott was a request that he would see that the doors were carefully shut, so that the expressions of his agony might not reach his family—'As to stopping work, Laidlaw,' he said, 'you know that is wholly out of the question.' What followed upon these exertions, made in circumstances so very singular, appears to me to exhibit one of the most singular chapters in the history of the human intellect. The book having been published before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed, he assured me that, when it was put into his hands, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained. He by no means desired me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory all or any of the original family facts with which he had been acquainted from the period probably of his boyhood. These of course remained rooted where they had ever been, or, to speak more explicitly, where explicitness is so entirely important, he remembered the existence of the father and mother, the son and daughter, the rival lovers, the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by his bride upon the unhappy bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed, but the marvel is that he recollected literally nothing else—not a single character woven by the Romancer—not one of the many scenes and points of exquisite humour, nor anything with which he was connected as writer of the work. 'For a long time I felt myself very uneasy,' he said, 'in the course of my reading, always kept on the *qui vive* lest I should be startled by something altogether glaring and fantastic; however, I recollected that the printing had been performed by James Ballantyne, who I was sure would not have permitted anything of this sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque, to be sure, but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted therefore the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I do not think that I ever ventured to lead to this singular subject again. But you may depend upon it, that what I have said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down at the moment in shorthand. I should not otherwise have imparted the phenomenon at all."—*Mr. Ballantyne's MSS.*

about printing some verses of Mrs. Hemans in honour of the late Lord James Murray, who died in Greece. Also Lord Gray, who wishes me to write some preliminary matter to his ancestor, the Master of Gray's correspondence. I promised. But ancestor was a great rogue, and if I am to write about him at all, I must take my will of him. Anne and I dined at home. She went to the play, and I had some mind to go too. But Miss Foote was the sole attraction, and Miss Foote is only a very pretty woman, and if she played Rosalind better than I think she can, it is a bore to see Touchstone and Jacques murdered. I have a particular respect for *As You Like It.* It was the first play I ever saw, and that was at Bath in 1776 or 1777. That is not yesterday, yet I remember the piece very well. So I remained at home, smoked a cigar, and worked leisurely upon the review of the Culloden Papers, which, by dint of vamping and turning, may make up the lacking copy for the "Works" better, I think, than that lumbering Essay on Border Antiquities.

June 24.—I don't care who knows it, I was lazy this morning. But I cheated my laziness capitally, as you shall hear. My good friend, Sir Watt, said I to my esteemed friend, it is hard you should be obliged to work when you are so disinclined to it. Were I you, I would not be quite idle though. I would do something that you are not obliged to do, just as I have seen a cowardly dog willing to fight with any one save that which his master would have desired him to yoke with. So I went over the review of the Culloden Papers, and went a great way to convert it into the Essay on Clanship, etc., which I intend for the Prose Works. I wish I had thought of it before correcting that beastly border essay. Naboclish!

June 25.—Wrote five pages of the *Chronicles*, and hope to conquer one or two more ere night to fetch up the leeway. Went and saw Allan's sketch of a picture for Abbotsford, which is promising; a thing on the plan of Watteau. He intends to introduce some interesting characters, and some, I suspect, who have little business there. Yesterday I dined with the Lockharts at Portobello.[1] To-day at home with Anne and Miss Erskine. They are gone to walk. I have a mind to go to trifle, so I do not promise to write more to-night, having begun the dedication (advertisement I mean) to the *Chronicles.* I have pleasant subjects of reflection. The fund in Gibson's hands will approach £40,000, I think.

Lord Melville writes desiring to be a candidate for the Bannatyne Club.

I made a balance of my affairs, and stuck it into my book: it should answer very well, but still

[1] Mr. Lockhart says:—"My wife and I spent the summer of 1827 partly at a sea-bathing place near Edinburgh, and partly in Roxburghshire. The arrival of his daughter and her children at Portobello was a source of constant refreshment to him during June, for every other day he came down and dined there, and strolled about afterwards on the beach, thus interrupting, beneficially for his health, and I doubt not for the result of his labours also, the new custom of regular night-work, or, as he called it, serving double tides."

"I am not given to great misguiding,
But coin my pouches will na bide in,
With me it ne'er was under hiding,
I dealt it free."

I must, however, and will, be independent.

June 26.—Well, if ever I saw such another thing since my mother bound up my head![1] Here is nine of clock strucken and I am still fast asleep abed. I have not done the like of this many a day. However, it cannot be helped. Went to Court, which detained me till two o'clock. A walk home consumed the hour to three! Wrote in the Court, however, to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Bloomfield, and that is a good job over.

I have a letter from a member of the Commission of the Psalmody of the Kirk, zealous and pressing. I shall answer him, I think.[2] One from Sir James Stuart,[3] on fire with Corfe Castle, with a drawing of King Edward, occupying one page, as he hurries down the steep, mortally wounded by the assassin. Singular power of speaking at once to the eye and the ear. Dined at home. After dinner sorted papers. Rather idle.

June 27.—Corrected proofs and wrote till breakfast. Then the Court. Called on Skene and Charles K. Sharpe, and did not get home until three o'clock, and then so wet as to require a total change. We dine at Hector Buchanan Macdonald's, where there are sometimes many people and little conversation. Sent a little chest of books by the carrier to Abbotsford.

A visit from a smart young man, Gustavus Schwab of Königsberg; he gives a flattering picture of Prussia, which is preparing for freedom. The King must keep his word, though, or the people may chance to tire of waiting. Dined at H. B. Macdonald's with rather a young party for Colin M'Kenzie and me.

June 28.—Wrote a little and corrected proofs. How many things have I unfinished at present?

Chronicles, first volume not ended.
do., second volume begun.
Introduction to ditto.
Tales of My Grandfather.
Essay on Highlands. This unfinished, owing to certain causes,

[1] See Swift, "Mary the cook to Dr. Sheridan."

[2] The answer is printed in the *Scott Centenary Catalogue* by David Laing, from which the following extracts are given:—

"The expression of the old metrical translation, though homely, is plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty, which perhaps would be ill-exchanged for mere elegance." "They are the very words and accents of our early Reformers—sung by them in woe and gratitude, in the fields, in the churches, and on the scaffold." "The parting with this very association of ideas is a serious loss to the cause of devotion, and scarce to be incurred without the certainty of corresponding advantages. But if these recollections are valuable to persons of education, they are almost indispensable to the edification of the lower ranks whose prejudices do not permit them to consider as the words of the inspired poetry, the versions of living or modern poets, but persist, however absurdly, in identifying the original with the ancient translation."—J. G. L.

[3] Sir James Stuart, the last baronet of Allanbank.

chiefly want of papers and books to fill up blanks, which I will get at Abbotsford. Came home through rain about two, and commissioned John Stevenson to call at three about binding some books. Dined with Sophia; visited, on invitation, a fine old little Commodore Trunnion, who, on reading a part of Napoleon's history, with which he had himself been interested, as commanding a flotilla, thought he had detected a mistake, but was luckily mistaken, to my great delight.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner."

To be cross-examined by those who have seen the true thing is the devil. And yet these eye-witnesses are not all right in what they repeat neither, indeed cannot be so, since you will have dozens of contradictions in their statements.

June 29.—A distressing letter from Haydon; imprudent, probably, but who is not? A man of rare genius. What a pity I gave that £10 to Craig! But I have plenty of ten pounds sure, and I may make it something. I will get £100 at furthest when I come back from the country. Wrote at proofs, but no copy; I fear I shall wax fat and kick against Madam Duty, but I augur better things.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner, Cadell burst in in high spirits with the sale of *Napoleon*,[1] the orders for which pour in, and the public report is favourable. Detected two gross blunders though, which I have ordered for cancel. Supped (for a wonder) with Colin Mackenzie and a bachelor party. Mr. Williams[2] was there, whose extensive information, learning, and lively talent makes him always pleasant company. Up till twelve—a debauch for me nowadays.

June 30.—*Redd up* my things for moving,[3] which will clear my hands a little on the next final flitting. Corrected proof-sheets. Williams told me an English bull last night. A fellow of a college,

[1] "The *Life of Bonaparte*, then, was at last published about the middle of June, 1827."—*Life*, ix. 117.

[2] Archdeacon Williams, Rector of the New Edinburgh Academy from 1824 to 1847.

[3] Among the letters which Sir Walter found time to write before leaving Edinburgh, was one to congratulate his old and true friend Mrs. Coutts on her marriage, which took place on the 16th of June. That letter has not been preserved, but it drew from her Grace the following reply:—

"My dear Sir Walter Scott,—Your most welcome letter has 'wandered mony a weary mile after me.' Thanks, many thanks for all your kind congratulations. I am a Duchess at last, that is certain, but whether I am the better for it remains to be proved. The Duke is very amiable, gentle, and well-disposed, and I am sure he has taken pains enough to accomplish what he says has been the first wish of his heart for the last three years. All this is very flattering to an old lady, and we lived so long in friendship with each other that I was afraid I should be unhappy if I did not say I *will*—yet (whisper it, dear Sir Walter) the name of Coutts—and a right good one it is—is, and ever will be, dear to my heart. What a strange, eventful life has mine been, from a poor little player child, with just food and clothes to cover me, dependent on a very precarious profession, without talent or a friend in the world! 'to have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see.' Is it not wonderful? is it true? can I believe it—first the wife of the best, the most perfect, being that ever breathed, his love and unbounded confidence in me, his immense fortune so honourably acquired by his own industry, all at my command, . . . and now the wife of a Duke. You must write my life; the History of Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and Goody Two Shoes, will sink compared with my true history written by the Author of *Waverley*; and that you may do it well I have sent you an inkstand. Pray, give it a place on your table in kind remembrance of your affectionate friend, Harriett St. Albans.

"Stratton Street,
July 16th, 1827."

deeply learned, sitting at a public entertainment beside a foreigner, tried every means to enter into conversation, but the stranger could speak no dead language, the Doctor no living one but his own. At last the scholar, in great extremity, was enlightened by a happy "*Nonne potes loqui cum digitis?*"—said as if the difficulty was solved at once.

Abbotsford.—Reached this about six o'clock.[1]

[1] Next morning the following pleasant little billet was despatched to Kaeside:—

"My dear Mr. Laidlaw, I would be happy if you would come at *kail-time* to-day. *Napoleon* (6000 copies) is sold for £11,000.—Yours truly,

"*Sunday.* W. S."

—*Abbotsford Notanda*, by R. Carruthers, Edin. 1871.

JULY

July 1, [*Abbotsford*].—A most delicious day, in the course of which I have not done

"The least right thing."

Before breakfast I employed myself in airing my old bibliomaniacal hobby, entering all the books lately acquired into a temporary catalogue, so as to have them shelved and marked. After breakfast I went out, the day being delightful—warm, yet cooled with a gentle breeze, all around delicious; the rich luxuriant green refreshing to the eye, soft to the tread, and perfume to the smell. Wandered about and looked at my plantations. Came home, and received a visit from Sir Adam. Loitered in the library till dinner-time. If there is anything to be done at all to-day, it must be in the evening. But I fear there will be nothing. One can't work always *nowther*.

"*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*"

There's warrant for it.

July 2.—Wrote in the morning, correcting the Essay on the Highlands, which is now nearly completed. Settled accounts with Tom and Bogie. Went over to Huntly Burn at two o'clock, and reconnoitred the proposed plantation to be called Jane's Wood. Dined with the Fergusons.

July 3.—Worked in the morning upon the Introduction to the *Chronicles*; it may be thought egotistical. Learned a bad accident had happened yesterday. A tinker (drunk I suppose) entered the stream opposite to Faldonside with an ass bearing his children. The ass was carried down by the force of the stream, and one of the little creatures was drowned; the other was brought out alive, poor innocent, clinging to the ass. It had floated as far down as Deadwaterheugh. Poor thing, it is as well dead as to live a tinker! The Fergusons dine with us *en masse*; also Dr. Brewster.

July 4, [*Edinburgh*].—Worked a little in the morning, and took a walk after breakfast, the day so delicious as makes it heart-breaking to leave the country. Set out, however, about four o'clock, and reached Edinburgh a little after nine. Slept part of the way; read *De Vere* the rest.[1] It is well written, in point of language and senti-

[1] Written by R. Plumer Ward, author of *Tremaine* and other works. Mr. Ward's *Political Life*, including a *Diary* to 1820, was published in 1850, in two vols. 8vo, edited by Hon. E. Phipps.

ment, but has too little action in it to be termed a pleasing novel. Everything is brought out by dialogue—or worse: through the medium of the author's reflections, which is the clumsiest of all expedients.

July 5.—This morning worked, and sent off to J. B. the Introduction to the *Chronicles*, containing my Confessions,[1] and did something, but not fluently, to the Confessions themselves. Not happy, however; the black dog worries me. Bile, I suppose. "But I will rally and combat the reiver." Reiver it is, that wretched malady of the mind; got quite well in the forenoon. Went out to Portobello after dinner, and chatted with little Johnnie, and told him the history of the Field of Prestonpans. Few remain who care about these stories.

July 6.—This morning wrought a good deal, but scarce a task. The Court lasted till half-past three; exhausting work in this hot weather. I returned to dine alone, Anne going to Roslin with a party. After noon a Miss Bell broke in upon me, who bothered me some time since about a book of hers, explaining and exposing the conduct of a Methodist Tartuffe, who had broken off (by anonymous letters) a match betwixt her and an accepted admirer. Tried in vain to make her comprehend how little the Edinburgh people would care about her wrongs, since there was no knowledge of the parties to make the scandal acceptable. I believe she has suffered great wrong.[2] Letter from Longman and Co. to J. B. grumbling about bringing out the second edition, because they have, forsooth, 700 copies in hand out of 5000, five days after the first edition[3] is out. What would they have? It is uncomfortable, though.

July 7.—Night dreadfully warm, and bilious; I could not be fool enough surely to be anxious for these wise men of the East's prognostication. Letters from Lockhart give a very cheerful prospect; if there had been any thundering upsetting broadside, he would have noticed it surely more or less. R. Cadell quite stout, and determined to go on with the second edition. Well, I hope all's right—thinking won't help it. Charles came down this morning penniless, poor fellow, but we will soon remedy that. Lockhart remits £100 for reviewing; I hope the next will be for Sophia, for cash affairs loom well in the offing, and if the trust funds go right, I was never so easy. I will take care how I get into debt again. I do not like this croaking of these old owls of Saint Paul's when all is done. The pitcher has gone often to the well. But— However, I worked away at the *Chronicles*. I will take pains with them. I will, by Jove!

July 8.—I did little to-day but arrange papers, and put bills, receipts, etc., into apple-pie order. I believe the fair prospect I have of clearing off some encumbrances, which are like thorns in my flesh, nay, in my very eye, contribute much to this. I did not even cor-

[1] See *post*, p 313, 314 note.
[2] See *ante*, pp. 64, 65.
[3] *Napoleon.*

rect proof-sheets; nay, could not, for I have cancelled two sheets, *instante Jacobo*, and I myself being of his opinion; for, as I said yesterday, we must and will take pains. The fiddle-faddle of arranging all the things was troublesome, but they give a good account of my affairs. The money for the necessary payments is ready, and therefore there is a sort of pleasure which does not arise out of any mean source, since it has for its object the prospect of doing justice and achieving independence. J. B. dined with me, poor fellow, and talked of his views as hopeful and prosperous. God send honest industry a fair riddance.

July 9.—Wrote in the morning. At eleven went by appointment with Colin Mackenzie to the New Edinburgh Academy. In the fifth class, Mr. Mitchell's, we heard Greek, of which I am no otherwise a judge than that it was fluently read and explained. In the rector Mr. Williams's class we heard Virgil and Livy admirably translated *ad aperturam libri*, and, what I thought remarkable, the rector giving the English, and the pupils returning, with singular dexterity, the Latin, not exactly as in the original, but often by synonymes, which showed that the exercise referred to the judgment, and did not depend on the memory. I could not help saying, with great truth, that, as we had all long known how much the pupils were fortunate in a rector, so we were now taught that the rector was equally lucky in his pupils. Of my young friends, I saw a son of John Swinton, a son of Johnstone of Alva, and a son of Craufurd Tait.[1] Dined at John Murray's; Mr. and Mrs. Philips, of Liverpool, General and Charles Stuart of Blantyre, Lord Abercromby, Clerk and Thomson. Pleasant evening.

July 10.—Corrected proofs, but wrote nothing. To Court till two o'clock. I went to Cadell's by the Mound, a long roundabout; transacted some business. I met Baron Hume coming home, and walked with him in the Gardens. His remarkable account of his celebrated uncle's last moments is in these words:—Dr. Black called on Mr. D. Hume[2] on the morning on which he died. The patient complained of having suffered a great deal during the night, and expressed a fear that his struggle might be prolonged, to his great distress, for days or weeks longer. "No, sir," said Dr. Black, with the remarkable calmness and sincerity which characterized him, "I have examined the symptoms, and observe several which oblige me to conclude that dissolution is rapidly approaching." "Are you certain of that, Doctor?" "Most assuredly so," answered the physician. The dying philosopher extended his arm, and shook hands with his medical friend. "I thank you," he said, "for the news." So little reason there was for the reports of his having been troubled in mind when on his deathbed.

Dined at Lord Abercromby's, to meet Lord Melville in private.

[1] Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

[2] David Hume, the historian, died August 25, 1776.

We had an interview betwixt dinner and tea. I was sorry to see my very old friend, this upright statesman and honourable gentleman, deprived of his power and his official income, which the number of his family must render a matter of importance. He was cheerful, not affectedly so, and bore his declension like a wise and brave man. I had nursed the idea that he had been hasty in his resignation; but, from the letters which he showed me confidentially, which passed betwixt him and Canning, it is clear his resignation was to be accomplished, not I suppose for personal considerations, but because it rendered the Admiralty vacant for the Duke of Clarence, as his resignation was eagerly snapped at. It cannot be doubted that if he had hesitated or hung back behind his friends, forcible means would have been used to compel to the measure, which with more dignity he took of his own accord—at least so it seemed to me. The first intimation which Lord Melville received of his successor was through Mr. ——, who told him, as great news, that there was to be a new Duke of York.[1] Lord M. understood the allusion so little, as to inquire whether his informant meant that the Duke of Cambridge had taken the Duke of York's situation, when it was explained to refer to the Duke of Clarence getting the Admiralty. There are some few words that speak volumes. Lord Melville said that none of them suspected Canning's negotiations with the Whigs but the Duke of Wellington, who found it out through the ladies ten days before. I asked him how they came to be so unprepared, and could not help saying I thought they had acted without consideration, and that they might have shown a face even to Canning. He allowed the truth of what I said, and seemed to blame Peel's want of courage. In his place, he said, he would have proposed to form a government disclaiming any personal views for himself as being Premier and the like, but upon the principle of supporting the measures of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool. I think this would have been acceptable to the King. Mr. Peel obviously feared his great antagonist Canning, and perhaps threw the game up too soon. Canning said the office of Premier was his inheritance; he could not, from constitution, hold it above two years, and then it would descend to Peel. Such is ambition! Old friends forsaken—old principles changed—every effort used to give the vessel of the State a new direction, and all to be Palinurus for two years!

July 11, [*Abbotsford*].—Worked at proofs in the morning; composed nothing. Got off by one, and to this place between six and seven. Weather delicious.

[1] To please the king, Canning appointed the Duke of Clarence as first Lord of the Admiralty, but Greville says it was a most judicious stroke of policy, and nothing served so much to disconcert his opponents. Lord Melville had held the office from March 25, 1812, to April 13, 1827. The Duke resigned in the following year.—See Croker's *Correspondence*, vol. i. pp. 264 (letter to Blomfield), 427, 429; also *ante*, p. 171. Lord Melville was President of the India Board in the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1828, and again First Lord from Sept. 17 of the same year until Nov. 22, 1830.

July 12.—Unpacking and arranging; the urchins are stealing the cherries in the outer garden. But I can spare a thousand larch-trees to put it in order with a good fence for next year. It is not right to leave fruit exposed; for if Adam in the days of innocence fell by an apple, how much may the little *gossoon* Jamie Moffatt be tempted by apples of gold in an age of iron! Anne and I walked to Huntly Burn—a delicious excursion. That place is really become beautiful; the Miss Fergusons have displayed a great deal of taste.

July 13.—Two agreeable persons—Rev. Mr. Gilly,[1] one of the prebendaries of Durham, with his wife, a pretty little woman—dined with us, and met Mr. Scrope. I heard the whole history of the discovery of St. Cuthbert's[2] body at Durham Cathedral. The Catholics will deny the identity, of course; but I think it is *constaté* by the dress and other circumstances. Made a pleasant day of it, and with a good conscience, for I had done my task this morning.

July 14.—Did task this morning, and believe that I shall get on now very well. Wrote about five leaves. I have been baking and fevering myself like a fool for these two years in a room exposed to the south; comfortable in winter, but broiling in the hot weather. Now I have removed myself into the large cool library, one of the most refreshing as well as handsomest rooms in Scotland, and will not use the study again till the heats are past. Here is an entry as solemn as if it respected the Vicar of Wakefield's removal from the yellow room to the brown. But I think my labours will advance greatly in consequence of this arrangement. Walked in the evening to the lake.

July 15.—Achieved six pages to-day, and finished volume i. of *Chronicles*. It is rather long; but I think the last story interesting, and it should not be split up into parts. J. B. will, I fear, think it low; and if he thinks so, others will. Yet—vamos. Drove to Huntly Burn in the evening.

July 16.—Made a good morning's work of the *Tales*. In the day-time corrected various proofs. J. B. thinks that in the proposed introduction I contemn too much the occupation by which I have thriven so well, and hints that I may easily lead other people to follow my opinion in vilipending my talents, and the use I have made of them. I cannot tell. I do not like, on the one hand, to suppress my own opinion of the *flocci-pauci-nihili-pilification* with which I regard these things; but yet, in duty to others, I cannot afford to break my own bow, or befoul my own nest, and there may be something like affectation and *nolo episcopari* in seeming to underrate my own labours; so, all things considered, I will erase the passage. Truth should not be spoke at all times. In the evening we had a delightful drive to Ashestiel with Colonel and Miss Ferguson.

[1] The Rev. William Stephen Gilly, D. D., Vicar of Norham, author of *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piemont*, 1823; *Researches among the Vaudois or Waldenses*, 1827–31.

[2] See Raine's *St. Cuthbert*, 4to, Durham, 1828.

July 17.—I wrote a laborious task; seven pages of *Tales*. Kept about the doors all day. Gave Bogie £10 to buy cattle to-morrow at St. Boswell's Fair. Here is a whimsical subject of affliction. Mr. Harper, a settler, who went from this country to Botany Bay, thinking himself obliged to me for a recommendation to General M'Allister and Sir Thomas Brisbane, has thought proper to bring me home a couple of Emus. I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armour. But your emu, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of cassowary or ostrich. Hang them! they might [eat] up my collection of old arms for what I know. It reminds me of the story of the adjutant birds in Theodore Hook's novel.[1] No; I'll no Emuses!

July 18.—Entered this morning on the history of Sir William Wallace. I wish I may be able to find my way between what the child can comprehend and what shall not yet be absolutely uninteresting to the grown readers. Uncommon facts I should think the best receipt. Learn that Mr. Owen Rees and John Gibson have amicably settled their differences about the last edition of *Napoleon*, the Trustees allowing the publishers nine months' credit. My nerves have for these two or three last days been susceptible of an acute excitement from the slightest causes; the beauty of the evening, the sighing of the summer breeze, brings the tears into my eyes not unpleasingly. But I must take exercise, and caseharden myself. There is no use in encouraging these moods of the mind. It is not the law we live on.

We had a little party with some luncheon at the lake, where Mr. Bainbridge fished without much success. Captain Hamilton and two Messrs. Stirling, relatives of my old friend Keir, were there, and walked with me a long round home. I walked better than I had done for some days. Mr. Scrope dined with us; he was complaining of gout, which is a bad companion for the stag-shooting.

July 19.—I made out my task this forenoon, and a good deal more. Sent five or six pages to James Ballantyne, *i.e.* got them ready, and wrote till the afternoon, then I drove over to Huntly Burn, and walked through the glens till dinner-time. After dinner read and worked till bed-time. Yet I have written well, walked well, talked well, and have nothing to regret.

July 20.—Despatched my letters to J. B., with supply of copy, and made up more than my task—about four leaves, I think. Offered my Emuses to the Duke of Buccleuch. I had an appointment with Cap-

[1] See *Danvers* in First Series of *Sayings and Doings*.

tain Hamilton and his friends the Stirlings, that they were to go up Yarrow to-day. But the weather seems to say no.

My visitors came, however, and we went up to Newark. Here is a little misfortune, for Spice left me, and we could not find her. As we had no servant with us on horseback, I was compelled to leave her to her fate, resolving to send in quest of her to-morrow morning. The keepers are my *bonos socios*, as the host says in the Devil of Edmonton,[1] and would as soon shoot a child as a dog of mine. But there are scamps and traps, and I am ashamed to say how reluctantly I left the poor little terrier to its fate.

She came home to me, however, about an hour and a half after we were home, to my great delectation. Our visitors dined with us.

July 21.—This morning wrote five pages of children's history. Went to Minto, where we met, besides Lord M. and his delightful countess, Thomas Thomson, Kennedy of Dunure,[2] Lord Carnarvon, and his younger son and daughter-in-law; the dowager Lady Minto also, whom I always delight to see, she is so full of spirit and intelligence. We rubbed up some recollections of twenty years ago, when I was more intimate with the family till Whig and Tory separated us for a time. By the way, nobody talks Whig or Tory just now; and the fighting men on each side go about muzzled and mute like dogs after a proclamation about canine madness. Am I sorry for this truce or not? Half and half. It is all we have left to stir the blood, this little political brawling; but better too little of it than too much.

July 22, [*Abbotsford*].—Rose a little later than usual, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Joanna Baillie. She is writing a tragedy[3] on witchcraft. I shall be curious to see it. Will it be real witchcraft—the *ipsissimus diabolus*—or an impostor, or the half-crazed being who believes herself an ally of condemned spirits, and desires to be so? That last is a sublime subject. We set out after breakfast, and reached this about two. I walked from two till four; chatted a long time with Charles after dinner, and thus went my day *sine linea*. But we will make it up. James Ballantyne dislikes my "Drovers." But it shall stand. I must have my own way sometimes.

I received news of two deaths at once: Lady Die Scott, my very old friend, and Archibald Constable, the bookseller.

July 23.—Yes! they are both for very different reasons subjects of reflection. Lady Diana Scott, widow of Walter Scott of Harden, was the last person whom I recollect so much older than myself, that she kept always at the same distance in point of years, so that she scarce seemed older to me (relatively) two years ago, when in her ninety-second year, than fifty years before. She was the daughter

[1] *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, a play by "T. B.," which has also been attributed to Anthony Brewer.

[2] Right Hon. Thomas Francis Kennedy, M.P. for Ayr Burghs, 1818–34. Died at the age of ninety at Dalquharran in 1879.

[3] This powerful drama, entitled *Witchcraft: a Tragedy in Prose*, was suggested, as the author says in her preface, by reading a scene in *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

(alone remaining) of Pope's Earl of Marchmont, and, like her father, had an acute mind and an eager temper. She was always kind to me, remarkably so indeed when I was a boy.

Constable's death might have been a most important thing to me if it had happened some years ago, and I should then have lamented it much. He has lived to do me some injury; yet, excepting the last £5000, I think most unintentionally. He was a prince of booksellers; his views sharp, powerful, and liberal; too sanguine, however, and, like many bold and successful schemers, never knowing when to stand or stop, and not always calculating his means to his objects with mercantile accuracy. He was very vain, for which he had some reason, having raised himself to great commercial eminence, as he might also have attained great wealth with good management. He knew, I think, more of the business of a bookseller in planning and executing popular works than any man of his time. In books themselves he had much bibliographical information, but none whatever that could be termed literary. He knew the rare volumes of his library not only by the eye, but by the touch, when blindfolded. Thomas Thomson saw him make this experiment, and, that it might be complete, placed in his hand an ordinary volume instead of one of these *libri rariores*. He said he had over-estimated his memory; he could not recollect that volume. Constable was a violent-tempered man with those that he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence, but, as usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him. Yet he was generous, and far from bad-hearted. In person good-looking, but very corpulent latterly; a large feeder, and deep drinker, till his health became weak. He died of water in the chest, which the natural strength of his constitution set long at defiance. I have no great reason to regret him; yet I do. If he deceived me, he also deceived himself.[1]

[1] Did Constable ruin Scott, as had been generally supposed? It is right to say that such a charge was not made during the lifetime of either. Immediately after Scott's death Miss Edgeworth wrote to Sir James Gibson-Craig and asked him for authentic information as to Sir Walter's connection with Constable. Sir James in reply stated that to his personal knowledge Mr. Constable had, in his anxiety to save Scott, about 1814 [1813], commenced a system of accommodation bills which could not fail to produce, and actually did produce, the ruin of both parties. To another correspondent, some years later, he wrote still more strongly (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 457).

Scott appears to have been aware of the facts so far, as he says to Laidlaw, in a letter of December 16, 1825, "The confusion of 1814 is a joke to this . . . but it arises out of the nature of the same connection which gives, and has given, me a fortune;" and Mr. Lockhart says that the firm of J. B. & Co. "had more than once owed its escape from utter ruin and dishonour" through Constable's exertions.—*Life*, vol. v. p. 150.

On reading the third volume of Constable's Memoirs (3 vols. 8vo, 1873), one cannot fail to see that all the three parties—printer, publisher, and author—were equal sharers in the imprudences that led to the disaster in 1826. Whether Mr. Constable was right in recommending further advances to the London house is doubtful; but if it was an error of judgment, it was one which appears to have been shared by Mr. Cadell and Mr. James Ballantyne. It must be admitted that the three firms were equally culpable in maintaining for so many years a system of fictitious credit. Constable, at least, from a letter to Scott, printed in vol. iii. p. 274, had become seriously alarmed as early as August 8, 1823.

That Constable was correct in his estimate of the value of the literary property has been shown by the large sums realised from the sale of Scott's works since 1829; and that his was the brain ("the pendulum of the clock" as Scott termed it) to plan is also shown by the fact that the so-called "favourite" edition, the *magnum opus*, appears to have been Constable's idea (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 255), although, accord-

Wrote five pages to-day, and went to see Mr. Scrope, who is fast with the gout—a bad companion to attend him

> "to Athole Braes,
> To shoot the dun deer down, down—
> To shoot the dun deer down."

July 24.—Finished five pages before eleven o'clock, at which time Mr. Deputy Register[1] arrived from Minto, and we had an agreeable afternoon, talking about the old days we have had together. I was surprised to find that Thomson knew as little as I do myself how to advise Charles to a good course of Scottish History. Hailes and Pinkerton, Robertson and Laing—there is nothing else for it—and Pinkerton is poor work. Laing, besides his party spirit, has a turn for generalising, which renders him rather dull, which was not the nature of the acute Orcadian.

July 25.—Thomson left us this morning early. I finished four pages, and part of a fifth, then drove to Huntly Burn and returned through the Glen; I certainly turn *heavy-footed*, not in the female sense, however. I had one or two falls among the slippy heather, not having Tom Purdie to give me his arm. I suppose I shall need a go-cart one of these days; and if it must be so—so let it be. *Fiat voluntas tua.*

A letter from John Gibson in the evening brought me word that Lord Newton had adjudged the profits of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* to be my own. This is a great matter, and removes the most important part of my dispute with Constable's creditors. I waked in the middle of the night. Sure I am not such a feather-headed gull as not to be able to sleep for good news. I am thankful that it is as it is. Had it been otherwise, I could have stood it. The money realised will pay one-third of all that I owe in the world—and what will pay the other two-thirds? I am as well and as capable as when those misfortunes began—January was a year. The public favour may wane, indeed, but it has not failed as yet, and I must not be too anxious about that possibility.

James B. has found fault with my tales for being too historical; formerly it was for being too infantine. He calls out for starch, and is afraid of his cravat being too stiff. O ye critics, will nothing melt ye?

July 26.—Wrote till one o'clock, and finished the first volume of *Tales*—about six leaves. To-morrow I resume the *Chronicles*, tooth and nail. They must be good, if possible. After all, works of fiction, viz., cursed lies, are easier to write, and much more popular than the best truths. Walked over to the head of the Roman road, com-

ing to the *Annual Register* of 1849, Mr. Cadell claimed the merit of a scheme which he had "quietly and privately matured."

[1] Thomas Thomson, Depute-Clerk Register for Scotland under Lord Frederick Campbell.

ing round by Bauchland and the Abbot's Walk. Wrote letters in the evening.

July 27.—In the morning still busied with my correspondence. No great desire to take up the *Chronicles*. But it must be done. Devil take the necessity, and the folly and knavery, that occasioned it! But this is no matter now. Accordingly I set tightly to work, and got on till two, when I took a walk. Was made very happy by the arrival of Sophia and her babies, all in good health and spirits.

July 28.—Worked hard in the morning. The two Ballantynes, and Mr. Hogarth with them. Owen Rees came early in the day. Fergusons came to dinner. Rees in great kindness and good-humour, but a little drumlie, I think, about *Napoleon*. We heard Sandie's violin after dinner—

> "—— Whose touch harmonious can remove
> The pangs of guilty power and hopeless love."[1]

I do not understand or care about fine music; but there is something in his violin which goes to the very heart. Sophia sung too, and we were once more merry in hall—the first time for this many a month and many a day.

July 29.—Could not do more than undertake my proofs to-day, of which J. B. has brought out a considerable quantity. Walked at one with Hogarth and Rees—the day sultry, hot, and we hot accordingly, but crept about notwithstanding. I am sorry to see my old and feal friend James rather unable to walk—once so stout and active—so was I in my way *once*. Ah! that vile word, what a world of loss it involves!

July 30.—One of the most peppering thunder-storms which I have heard for some time. Routed and roared from six in the morning till eight continuously.

> "The thunder ceased not, nor the fire reposed;
> Well done, old Botherby."

Time wasted, though very agreeably, after breakfast. At noon, set out for Chiefswood in the carriage, and walked home, footing it over rough and smooth, with the vigour of early days. James Ballantyne marched on too, somewhat meltingly, but without complaint. We again had beautiful music after dinner. The heart of age arose. I have often wondered whether I have a taste for music or no. My ear appears to me as dull as my voice is incapable of musical expression, and yet I feel the utmost pleasure in any such music as I can comprehend, learned pieces always excepted. I believe I may be about

[1] Johnson's *Epitaph on Claude Phillips*.

the pitch of Terry's connoisseurship, and that "I have a reasonable good ear for a jig, but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen."

July 31.—Employed the morning writing letters and correcting proofs; this is the second day and scarce a line written, but circumstances are so much my apology that even Duty does not murmur, at least not *much*. We had a drive up to Galashiels, and sent J. B. off to Edinburgh in the Mail. Music in the evening as before.

AUGUST

August 1.—My guests left me and I thought of turning to work again seriously. Finished five pages. Dined alone, excepting Huntly Gordon, who is come on a visit, poor lad. I hope he is well fixed under Mr. Planta's[1] patronage. Smoked a cigar after dinner. Laughed with my daughters, and read them the review of Hoffmann's production out of Gillies's new *Foreign Review*.

The undertaking would do, I am convinced, in any other person's hands than those of the improvident editor; but I hear he is living as thoughtlessly as ever in London, has hired a large house, and gives Burgundy to his guests. This will hardly suit £500 a year.

August 2.—Got off my proofs. Went over to breakfast at Huntly Burn; the great object was to see my cascade in the Glen suitably repaired. I have had it put to rights by puddling and damming. What says the frog in the Fairy Tale?—

> "Stuff with moss, and clog with clay,
> And that will weize the water away."

Having seen the job pretty tightly done, walked deliciously home through the woods. But no work all this while. Then for up and at it. But in spite of good resolutions I trifled with my children after dinner, and read to them in the evening, and did just nothing at all.

August 3.—Wrote five pages and upwards—scarce amends for past laziness. Huntly Gordon lent me a volume of his father's manuscript memoirs.[2] They are not without interest, for Pryse Gordon, though a bit of a *roué*, is a clever fellow in his way. One thing struck me, being the story of an Irish swindler, who called himself Henry King Edgeworth, an impudent gawsey fellow, who deserted from Gordon's recruiting party, enlisted again, and became so great a favourite with the Colonel of the regiment which he joined, that he was made pay-sergeant. Here he deserted to purpose with £200 or £300, escaped to France, got a commission in the Corps sent to invade Ireland, was taken, recognised, and hanged. What would Mr. Theobald Wolfe Tone have said to such an associate in his regenerating expedition? These are thy gods, O Israel! The other was the displeasure of the present Cameron of Lochiel, on finding that the

[1] Right Hon. Joseph Planta (son of Joseph Planta, Principal Librarian of the British Museum from 1799) was at this time one of the Secretaries to the Treasury. He died in 1847.

[2] *Personal Memoirs* by P. L. Gordon, 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1830.

forty Camerons, with whom he joined the Duke of Gordon's Northern Fencible regiment, were to be dispersed. He had wellnigh mutinied and marched back with them. This would be a good anecdote for Garth.[1]

August 4.—Spent the morning at Selkirk, examining people about an assault. When I returned I found Charlotte Kerr here with a clever little boy, Charles Scott, grandson of Charles of the Woll, and son of William, and grand-nephew of John of Midgehope. He seems a smart boy, and, considering that he is an only son with expectations, not *too* much spoiled. General Yermoloff called with a letter from a Dr. Knox, whom I do not know. If it be Vicesimus, we met nearly twenty-five years ago and did not agree. But General Yermoloff's name was luckily known to me. He is a man in the flower of life, about thirty, handsome, bold, and enthusiastic; a great admirer of poetry, and all that. He had been in the Moscow campaign, and those which followed, but must have been very young. He made not the least doubt that Moscow was burned by Rostopchin, and said that there was a general rumour before the French entered the town, and while the inhabitants were leaving it, that persons were left to destroy it. I asked him why the magazine of gunpowder had not been set fire to in the first instance. He answered that he believed the explosion of that magazine would have endangered the retreating Russians. This seemed unsatisfactory. The march of the Russians was too distant from Moscow to be annoyed by the circumstance. I pressed him as well as I could about the slowness of Koutousoff's operations; and he frankly owned that the Russians were so much rejoiced and surprised to see the French in retreat, that it was long ere they could credit the extent of the advantage which they had acquired. This has been but an idle day, so far as composition is concerned, but I was detained late at Selkirk.

August 5.—Wrote near six pages. General Yermoloff left me with many expressions of enthusiastic regard, as foreigners use to do. He is a kinsman of Princess Galitzin, whom I saw at Paris. I walked with Tom after one o'clock. Dined *en famille* with Miss Todd, a pretty girl, and wrote after dinner.

August 6.—This morning finished proofs and was *bang up* with everything. When I was about to sit down to write, I have the agreeable tidings that Henderson, the fellow who committed the assault at Selkirk, and who made his escape from the officers on Saturday, was retaken, and that it became necessary that I should go up to examine him. Returned at four, and found Mrs. George Swinton from Calcutta, to whose husband I have been much obliged, with Archie and cousin Peggie Swinton, arrived. So the evening was done up.

August 7.—Cousins still continuing, we went to Melrose. I fin-

[1] General David Stewart of Garth, author of *Sketches of the Highlanders*. 2 vols. 8vo, Edin. 1822. General Stewart died in St. Lucia in 1829. Sir Walter said of him that no man was "more regretted, or perhaps by a wider circle of friends and acquaintance."

ished, however, in the first place, a pretty smart task, which is so far well, as we expect the Skenes to-morrow. Lockhart arrived from London. The news are that Canning is dangerously ill. This is the bowl being broken at the cistern with a vengeance. If he dies now, it will be pity it was not five months ago. The time has been enough to do much evil, but not to do any permanent good.

August 8.—Huntly Gordon proposed to me that I should give him my correspondence, which we had begun to arrange last year. I resolved not to lose the opportunity, and began to look out and arrange the letters from about 1810, throwing out letters of business and such as are private. They are of little consequence, generally speaking, yet will be one day curious. I propose to have them bound up, to save trouble. It is a sad task; how many dead, absent, estranged, and altered! I wrought till the Skenes came at four o'clock. I love them well; yet I wish their visit had been made last week, when other people were here. It kills time, or rather murders it, this company-keeping. Yet what remains on earth that I like so well as a little society? I wrote not a line to-day.

August 9.—I finished the arrangement of the letters so as to put them into Mr. Gordon's hands. It will be a great job done. But, in the meanwhile, it interrupts my work sadly, for I kept busy till one o'clock to-day with this idle man's labour. Still, however, it might have been long enough ere I got a confidential person like Gordon to arrange these confidential papers. They are all in his hands now. Walked after one.

August 10.—This is a morning of fidgety, nervous confusion. I sought successively my box of Bramah pens, my proof-sheets, and last, not least anxiously, my spectacles. I am convinced I lost a full hour in these various chases. I collected all my insubordinate movables at once, but had scarce corrected the proof and written half-a-score of lines, than enter Dalgleish, declaring the Blucher hour is come. The weather, however, is rainy, and fitted for a day of pure work, but I was able only to finish my task of three pages.

The death of the Premier is announced. Late George Canning, the witty, the accomplished, the ambitious; he who had toiled thirty years, and involved himself in the most harassing discussions to attain this dizzy height; he who had held it for three months of intrigue and obloquy—and now a heap of dust, and that is all. He was an early and familiar friend of mine, through my intimacy with George Ellis. No man possessed a gayer and more playful wit in society; no one, since Pitt's time, had more commanding sarcasm in debate; in the House of Commons he was the terror of that species of orators called the Yelpers. His lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros. In his conduct as a statesman he had a great fault: he lent himself too willingly to intrigue. Thus he got into his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh,[1] and lost

[1] Resulting in the duel of 21st September, 1809.—See Croker's *Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 20; and *Life*, vol. iii. ch. xix.

credit with the country for want of openness. Thus too, he got involved with the Queen's party to such an extent that it fettered him upon that memorable quarrel, and obliged him to butter Sir Robert Wilson with dear friend, and gallant general, and so forth. The last composition with the Whigs was a sacrifice of principle on both sides. I have some reason to think they counted on getting rid of him in two or three years. To me Canning was always personally most kind. I saw, with pain, a great change in his health when I met him at Colonel Bolton's at Stors in 1825. In London I thought him looking better.

August 11.—Wrote nearly five pages; then walked. A visit from Henry Scott;[1] nothing known as yet about politics. A high Tory Administration would be a great evil at this time. There are repairs in the structure of our constitution which ought to be made at this season, and without which the people will not long be silent. A pure Whig Administration would probably play the devil by attempting a thorough repair. As to a compound, or melo-dramatic, Ministry, the parts out of which such a one could be organised just now are at a terrible discount in public estimation, nor will they be at par in a hurry again. The public were generally shocked at the complete lack of principle testified by public men on the late occasion, and by some who till then had some credit with the public. The Duke of W. has risen by his firmness on the one side, Earl Grey on the other.

August 12.—Wrote my task and no more. Walked with Lockhart from one o'clock to four. Took in our way the Glen, which looks beautiful. I walked with extreme pain and feebleness until we began to turn homewards, when the relaxation of the ankle sinews seemed to be removed, and I trode merrily home. This is strange; that exercise should restore the nerves from the chill or numbness which is allied to palsy, I am well aware, but how it should restore elasticity to sinews that are too much relaxed, I for one cannot comprehend. Colonel Russell came to dinner with us, and to consult me about some family matters. He has the spirit of a gentleman; that is certain.

August 13.—A letter from booksellers at Brussels informs me of the pleasant tidings that *Napoleon* is a total failure; that they have lost much money on a version which they were at great expense in preparing, and modestly propose that I should write a novel to make them amends for loss on a speculation which I knew nothing about. "Have you nothing else to ask?" as Sancho says to the farmer, who asks him to stock a farm for his son, portion off his daughters, etc. etc. They state themselves to be young booksellers; certes, they must hold me to be a *very* young author! Napoleon, however, has failed on the Continent—and perhaps in England also; for, from the mumbling, half-grumbling tone of Longman and Co., dissatisfaction

[1] Afterwards Lord Polwarth.

may be apprehended. Well, I can set my face to it boldly. I live not in the public opinion, not I; but egad! I live *by* it, and that is worse. *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra*, etc.

I corrected and transmitted sheets before breakfast; afterwards went and cut wood with Tom, but returned about twelve in rather a melancholy humour. I fear this failure may be followed by others; and then what chance of extricating my affairs. But they that look to freits, freits will follow them. *Hussards en avant*, — care killed a cat. I finished three pages—that is, a full task of the *Chronicles* — after I returned. Mr. and Mrs. Philips of Manchester came to dinner.

August 14.—Finished my task before breakfast. A bad rainy day, for which I should not have cared but for my guests. However, being good-humoured persons and gifted with taste, we got on very well, by dint of showing prints, curiosities; finally the house up stairs and down; and at length by undertaking a pilgrimage to Melrose in the rain, which pilgrimage we accomplished, but never entered the Abbey Church, having just had wetting enough to induce us, when we arrived at the gate, to "Turn again, Whittington."

August 15.—Wrote in the morning. After breakfast walked with Mr. Philips, who is about to build and plan himself, and therefore seemed to enter *con amore* into all I had been doing, asked questions, and seemed really interested to learn what I thought myself not ill-qualified to teach. The little feeling of superior information in such cases is extremely agreeable. On the contrary, it is a great scrape to find you have been boring some one who did not care a d—— about the matter, so to speak; and that you might have been as well employed in buttering a whin-stone. Mr. and Mrs. Philips left us about twelve—day bad. I wrote nearly five pages of *Chronicles*.

August 16.—A wet, disagreeable, sulky day, but such things may be carried to account. I wrote upwards of seven pages, and placed myself *rectus in curia* with Madam Duty, who was beginning to lift up her throat against me. Nothing remarkable except that Huntly Gordon left us.

August 17.—Wrote my task in the morning. After breakfast went out and cut wood with Tom and John Swanston, and hewed away with my own hand; remained on foot from eleven o'clock till past three, doing, in my opinion, a great deal of good in plantations above the house, where the firs had been permitted to predominate too much over the oak and hardwood. The day was rough and stormy—not the worst for working, and I could do it with a good conscience, all being well forward in the duty line. After tea I worked a little longer. On the whole finished four leaves and upwards—about a printed sheet—which is enough for one day.

August 18.—Finished about five leaves, and then out to the wood, where I chopped away among the trees, laying the foundation for future scenery. These woods will one day occupy a great number of

hands. Four years hence they will employ ten stout woodsmen almost every day of the year. Henry and William Scott (Harden) came to dinner.

August 19.—Wrote till about one, then walked for an hour or two by myself entirely; finished five pages before dinner, when we had Captain and Mrs. Hamilton and young Davidoff, who is their guest. They remained with us all night.

August 20.—I corrected proofs and wrote one leaf before breakfast; then went up to Selkirk to try a fellow for an assault. The people there get rather riotous. This is a turbulent fierce fellow. Some of his attitudes were good during the trial. This dissipated my attention for the day, although I was back by half-past two. I did not work any more, so am behind in my reckoning.

August 21.—Wrote four pages, then set out to make a call at Sunderland Hall and Yair, but the old sociable broke down before we had got past the thicket, so we trudged all back on foot, and I wrote another page. This makes up the deficiency of yesterday.

August 22.—I wrote four or five leaves, but begin to get aground for want of Indian localities. Colonel Ferguson's absence is unlucky, and half-a-dozen Qui Hi's besides, willing to write chits,[1] eat tiffin, and vent all their Pagan jargon when one does not want to hear it; and now that I want a touch of their slang, lo! there is not one near me. Mr. Adolphus, son of the celebrated counsel, and author of a work on the *Waverley Novels*,[2] came to make me a visit. He is a modest as well as an able man, and I am obliged to him for the delicacy with which he treated a matter in which I was personally so much concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton asked us to breakfast tomorrow.

August 23.—Went to breakfast at Chiefswood, which, with a circuitous walk, have consumed the day. Found, in the first place, my friend Allan, the painter, busy about a picture, into which he intends introducing living characters—a kind of revel at Abbotsford. Second, a whimsical party, consisting of John Stevenson, the bookseller, Peter Buchan from Peterhead, a quiz of a poetical creature, and a bookbinder, a friend of theirs. The plan was to consult me about publishing a great quantity of ballads which this Mr. Buchan has collected. I glanced them over. He has been very successful, for they are obviously genuine, and many of them very curious. Others are various editions of well-known ballads. I could not make the man comprehend that these last were of little value, being generally worse readings of what was already published. A small edition published by subscription may possibly succeed. It is a great pity that few of these ballads are historical, almost all being of the romantic cast. They certainly ought to be preserved, after striking out one or two

[1] Persian *chitty* = a short note.

[2] *Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with "Waverley," and an Attempt to ascertain their Author.* 8vo, London, 1821.

which have been sophisticated, I suppose by Mr. Buchan himself, which are easily distinguishable from the genuine ballads.[1] No one but Burns ever succeeded in patching up old Scottish songs with any good effect.

August 24.—Corrected proofs and wrote letters in the morning. Began a review upon Monteath's Planter for Lockhart.[2] Other matters at a stand. A drive down to Mertoun, and engaged to dine there on Sunday first. This consumed the day.

August 25.—Mr. Adolphus left us this morning after a very agreeable visit. We all dined at Dr. Brewster's. Met Sir John Wright, Miss Haig, etc. Slandered our neighbours, and were good company. Major John Scott there. I did a little more at the review to-day. But I cannot go on with the tale without I could speak a little Hindostanee—a small seasoning of curry-powder. Ferguson will do it if I can screw it out of him.

August 26.—Encore review. Walked from twelve till three, then drove to Mertoun with Lockhart and Allan. Dined *en famille*, and home by half-past ten. We thought of adding a third volume to the *Chronicles*, but Gibson is afraid it would give grounds for a pretext to seize this work on the part of Constable's creditors, who seem determined to take any advantage of me, but they can only show their teeth I trust; though I wish the arbitration was ended.

August 27.—Sent off proofs in morning, revised in afternoon. Walked from one till four. What a life of uniformity! Yet I never wish to change it. I even regret I must go to town to meet Lady Compton[3] next week.

A singular letter from a lady, requesting I would father a novel of hers. That won't pass.[4]

Cadell writes me, transmitting a notice from the French papers that Gourgaud[5] has gone, or is going, to London to verify the facts alleged in my history of Napoleon, and the bibliopolist is in a great funk. I lack some part of his instinct. I have done Gourgaud no

[1] They were published under the title *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 2 vols. 8vo, 1828.

[2] *The Forester's Guide and Profitable Planter*, reviewed in the *Quarterly*, Oct. 1827. See also "On Planting Waste Lands," in *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xxi. pp. 1–76.

[3] Daughter of Mrs. Maclean Clephane, and afterwards Marchioness of Northampton.

[4] Scott's indorsation of this letter is characteristic—"Prodigious, bold request, Tom Thumb."

[5] Among the documents laid before Scott in the Colonial Office, when he was in London at the close of 1826, "were some which represented one of Bonaparte's attendants at St. Helena, General Gourgaud, as having been guilty of gross unfairness, giving the English Government private information that the Emperor's complaints of ill-usage were utterly unfounded, and yet then and afterwards aiding and assisting the delusion in France as to the harshness of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct towards his captive. Sir Walter, when using these remarkable documents, guessed that Gourgaud might be inclined to fix a personal quarrel on himself; and there now appeared in the newspapers a succession of hints that the General was seriously bent on this purpose. He applied as *Colonel Grogg* would have done forty years before to *The Baronet*" [W. Clerk].—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 142–3.

A short time previously Gourgaud had had a quarrel with Count Ségur regarding the latter's *History of the Russian Campaign*, to which he wrote a reply in 1825, and then fought a duel with the author in support of his allegations. In Scott's case, however, it came to nothing beyond a paper war, which Sir Walter declined to prolong, leaving the question to be decided by the general public. It is due to Gourgaud to state that on two occasions he saved Napoleon's life, though his subsequent information to the British Government did not tend to increase his popularity with the Bonapartists. He died at Paris in his sixty-ninth year on July 25th, 1852.

wrong: every word imputed to him exists in the papers submitted to me as historical documents, and I should have been a shameful coward if I had shunned using them. At my years it is somewhat late for an affair of honour, and as a reasonable man I would avoid such an arbitrament, but will not plead privilege of literature. The country shall not be disgraced in my person, and having stated why I think I owe him no satisfaction, I will at the same time most willingly give it to him.

"Il sera reçu,
Biribi,
A la façon de Barbaru,
Mon ami."

I have written to Will Clerk to stand my friend if necessary. He has mettle in him, and thinks of my honour as well as my safety.

August 28.—I am still bothering with the review, but gave Lockhart fifteen leaves, which is something. Learned with regret that Williams leaves his situation of Rector of the New Academy. It is a shot in the wing of the institution; for he is a heaven-born teacher. Walked at two till four along the thicket, and by the river-side, where I go seldom; I can't say why, unless that the walk is less private than those more distant. Lockhart, Allan, and I, talk of an excursion to Kelso to-morrow. I have no friends there now. Yet once how many!

August 29.—Went on our little expedition, breakfasting at Mertoun. Called at Fleurs, where we found Sir John S. and his whole family. The great lady received us well, though we had been very remiss in our duty. From that we went to Kelso, where I saw not a soul to acknowledge former acquaintance. How should I, when my residence there was before 1783, I fancy?[1] The little cottage in which I lived with poor Aunt Jenny is still standing, but the great garden is divided betwixt three proprietors. Its huge platanus tree withered, I was told, in the same season which was fatal to so many of the species. It was cut down. The yew-hedges, labyrinths, wildernesses, and other marks that it had once been the abode of one of the Millers connected with the author of the *Gardener's Dictionary* (they were a Quaker family), are all obliterated, and the place is as common and vulgar as may be. The lady the cottage belongs to was very civil. Allan, as a man of taste, was much delighted with what he saw. When we returned, we found our party at home increased by Lady Anna Maria Elliot, who had been showing Melrose to two friends, Miss Drinkwaters. Lady M.'s wit and good-humour made the evening go pleasantly off. There were also two friends of Charles's, by name Paley (a nephew of the archdeacon) and Ashworth. They seem nice young men, with modesty and good-breeding. I am glad, as my mother used to say, that his friends are so presentable. Moreover,

[1] *Life*, vol. i. pp. 47, 155–156.

there came my old, right trusty, and well-beloved friend, John Richardson, so we were a full party. Lady Anna Maria returned in the evening. Francis Scott also dined with us.

August 30.—Disposed of my party as I best might, and worked at my review. Walked out at one, and remained till near five. Mr. Scott of Harden and David Thomson, W.S., dined with us. Walked with Mr. Allan through Haxel Cleugh.

August 31.—Went on with my review; but I have got Sir Henry's original pamphlet,[1] which is very cleverly written. I find I cannot touch on his mode of transplantation at all in this article. It involves many questions, and some of importance, so I will make another article for January. Walked up the Rhymer's Glen with John Richardson.[2]

[1] *The Planters' Guide*, by Sir Henry Seton Steuart.

[2] In the *North British Review*, No. 82, there is an extremely interesting sketch of this learned Peerage lawyer. He died in his 85th year, in 1864, at his country seat, Kirklands in Roxburghshire, which he had purchased by Sir Walter's advice.

The following amusing narrative of what took place on Tweedside when these two old friends were in their prime is given in Mr. Richardson's own words:—

"On a beautiful morning in September, 1810, I started with Sir Walter from Ashiestiel. We began nearly under the Ruins of Elibank, and in sight of the 'Hanging Tree.' I only had a rod, but Sir Walter walked by my side, now quoting Izaak Walton, as, 'Fish me this stream by inches,' and now delighting me with a profusion of Border stories. After the capture of numerous fine trout, I hooked something greater and unseen, which powerfully ran out my line. Sir Walter got into a state of great excitement, exclaiming, 'It's a fish! It's a fish! Hold up your rod! Give him line!' and so on. The rod, which belonged to one of his boys, broke, and put us both into great alarm; but I contrived, by ascending the steep bank and holding down the rod, still to give play to the reel, till, after a good quarter of an hour's struggle, a trout, for so it turned out to be, was conducted round a little peninsula. Sir Walter jumped into the water, seized him, and threw him out on the grass. Tom Purdie came up a little time after, and was certainly rather discomposed at my success. 'It will be some sea brute,' he observed; but he became satisfied that it was a fine river-trout, and such as he, as he afterwards admitted, had not been killed in Tweed for twenty years; and when I moved down the water, he went, as Sir Walter afterwards observed, and gave it a kick on the head, exclaiming, 'To be ta'en by the like o' him frae Lunnon!'"

SEPTEMBER

September 1.—Colonel Ferguson and Colonel Byers breakfasted; the latter from India, the nephew of the old antiquarian;[1] but I had not an opportunity to speak to him about the Eastern information required for the *Chronicles*. Besides, my review is not finished, though I wrought hard to-day. Sir William Hamilton and his brother, Captain Hamilton, called; also young Davidoff. I am somewhat sorry for my young friend. His friends permit him to remain too long in Britain to be happy in Russia. Yet this [is a] prejudice of those who suppose that when the institutions and habits by which they are governed come to be known to strangers, they must become exclusively attached to them. This is not so. The Hottentot returns from civilisation to the wild manners of his kraal, and wherefore should not a Russian resume his despotic ideas when returned to his country?

September 2.—This was a very warm day. I remained at home, chiefly engaged in arranging papers, as I go away to-morrow. It is lucky these starts happen from time to time as I should otherwise never get my table clear. At five o'clock the air became cooler, and I sat out of doors and played with the children. Anne, who had been at Mertoun the day before, brought up Anne and Elizabeth Scott[2] with her, and Francis has been with us since yesterday. Richardson left us.

September 3.—Went on with my arranging of papers till twelve, when I took chaise and arrived at Melville Castle. Found Lord and Lady M. and the two young ladies. Dr. Hope, my old school-fellow James Hope[3] and his son, made up our party, which was very pleasant. After they went away we had some private conversation about politics. The Whigs and Tories of the Cabinet are strangely divided, the former desiring to have Mr. Herries for Chancellor of the Exchequer, the latter to have Lord Palmerston, that Calcraft may be Secretary of War. The King has declared firmly for Herries, on which Lord Goderich with *tears* entreated Herries to remove the bone of contention by declining to accept. The King called him a blubbering fool. That the King does not like or trust the Whigs is obvious from his passing over Lord Lansdowne, a man who, I should sup-

[1] James Byers, 1733–1817.

[2] Anne Scott of Harden, afterwards wife of Lord Jerviswoode, and Elizabeth of Colonel Charles Wyndham.

[3] James Hope, W.S., Scott's school-fellow, died in Edinburgh 14th November, 1842.

pose, is infinitely better fitted for a Premier than Goderich. But he probably looks with no greater [favour] on the return of the High Tories. I fear he may wish to govern by the system of *bascule*, or balancing the two parties, a perilous game.[1] The Advocate[2] also dined with us.

September 4, [*Edinburgh*].—Came into town after breakfast, and saw Gibson, whose account of affairs is comfortable. Also William Clerk, whom I found quite ready and willing to stand my friend if Gourgaud should come my road. He agrees with me that there is no reason why he should turn on me, but that if he does, reason or none, it is best to stand buff to him. It is clear to me that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it. We are told the genius of poets especially is irreconcilable with this species of grenadier accomplishment.[3] If so, *quel chien de génie!* Saw Lady Compton. I dine with her today, and go to Glasgow with her to-morrow.

September 5.—Dined with Lady Compton yesterday, and talked over old stories until nine, our *tête-à-tête* being a very agreeable one. Then hence to my good friend John Gibson's, and talked with him of sundries. I had an odd dream last night. It seemed to me that I was at a panorama, when a vulgar little man behind me was making some very clever but impudent remarks on the picture, and at the same time seemed desirous of information, which no one would give him. I turned round and saw a young fellow dressed like a common carter, with a blue coat and red waistcoat, and a whip tied across him. He was young, with a hatchet-face, which was turned to a brick colour by exposure to the weather, sharp eyes, and in manner and voice not unlike John Leyden. I was so much struck with his countenance and talents that I asked him about his situation, and expressed a wish to mend it. He followed me, from the hopes which I excited, and we had a dreadful walk among ruins, and afterwards I found myself on horseback, and in front of a roaring torrent. I plunged in as I have formerly done in good sad earnest, and got to the other side. Then I got home among my children and grandchildren, and there also was my genius. Now this would defy Daniel and the soothsayers to boot; nor do I know why I should now put it down, except that I have seldom seen a portrait in life which was more strongly marked on my memory than that man's. Perhaps my genius was Mr. Dickinson, papermaker, who has undertaken that the London creditors who hold Constable's bills will be satisfied with 10s. in the pound. This would be turning a genius to purpose, for 6s. 8d. is provided, and they can have no difficulty about 3s. 4d. These debts, for which I am legally responsible, though no party to their contrac-

[1] *Greville*, vol. i. pp. 110–113.

[2] Sir W. Rae, who was Lord Advocate from 1819 to 1830.

[3] See letter to Duke of Buccleuch on James Hogg at p. 300.

tion, amount to £30,000 odds. Now if they can be cleared for £15,000 it is just so much gained. This would be a giant step to freedom. I see in my present comfortable quarters[1] some of my own old furniture in Castle St., which gives me rather queer feelings. I remember poor Charlotte and I having so much thought about buying these things. Well, they are in kind and friendly hands.

September 6.—Went with Lady Compton to Glasgow, and had as pleasant a journey as the kindness, wit, and accomplishment of my companion could make it. Lady C. gives an admirable account of Rome, and the various strange characters she has met in foreign parts. I was much taken with some stories out of a romance called *Manuscrit trouvé à Saragosse*, by a certain Count John Polowsky [Potocki?], a Pole. It seems betwixt the style of Cazotti, Count Hamilton and Le Sage. The Count was a toiler after supernatural secrets, an adept, and understood the cabbala. He put himself to death, with many odd circumstances, inferring derangement. I am to get a sight of the book if it be possible. At Glasgow (Buck's Head) we met Mrs. Maclean Clephane and her two daughters, and there was much joy. After the dinner the ladies sung, particularly Anna Jane, who has more taste and talent of every kind than half the people going with great reputations on their backs.

A very pleasant day was paid for by a restless night.

September 7.—This day had calls from Lord Provost and Mr. Rutherford (William) with invitations, which I declined. Read in manuscript a very clever play (comedy) by Miss A. J. Clephane in the old style, which was very happily imitated. The plot was confused—too much taking and retaking of prisoners, but the dialogue was excellent.

Took leave of these dear friends, never perhaps to meet all together again, for two of us are old. Went down by steam to Colonel Campbell's, Blythswood House, where I was most courteously received by him and his sisters. We are kinsfolk and very old acquaintance. His seat here is a fine one; the house is both grand and comfortable.

We walked to Lawrence Lockhart's of Inchinnan, within a mile of Blythswood House. It is extremely nice and comfortable, far beyond the style of a Scotch clergyman; but Lawrence is wealthy. I found John Lockhart and Sophia there, returned from Largs. We all dined at Colonel Campbell's on turtle, and all manner of good things. Miss A. and H. Walker were there. The sleep at night made amends for the Buck's Head.

September 8.—Colonel Campbell carried me to breakfast in Glasgow, and at ten I took chaise for Corehouse, where I found my old friend George Cranstoun rejoiced to see me, and glad when I told him what Lord Newton had determined in my affairs. I should ob-

[1] No. 10 Walker Street.

serve I saw the banks of the Clyde above Hamilton much denuded of its copse, *untimely cut*; and the stools ill cut, and worse kept. Cranstoun and I walked before dinner. I never saw the great fall of Corehouse from this side before, and I think it the best point, perhaps; at all events, it is not that from which it is usually seen; so Lord Corehouse has the sight and escapes the tourists. Dined with him, his sister Mrs. Cunningham, and Corehouse.

I omitted to mention in yesterday's note that within Blythswood plantation, near to the Bridge of Inchinnan, the unfortunate Earl of Argyle was taken in 1685, at a stone called Argyle's Stone. Blythswood says the Highland drovers break down his fences in order to pay a visit to the place. The Earl had passed the Cart river, and was taken on the Renfrew side.

September 9.—This is a superb place of Corehouse's. Cranstoun has as much feeling about improvement as other things. Like all new improvers, he is at more expense than is necessary, plants too thick, and trenches where trenching is superfluous. But this is the eagerness of a young artist. Besides the grand lion, the Fall of Clyde, he has more than one lion's whelp; a fall of a brook in a cleugh called Mill's Gill must be superb in rainy weather. The old Castle of Corehouse is much more castle-like on this than from the other side.

Left Corehouse at eight in the morning, and reached Lanark by half-past nine. I was thus long in travelling three miles because the postilion chose to suppose I was bound for Biggar, and was two miles ere I discovered what he was doing. I thought he aimed at crossing the Clyde by some new bridge above Bonnington. Breakfasted at Lanark with the Lockharts, and reached Abbotsford this evening by nine o'clock.

Thus ends a pleasant expedition among the people I like most. Drawback only one. It has cost me £15, including two gowns for Sophia and Anne; and I have lost six days' labour. Both may be soon made up.

N.B.—We lunched (dined, *videlicet*) with Professor Wilson at Inverleithen, and met James Hogg.[1]

[1] Scott's unwearied interest in James Hogg, despite the waywardness of this imaginative genius, is one of the most beautiful traits in his character. Readers of Mr. Lockhart's *Life* do not require to be reminded of the active part he took in promoting the welfare of the "Ettrick Shepherd" on many occasions, from the outset of their acquaintance in 1801 until the end of his life.

Hogg was a strange compound of boisterous roughness and refinement in expression, and these odd contrasts surprised strangers such as Moore and Ticknor. The former was shocked, and the latter said his conversation was a perpetual contradiction to the exquisite delicacy of *Kilmeny*.

The critics of the day, headed by Professor Wilson, declared he was Burns's rival as a song-writer, and his superior in anything relating to external nature! indeed they wrote of him as unsurpassed by poet or painter in his fairy tales of ancient time, dubbing him Poet Laureate to the Queen of Elfland, and yet his unrefined manner tempted these friends to speak of him familiarly as the greatest hog in all Apollo's herd, or the Boar of the Forest, etc., etc.

Wordsworth, however, on November 21, 1835, when his brother bard had just left the sunshine for the sunless land, wrote from his heart the noble lines ending—

"Death upon the Braes of Yarrow,
Closed the Poet Shepherd's eyes."

September 10, [*Abbotsford*].—Gourgaud's wrath has burst forth in a very distant clap of thunder, in which he accuses me of combining with the ministry to slander his rag of a reputation. He be d—d for a fool, to make his case worse by stirring. I shall only revenge myself by publishing the whole extracts I made from the records of the Colonial Office, in which he will find enough to make him bite his nails. Still I wonder he did not come over and try his manhood otherwise. I would not have shunned him nor any Frenchman who ever kissed Bonaparte's breech.

September 11.—Went to Huntly Burn and breakfasted with Colonel Ferguson, who has promised to have some Indian memoranda ready for me. After breakfast went to choose the ground for a new to dinplantation, to be added next week to the end of Jane's Wood. Came ner Lord Carnarvon and his son and daughter; also Lord Francis Leveson Gower, the translator of *Faust*.

September 12.—Walk with Lord Francis. When we return, behold ye! enter Lady Hampden and Lady Wedderburn. In the days of George Square, Jane and Maria Brown,[1] beauties and toasts. There was much pleasure on my side, and some, I suppose, on theirs; and there was a riding, and a running, and a chattering, and an asking, and a showing—a real scene of confusion, yet mirth and good spirits. Our guests quit us next day.

September 13.—Fined a man for an assault at Selkirk. He pleaded guilty, which made short work. The beggarly appearance of the Jury in the new system is very worthy of note. One was a menial servant. When I returned, James Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell arrived. They bring a good account of matters in general. Cadell explained to me a plan for securing the copyright of the novels, which has a very good face. It appears they are going off fast; and if the glut of the market is once reduced by sales, the property will be excellent, and may be increased by notes. James B. brought his son. Robert Rutherford also here, and Miss Russells.

September 14.—In the morning wrote my answer to Gourgaud, rather too keen perhaps, but I owe him nothing; and as for exciting his resentment, I will neither seek nor avoid it.

Cadell's views seem fair, and he is open and explicit. His brothers support him, and he has no want of cash. He sells two or three copies of Bonaparte and one of the novels, or two, almost every day. He must soon, he says, apply to London for copies. Read a Refutation, as it calls itself, of Napoleon's history. It is so very polite and accommodating that every third word is a concession—the work of a man able to judge distinctly on specific facts, but erroneous in his general results. He will say the same of me, perhaps. Ballantyne and Cadell leave us. Enter Miss Sinclairs, two in number, also a

[1] Another, sister Georgiana, married General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., randfather of Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

translator, and a little Flemish woman, his wife—very good-humoured, rather a little given to compliment; name Fauconpret. They are to return at night in a gig as far as Kelso—a bold undertaking.

September 16.—The ladies went to Church; I, God forgive me, finished the *Chronicles*[1] with a good deal of assistance from Colonel Ferguson's notes about Indian affairs. The patch is, I suspect, too glaring to be pleasing; but the Colonel's sketches are capitally good. I understand, too, there are one or two East Indian novels which have lately appeared. Naboclish! *vogue la galère!*

September 17.—Received from James B. the proofs of my reply to General Gourgaud, with some cautious balaam from mine honest friend, alarmed by a Highland Colonel, who had described Gourgaud as a *mauvais garçon*, famous fencer, marksman, and so forth. I wrote in answer, which is true, that I would hope all my friends would trust to my acting with proper caution and advice; but that if I were capable, in a moment of weakness, of doing anything short of what my honour demanded, I would die the death of a poisoned rat in hole, out of mere sense of my own degradation. God knows, that, though life is placid enough with me, I do not feel anything to attach me to it so strongly as to occasion my avoiding any risk which duty to my character may demand from me.

I set to work with the *Tales of a Grandfather*, second volume, and finished four pages.

September 18.—Wrote five pages of the *Tales*. Walked from Huntly Burn, having gone in the carriage. Smoked my cigar with Lockhart after dinner, and then whiled away the evening over one of Miss Austen's novels. There is a truth of painting in her writings which always delights me. They do not, it is true, get above the middle classes of society, but there she is inimitable.

September 19.—Wrote three pages, but dawdled a good deal; yet the *Tales* get on, although I feel bilious, and vapourish, I believe I must call it. At such times my loneliness, and the increasing inability to walk, come dark over me, but surely these mulligrubs belong to the mind more than the body.

September 22.—Captain and Colonel Ferguson, the last returned from Ireland, dined here. Prayer of the minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde: "O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrays, and in thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

September 23.—Worked in the morning; then drove over to Huntly Burn, chiefly to get from the good-humoured Colonel the accurate spelling of certain Hindu words which I have been using under his instructions. By the way, the sketches he gave me of Indian manners are highly picturesque. I have made up my Journal, which

[1] *Chronicles of the Canongate.* First Series, ending with the story of *The Surgeon's Daughter.*

was three days in arrear. Also I wrought a little, so that the second volume of *Grandfather's Tales* is nearly half finished.

September 24.—Worked in the morning as usual, and sent off the proofs and copy. Something of the black dog still hanging about me; but I will shake him off. I generally affect good spirits in company of my family, whether I am enjoying them or not. It is too severe to sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering your own causeless melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits, which are at first simulated, become at length real.[1]

September 25, [*Edinburgh*].—Got into town by one o'clock, the purpose being to give my deposition before Lord Newton in a case betwixt me and Constable's creditors. My oath seemed satisfactory; but new reasons were alleged for additional discussion, which is, I trust, to end this wearisome matter. I dined with Mr. Gibson, and slept there. J. B. dined with us, and we had thoughts how to save our copyright by a bargain with Cadell. I hope it will turn to good, as I could add notes to a future edition, and give them some value.

September 26, [*Abbotsford*].—Set off in mail coach, and my horses met me at Yair Bridge. I travelled with rather a pleasant man, an agent, I found, on Lord Seaford's[2] West Indian Estates. Got home by twelve o'clock, and might have been here earlier if the Tweed had not been too large for fording. I must note down my cash lest it gets out of my head; "may the foul fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't,"[3] and yet there's no doing either with it or without it.

September 27.—The morning was damp, dripping, and unpleasant; so I even made a work of necessity, and set to the *Tales* like a dragon. I murdered M'Lellan of Bomby at Thrieve Castle; stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of Stirling; astonished King James before Roxburgh; and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath in the Canongate. A wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest; no lassitude in those days for want of work.

> "For treason, d' ye see,
> Was to them a dish of tea,
> And murther bread and butter."

We dined at Gattonside with Mr. Bainbridge, who kindly presented me with six bottles of super-excellent Jamaica rum, and with a manuscript collection of poetry, said to be Swift's handwriting, which it resembles. It is, I think, poor Stella's. Nothing very new in it.

September 28.—Another dropping and busy day. I wrought hard at the *Historical Tales*, which get on fast.

September 29.—I went on with the little history which now (*i.e.*

[1] Mr. Lockhart justly remarks that this entry "paints the man in his tenderness, his fortitude, and happy wisdom."

[2] Charles Rose Ellis had been created Baron Seaford in 1826.

[3] See Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, p. 210.

vol. ii.) doth appropinque an end. Received in the evening [Nos. 37 to 41 ?] of the Roxburghe publications. They are very curious, and, generally speaking, well selected. The following struck me:—An Italian poem on the subject of Floddenfield; the legend of St. Robert of Knaresborough; two plays, printed from MS. by Mr. Haslewood. It does not appear that Mr. H. fully appreciated the light which he was throwing on the theatrical history by this valuable communication. It appears that the change of place, or of scene as we term it, was intimated in the following manner.

In the middle of the stage was placed Colchester, and the sign of Pigot's tavern—called the Tarlton—intimated what part of the town was represented. The name was painted above. On one side of the stage was, in like manner, painted a town, which the name announced to be Maldon; on the other side a ranger's lodge. The scene lay through the piece in one or other of these three places, and the entrance of the characters determined where each scene lay. If they came in from Colchester, then Colchester was for the time the scene of action. When that scene was shifted to Maldon, it was intimated by the approach of the actors from the side where it was painted—a clumsy contrivance, doubtless, compared to changeable scenery; yet sufficient to impress the audience with a sense of what was meant.

September 30.—Wet, drizzling, dismal day. I finished odds and ends, scarce stirring out of my room, yet doing little to the purpose. Wrote to Sir Henry [Seton Steuart] about his queries concerning transplanted trees, and to Mr. Freeling concerning the Roxburghe Club books. I have settled to print the manuscript concerning the murder of the two Shaws by the Master of Sinclair. I dallied with the precious time rather than used it. Read the two Roxburghe plays; they are by William Percy, a son of the eighth Earl of Northumberland; worthless and very gross, but abounding with matter concerning scenery, and so forth, highly interesting to the dramatic antiquary.

Note *on the "grenadier accomplishment" mentioned in* p. 294.

In a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch, of May, 1818, Scott gives the following amusing account of an incident in the life of the Ettrick Shepherd:—

"Our poor friend Hogg has had an *affair of honour*. . . . Two mornings ago, about seven in the morning, my servant announced, while I was shaving in my dressing-room, that Mr. Hogg wished earnestly to speak with me. He was ushered in, and I cannot describe the half-startled, half-humorous air with which he said, scratching his head most vehemently, 'Odd, Scott, here's twae fo'k's come frae Glasgow to provoke mey to fecht a duel.' 'A duel,' answered I, in great astonishment, 'and what do you intend to do?' 'Odd, I just locket them up in my room and sent the lassie for twae o' the police, and just gie'd the men ower to their chairge, and I thocht I wad come and ask you what I should do. . . .' He had already settled for himself the question whether he was to fight or not, and all that he had to do was to go to the Police Office and tell the charge he had to bring against the two Glasgow gentlemen. . . . The Glaswegians were greatly too many for him [in Court]. . . . They returned in all triumph and glory, and Hogg took the wings of the morning and fled to his cottage at Altrive, not deeming himself altogether safe in the streets of Edinburgh! Now, although I do not hold valour to be an essential article in the composition of a man like Hogg, yet I heartily wish he could have prevailed on himself to swagger a little. . . . But considering his failure in the field and the Sheriff Office, I am afraid we must apply to Hogg the apology which is made for Waller by his biographer: 'Let us not condemn him with untempered severity because he was not such a prodigy as the world has seldom seen—because his character included not the poet, the orator, and the hero.'"

OCTOBER

October 1.—I set about work for two hours, and finished three pages; then walked for two hours; then home, adjusted sheriff processes, and cleared the table. I am to set off to-morrow for Ravensworth Castle, to meet the Duke of Wellington;[1] a great let off, I suppose. Yet I would almost rather stay and see two days more of Lockhart and my daughter, who will be off before my return. Perhaps. But there is no end to perhaps. We must cut the rope and let the vessel drive down the tide of destiny.

October 2.—Set out in the morning at seven, and reached Kelso by a little past ten with my own horses. Then took the Wellington coach to carry me to Wellington—smart that. Nobody inside but an old lady, who proved a toy-woman in Edinburgh; her head furnished with as substantial ware as her shop, but a good soul, I'se warrant her. Heard all her debates with her landlord about a new door to the cellar, etc., etc.; propriety of paying rent on the 15th or 25th of May. Landlords and tenants have different opinions on that subject. Danger of dirty sheets in inns. We dined at Wooler, and I found out Dr. Douglas on the outside, son of my old acquaintance Dr. James Douglas of Kelso. This made us even lighter in mind till we came to Whittingham. Thence to Newcastle, where an obstreperous horse retarded us for an hour at least, to the great alarm of my friend the toy-woman. *N.B.*—She would have made a good feather-bed if the carriage had happened to fall, and her undermost. The heavy roads had retarded us near an hour more, so that I hesitated to go to Ravensworth so late; but my good woman's tales of dirty sheets, and certain recollections of a Newcastle inn, induced me to go on. When I arrived the family had just retired. Lord Ravensworth and Mr. Liddell came down, however, and really received me as kindly as possible.

October 3.—Rose about eight or later. My morals begin to be corrupted by travelling and fine company. Went to Durham with Lord Ravensworth betwixt one and two. Found the gentlemen of

[1] "The Duke was then making a progress in the North of England, to which additional importance was given by the uncertain state of political arrangements; the chance of Lord Goderich's being able to maintain himself as Canning's successor seeming very precarious, and the opinion that his Grace must soon be called to a higher station than that of Commander of the Forces, which he had accepted under the new Premier, gaining ground every day. Sir Walter, who felt for the great Captain the pure and exalted devotion that might have been expected from some honoured soldier of his banners, accepted this invitation, and witnessed a scene of enthusiasm with which its principal object could hardly have been more gratified than he was."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 156–7.

Durham county and town assembled to receive the Duke of Wellington. I saw several old friends, and with difficulty suited names to faces, and faces to names. There was Headlam, Dr. Gilly and his wife, and a world of acquaintance besides, Sir Thomas Lawrence too, with Lord Londonderry. I asked him to come on with me, but he could not. He is, from habit of coaxing his subjects I suppose, a little too fair-spoken, otherwise very pleasant. The Duke arrived very late. There were bells and cannon and drums, trumpets and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the Duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and the gentry was great—the common people were lukewarm.[1] The Duke has lost popularity in accepting political power. He will be more useful to his country it may be than ever, but will scarce be so gracious in the people's eyes; and he will not care a curse for what outward show he has lost. But I must not talk of curses, for we are going to take our dinner with the Bishop of Durham,[2] a man of amiable and courteous manners, who becomes his station well, but has traces of bad health on his countenance.

We dined, about one hundred and forty or fifty men, a distinguished company for rank and property. Marshal Beresford, and Sir John,[3] amongst others, Marquis of Lothian, Lord Duncombe, Marquis Londonderry, and I know not who besides:

> "Lords and Dukes and noble Princes,
> All the pride and flower of Spain."

We dined in the rude old baronial hall, impressive from its antiquity, and fortunately free from the plaster of former improvement, as I trust it will, from the gingerbread taste of modern Gothicisers. The bright moon streaming in through the old Gothic windows, made a light which contrasted strangely with the artificial lights within; spears, banners, and armour were intermixed with the pictures of old, and the whole had a singular mixture of baronial pomp with the graver and more chastened dignity of prelacy. The conduct of our reverend entertainer suited the character remarkably well. Amid the welcome of a Count Palatine he did not for an instant forget the gravity of the Church dignitary. All his toasts were gracefully given, and his little speeches well made, and the more affecting that the failing voice sometimes reminded us that our aged host laboured under the infirmities of advanced life. To me personally the Bishop was very civil, and paid me his public compliments by proposing my health in the most gratifying manner.[4]

[1] See *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey* for Lord Grey's opinion, vol. i. p. 60.

[2] Dr. William Van Mildert had been appointed to the See of Durham in 1826 on the death of Dr. Shute Barrington. He died in 1836.

[3] Admiral Sir John Breresford had some few years before this commanded on the Leith Station—when Sir Walter and he saw a great deal of each other—"and merry men were they." —J. G. L.

[4] An eye-witness writes:—"The manner in which Bishop Van Mildert proceeded on this occasion will never be forgotten by those who know how to appreciate scholarship without pedantry, and dignity without ostentation. Sir Walter had been observed throughout the

The Bishop's lady received a sort of drawing-room after we rose from table, at which a great many ladies attended. I ought not to forget that the singers of the choir attended at dinner, and sung the Anthem *Non nobis Domine*, as they said who understood them, very well—and, as I think, who did not understand the music, with an unusual degree of spirit and interest. It is odd how this can be distinguished from the notes of fellows who use their throats with as little feeling of the notes they utter as if they were composed of the same metal as their bugle-horns.

After the drawing-room we went to the Assembly-rooms, which were crowded with company. I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country-dance which Old England has now thrown aside, as she would do her creed, if there were some foreign frippery offered instead. We got away after midnight, a large party, and reached Ravensworth Castle—Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, and about twenty besides—about half-past one. Soda water, and to bed by two.

October 4.—Slept till nigh ten—fatigued by our toils of yesterday, and the unwonted late hours. Still too early for this Castle of Indolence, for I found few of last night's party yet appearing. I had an opportunity of some talk with the Duke. He does not consider Foy's book[1] as written by himself, but as a thing *got up* perhaps from notes. Says he knew Foy very well in Spain. Mentioned that he was, like other French officers, very desirous of seeing the English papers, through which alone they could collect any idea of what was going on without their own cantonments, for Napoleon permitted no communication of that kind with France. The Duke, growing tired of this, at length told Baron Tripp, whose services he chiefly used in communication with the outposts, that he was not to give them the newspapers. "What reason shall I allege for withholding them?" said Baron Tripp. "None," replied the Duke. "Let them allege some reason why they want them." Foy was not at a loss to assign a reason. He said he had considerable sums of money in the English funds and wanted to see how Stocks fell and rose. The excuse did not, however, go down.[2] I remember Baron Tripp, a Dutch nobleman, and a dandy of the first water, and yet with an energy in his dandyism which made it respectable. He drove a gig as far as Dunrobin Castle, and back again, *without a whip*. He looked after his own horse, for he had no servant, and after all his little establishment of clothes and necessaries, with all the accuracy of a *petit-maître*. He was one of the best-dressed men, and his horse was in equally fine

day with extraordinary interest—I should say enthusiasm. The Bishop gave his health with peculiar felicity, remarking that he could reflect upon the labours of a long literary life with the consciousness that everything he had written tended to the practice of virtue, and to the improvement of the human race."—Hon. Henry Liddell. *Life*, vol. ix. p. 160.

[1] *Histoire de la guerre de la Péninsule sous Napoléon*, etc. Publiée par Madame la Comtesse Foy. Paris, 4 vols. 8vo, 1827. See *Croker*, vol. i. p. 352.

[2] This story is told also in Lord Stanhope's *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*. 8vo, London, 1888, p. 54.

condition as if he had had a dozen of grooms. I met him at Lord Somerville's, and liked him much. But there was something exaggerated, as appeared from the conclusion of his life. Baron Tripp shot himself in Italy for no assignable cause.

What is called great society, of which I have seen a good deal in my day, is now amusing to me, because from age and indifference I have lost the habit of considering myself as a part of it, and have only the feelings of looking on as a spectator of the scene, who can neither play his part well nor ill, instead of being one of the *dramatis personæ*; and, careless what is thought of myself, I have full time to attend to the motions of others.

Our party went to-day to Sunderland, where the Duke was brilliantly received by an immense population, chiefly of seamen. The difficulty of getting into the rooms was dreadful, for we chanced to march in the rear of an immense Gibraltar gun, etc., all composed of glass, which is here manufactured in great quantities. The disturbance created by this thing, which by the way I never saw afterwards, occasioned an ebbing and flowing of the crowd, which nearly took me off my legs. I have seen the day I would have minded it little. The entertainment was handsome; about two hundred dined, and appeared most hearty in the cause which had convened them—some indeed so much so, that, finding themselves so far on the way to perfect happiness, they e'en . . . After the dinner-party broke up there was a ball, numerously attended, where there was a prodigious anxiety discovered for shaking of hands. The Duke had enough of it, and I came in for my share; for, though as jackal to the lion, I got some part in whatever was going. We got home about half-past two in the morning, sufficiently tired. The Duke went to Seaham, a house of Lord Londonderry's. After all, this Sunderland trip might have been spared.

October 5.—A quiet day at Ravensworth Castle, giggling and making giggle among the kind and frank-hearted young people. Ravensworth Castle is chiefly modern, excepting always two towers of great antiquity. Lord Ravensworth manages his woods admirably well, and with good taste. His castle is but half-built. Elections[1] have come between. In the evening, plenty of fine music, with heart as well as voice and instrument. Much of the music was the spontaneous effusions of Mrs. Arkwright, who had set Hohenlinden and other pieces of poetry. Her music was of a highly-gifted character. She was the daughter of Stephen Kemble. The genius she must have inherited from her mother, who was a capital actress. The Miss Liddells and Mrs. Barrington sang the "The Campbells are coming," in a tone that might have waked the dead.

October 6.—Left Ravensworth this morning, and travelled as far

[1] The present generation are apt to forget the enormous sums spent in Parliamentary elections; *e.g.*, Mme. de Lieven tells Earl Grey (*Cor.* ii. p. 215) that Lord Ravensworth's neighbour, the Duke of Northumberland, will subscribe £100,000 towards the election of 1831.

as Whittingham with Marquis of Lothian. Arrived at Alnwick to dinner, where I was very kindly received. The Duke is a handsome man,[1] who will be corpulent if he does not continue to take hard exercise. The Duchess very pretty and lively, but her liveliness is of that kind which shows at once it is connected with thorough principle, and is not liable to be influenced by fashionable caprice. The habits of the family are early and regular; I conceive they may be termed formal and old-fashioned by such visitors as claim to be the pink of the mode. The Castle is a fine old pile, with various courts and towers, and the entrance is magnificent. It wants, however, the splendid feature of a keep. The inside fitting up is an attempt at Gothic, but the taste is meagre and poor, and done over with too much gilding. It was done half a century ago, when this kind of taste was ill-understood. I found here the Bishop of [Gloucester], etc., etc.

October 7.—This morning went to church and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Gloucester;[2] he has great dignity of manner, and his accent and delivery were forcible. Drove out with the Duke in a phaeton, and saw part of the park, which is a fine one, lying along the Alne. But it has been ill-planted. It was laid out by the celebrated Brown,[3] who substituted clumps of birch and Scottish firs for the beautiful oaks and copse which grows nowhere so freely as in Northumberland. To complete this, the late Duke did not thin, so the wood is in poor state. All that the Duke cuts down is so much waste, for the people will not buy it where coals are so cheap. Had they been oak-wood, the bark would have fetched its value; had they been grown oaks, the sea-ports would have found a market. Had they been [larch], the country demands for ruder purposes would have been unanswerable. The Duke does the best he can to retrieve his woods, but seems to despond more than a young man ought to do. It is refreshing to see a man in his situation give so much of his time and thoughts to the improvement of his estates, and the welfare of the people. The Duke tells me his people in Keeldar were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bed-gown and petticoat. The men were savage and could hardly be brought to rise from the heath, either from sullenness or fear. They sung a wild tune, the burden of which was Ourina, ourina, ourina. The females sung, the men danced round, and at a certain part of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always wore.

We came by the remains of the old Carmelite Monastery of Hulne, which is a very fine object in the park. It was finished by De Vesci. The gateway of Alnwick Abbey, also a fine specimen, is standing about a mile distant. The trees are much finer on the left

[1] Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland.

[2] Dr. Bethell, who had been tutor to the Duke of Northumberland, held at this time the See for Gloucester.—J. G. L.

[3] Launcelot Brown, 1715–1782.

side of the Alne, where they have been let alone by the capability-villain. Visited the enceinte of the Castle, and passed into the dungeon. There is also an armoury, but damp, and the arms in indifferent order. One odd petard-looking thing struck me.—*Mem.* to consult Grose. I had the honour to sit in Hotspur's seat, and to see the Bloody Gap, where the external wall must have been breached. The Duchess gave me a book of etchings of the antiquities of Alnwick and Warkworth from her own drawings.[1] I had half a mind to stay to see Warkworth, but Anne is alone. We had prayers in the evening read by the Archdeacon.[2]

The Marquis of Lothian on Saturday last told me a remarkable thing, which he had from good authority. Just before Bonaparte's return from Elba there was much disunion at the Congress of Vienna. Russia and Prussia, conscious of their own merits, made great demands, to which Austria, France, and Britain were not disposed to accede. This went so far that war became probable, and the very Prussian army which was so useful at Waterloo was held in readiness to attack the English. On the other hand, England, Austria, and France entered into a private agreement to resist, beyond a certain extent, Prussia's demands of a barrier on the Rhine, etc., and, what is most singular of all, it was from Bonaparte that the Emperor Alexander first heard of this triple alliance.[3] But the circumstance of finding Napoleon interesting himself so far in the affairs of Europe alarmed the Emperor more than the news he sent him. On the same authority, Gneisenau and most of Blücher's personal suite remained behind a house at the battle of Ligny, and sent out an officer from time to time, but did not remain even in sight of the battle, till Blücher put himself at the head of the cavalry with the zeal of an old hussar.

October 8.—Left Alnwick, where I have experienced a very kind reception, and took coach at Whittingham at eleven o'clock. I find there is a new road to be made between Alnwick and Wooler, which will make the communication much easier, and avoid Remside Moor.

Saw some fine young plantations about Whittingham suffering from neglect, which is not the case under the Duke's own eye. He has made two neat cottages at Percy's Cross, to preserve that ancient monument of the fatal battle of Hedgeley Moor. The stones marking the adjacent spot called Percy's Leap are thirty-three feet asunder. To show the uncertainty of human testimony, I measured the distance (many years since, it is true), and would have said and almost sworn that it was but eighteen feet. Dined at Wooler, and reached home about seven o'clock, having left Alnwick at half-past nine. So it would be easy to go there to dinner from Abbotsford, starting at six in the morning, or seven would do very well.

[1] A quarto volume, containing 39 etchings (privately printed in 1823), still preserved at Abbotsford.

[2] Mr. Archdeacon Singleton.—J. G. L.

[3] Stanhope's *Notes*, p. 24; and *Croker*, vol. ii. p. 233.

October 9, [*Abbotsford*].—No proofs here, which I think odd of Jas. B. But I am not sorry to have a day to write letters, and besides I have a box of books to arrange. It is a bad mizzling day, and might have been a good day for work, yet it is not quite uselessly spent.

October 10.—Breakfasted at Huntly Burn with the merry knight, Sir Adam Ferguson. When we returned we found a whole parcel of proofs which had been forgot yesterday at the toll—so here ends play and begins work. Dr. Brewster and Mr. Thornhill. The latter gave me a box, made of the real mulberry-tree.[1] Very kind of him.

October 11.—Being a base melancholy weeping day I e'en made the best of it, and set in for work. Wrote ten leaves this day, equivalent to forty pages. But then the theme was so familiar, being Scottish history, that my pen never rested. It is more than a triple task.

October 12.—Sent off proofs and copy, a full task of three pages. At one Anne drove me to Huntly Burn, and I examined the earthen fence intended for the new planting, and altered the line in some points. This employed me till near four, the time of my walking home being included.

October 13.—Wrote in the forenoon. Lord Bessborough and Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby called to see the place. His lady used to be civil to me in London—an accomplished and pleasing woman. They only stayed an hour. At dinner we had Lord and Lady Bathurst, and my friend Lady Georgiana—also Marquis of Lothian and Lord Castlereagh, plenty of fine folks. Expected also the Lord Register and Mrs. Dundas, but they could not come. Lord Bathurst told me that Gourgaud had negotiated with the French Government to the last moment of his leaving London, and that he had been told so by the French Ambassador. Lord B. refused to see him, because he understood he talked disrespectfully of Napoleon.

October 14.—I read prayers to the company of yesterday, and we took a drive round by Drygrange Bridge. Lord B. told me that the late king made it at one time a point of conscience to read every word of every act of parliament before giving his assent to it. There was a mixture of principle and nonsense in this. Lord Lothian left us. I did a full task to-day, which is much, considering I was a good deal occupied.

October 15.—My noble guests departed, pleased I believe with their visit. I have had to thank Lord Bathurst for former kindness. I respect him too, as one who being far from rich, has on the late occasion preferred political consistency to a love of office and its emoluments. He seems to expect no opposition of a formal kind this next session. What is wonderful, no young man of talents seems to spring up in the House of Commons. I wonder what comes of all

[1] From Stratford-on-Avon.

the clever lads whom we see at college. The fruit apparently does not ripen as formerly. Lord Castlereagh remained with us. I bestowed a little advice on him. He is a warm-hearted young fellow, with some of the fashionable affectations of the age about him, but with good feelings and an inclination to come forward.

October 16.—With all this racketing the work advances fast. The third volume of the *Tales* is now half finished, and will, I think, be a useful work. Some drizzling days have been of great use to its progress. This visiting has made some dawdling, but not much, perhaps not more than there ought to be for such a task.

I walked from Huntly Burn up the little Glen, which was in all the melancholy beauty of autumn, the little brook brawling and bickering in fine style over its falls and currents.

October 17.—Drove down to Mertoun and brought up Elizabeth Scott to be our guest for some days or so. Various chance guests arrived. One of the most welcome was Captain MacKenzie of the Celtic Society and the 72d regiment, a picture of a Highlander in his gigantic person and innocent and generous disposition. Poor fellow, he is going to retreat to Brittany, to make his half-pay support a wife and family. I did not dare to ask how many. God send I may have the means of serving him.

He told me a Maclean story which was new to me. At the battle of Sheriffmuir that clan was commanded by a chief called Hector. In the action, as the chief rushed forward, he was frequently in situations of peril. His foster-father followed him with seven sons, whom he reserved as a body-guard, whom he threw forward into the battle as he saw his chief pressed. The signal he gave was, "Another for Hector!" The youths replied, "Death for Hector!" and were all successively killed. These words make the sign and countersign at this day of the clan Gillian.[1]

Young Shortreed dined with us and the two Fergusons, Sir Adam and the Colonel. We had a pleasant evening.

October 19.—Wrought out my task, and better—as I have done for these several days past. Lady Anna Maria Elliot arrived unexpectedly to dinner, and though she had a headache, brought her usual wit and good-humour to enliven us.

October 20.—The day being basely muggy, I had no walk, which I was rather desirous to secure. I wrought, however; and two-thirds of the last volume of *Tales of my Grandfather* are finished. I received a large packet of proofs, etc., which for some reason had been delayed. We had two of Dr. Brewster's boys to dinner—fine children; they are spirited, promising, and very well-behaved.

October 21.—Wrought till one o'clock, then walked out for two hours, though with little comfort, the bushes being loaded with rain; but exercise is very necessary to me, and I have no mind to die of

[1] For the utilization of this story, see *Fair Maid of Perth*, published in the following year.

my arm-chair. A letter from Skene, acquainting me that the Censors of the French press have prohibited the insertion of my answer to the man Gourgaud. This is their freedom of the press! The fact is there is an awkward "composition" between the Government and the people of France, that the latter will endure the former so long as they will allow them to lull themselves asleep with the recollections of their past glory, and neither the one nor the other sees that truth and honesty and freedom of discussion are the best policy. He knows, though, there *is* an answer; and that is all I care about.

October 22.—Another vile damp drizzling day. I do not know any morning in my life so fit for work, on which I nevertheless, while desirous of employing it to purpose, make less progress. A hang-dog drowsy feeling wrought against me, and I was obliged to lay down the pen and indulge myself in a drumly sleep.

The Haigs of Bemerside, Captain Hamilton, Mr. Bainbridge and daughter, with young Nicol Milne and the Fergusons, dined here. Miss Haig sings Italian music better than any person I ever heard out of the Opera-house. But I am neither a judge nor admirer of the science. I do not know exactly what is aimed at, and therefore cannot tell what is attained. Had a letter from Colin Mackenzie, who has proposed himself for the little situation in the Register House. I have written him, begging him to use the best interest in his own behalf, and never mind me.

October 23.—Another sullen rainy day. "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah," as Punch says in the puppet-show.[1] I worked slow, however, and untowardly, and fell one leaf short of my task.

Went to Selkirk, and dined with the Forest Club, for the first time I have been there this season. It was the collar-day, but being extremely rainy, I did not go to see them course. *N.B.*—Of all things, the greatest bore is to hear a dull and bashful man sing a facetious song.

October 24.—Vilely low in spirits. I have written a page and a half, and doubt whether I can write more to-day. A thick throbbing at my heart, and fancies thronging on me. A disposition to sleep, or to think on things melancholy and horrible while I wake. Strange that one's nerves should thus master them, for nervous the case is, as I know too well. I am beginning to tire of my Journal, and no wonder, faith, if I have only such trash as this to record. But the best is, a little exertion or a change of the current of thought relieves me.

God, who subjects us to these strange maladies, whether of mind or body I cannot say, has placed the power within our own reach, and we should be grateful. I wrestled myself so far out of the Slough of Despond as to take a good long walk, and my mind is re-

[1] See M. G. Lewis's *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor*. 8vo, Lond. 1834, p. 47; and Introduction to *Fair Maid of Perth*, p. 16.

stored to its elasticity. I did not attempt to work, especially as we were going down to Mertoun, and set off at five o'clock.

October 25.—We arrived at Mertoun yesterday, and heard with some surprise that George had gone up in an air balloon, and ascended two miles and a half above this sublunary earth. I should like to have an account of his sensations, but his letters said nothing serious about them. Honest George, I certainly did not suspect him of being so flighty! I visited the new plantations on the river-side with Mrs. Scott; I wish her lord and master had some of her taste for planting. When I came home I walked through the Rhymer's Glen, and I thought how the little fall would look if it were heightened. When I came home a surprise amounting nearly to a shock reached me in another letter from L. J. S.[1] Methinks this explains the gloom which hung about me yesterday. I own that the recurrence to these matters seems like a summons from the grave. It fascinates me. I ought perhaps to have stopped it at once, but I have not nerve to do so. Alas! alas!—But why alas? *Humana perpessi sumus.*

October 26.—Sent off copy to Ballantyne. Drove over to Huntly Burn at breakfast, and walked up to the dike they are building for the new plantation. Returned home. The Fergusons dined; and we had the kirn Supper.[2] I never saw a set of finer lads and lasses, and blithely did they ply their heels till five in the morning. It did me good to see them, poor things.

October 27.—This morning went again to Huntly Burn to breakfast. There picked up Sir Adam and the Colonel, and drove down to old Melrose to see the hounds cast off upon the Gateheugh, the high rocky amphitheatre which encloses the peninsula of old Melrose, the Tweed pouring its dark and powerful current between them. The galloping of the riders and hallooing of the huntsmen, the cry of the hounds and the sight of sly Reynard stealing away through the brakes, waked something of the old spirit within me—

"Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires."

[1] On the 13th of October Sir Walter had received a letter from "one who had in former happy days been no stranger," and on turning to the signature he found to his astonishment that it was from Lady Jane Stuart, with whom he had had no communication since the memorable visit he had made to Invermay in the autumn of 1796. The letter was simply a formal request on behalf of a friend for permission to print some ballads in Scott's handwriting which were in an album that had apparently belonged to her daughter, yet it stirred his nature to its depths.

The substance of his reply may be gathered from the second letter, which he had just read before making this sad entry in his Journal.—Lady Jane tells him that she would convey to him the Manuscript Book

—"as a *secret* and *sacred* Treasure, could I but know that you would take it as I give it without a drawback or misconstruction of my instructions;"

and she adds—

"Were I to lay open my heart (of which you know little indeed) you will find how it has and ever shall be warm towards you. My age [she was then seventy-four] encourages me, and I have longed to tell you. Not the mother who bore you followed you more anxiously (though secretly) with her blessing than I! Age has tales to tell and sorrows to unfold."

As is seen by his Journal Sir Walter resumed his personal intercourse with his venerable friend on November 6th and continued it until her death, which took place in the winter of 1829.—*Ante*, p. 265, and *Life*, vol. i. pp 329–336.

[2] Kirn, the feast at the end of the harvest in Scotland.

On return home I had despatches of consequence. John Gibson writes that Lord Newton has decided most of the grand questions in our favour. Good, that! Rev. Mr. Turner writes that he is desirous, by Lord Londonderry's consent, to place in my hands a quantity of original papers concerning the public services of the late Lord Londonderry, with a view to drawing up a memoir of his life. Now this task they desire to transfer to me. It is highly complimentary; and there is this of temptation in it, that I should be able to do justice to that ill-requited statesman in those material points which demand the eternal gratitude of his country. But then for me to take this matter up would lead me too much into the hackneyed politics of the House of Commons, which *odi et arceo*. Besides, I would have to study the Irish question, and I detest study. *Item.*—I might arrive at conclusions different from those of my Lord of Londonderry, and I have a taste for expressing that which I think. Fourthly, I think it is sinking myself into a party writer. Moreover, I should not know what to say to the disputes with Canning; and, to conclude, I think my Lord Londonderry, if he desired such a thing at my hands, ought to have written to me. For all which reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, I will write declining the undertaking.

October 28.—Wrote several letters, and one to Mr. Turner, declining the task of Lord Castlereagh's Memoirs,[1] with due acknowledgments. Had his public and European politics alone been concerned, I would have tried the task with pleasure. I wrote out my task and something more, corrected proofs, and made a handsome remittance of copy to the press.

October 31.—Just as I was merrily cutting away among my trees, arrives Mr. Gibson with a melancholy look, and indeed the news he brought was shocking enough. It seems Mr. Abud, the same Jew broker who formerly was disposed to disturb me in London, has given the most positive orders to take out diligence against me for his debt of £1500. This breaks all the measures we had resolved on, and prevents the dividend from taking place, by which many poor persons will be great sufferers. For me the alternative will be more painful to my feelings than prejudicial to my interest. To take out a sequestration and allow the persons to take what they can get will be the inevitable consequence. This will cut short my labour by several years, which I might spend and spend in vain in labouring to meet their demands. No doubt they may in the interim sell the liferent of this place, with the books and furniture. But, perhaps, it may be possible to achieve some composition which may save these articles, as I would make many sacrifices for that purpose. Gibson strongly advises taking a sequestration at all events. But if the creditors choose

[1] The correspondence of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry, was edited by his brother in 1850, but there was no memoir published until Alison wrote the *Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry*. 3 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1861.

to let Mr. Abud have his pound of flesh out of the first cut, my mind will not be satisfied with the plan of deranging, for the pleasure of disappointing him, a plan of payment to which all the others had consented. We will know more on Saturday, and not sooner. I went to Bowhill with Sir Adam Ferguson to dinner, and maintained as good a countenance in the midst of my perplexities as a man need desire. It is not bravado; I literally feel myself firm and resolute.

NOVEMBER

November 1.—I waked in the night and lay two hours in feverish meditation. This is a tribute to natural feeling. But the air of a fine frosty morning gave me some elasticity of spirit. It is strange that about a week ago I was more dispirited for nothing at all than I am now for perplexities which set at defiance my conjectures concerning their issue. I suppose that I, the Chronicler of the Canongate, will have to take up my residence in the Sanctuary[1] for a week or so, unless I prefer the more airy residence of the Calton Jail, or a trip to the Isle of Man. These furnish a pleasing choice of expedients. It is to no purpose being angry at Ehud or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks by these harsh measures to render his road to it more speedy. And now I will trouble myself no more about the matter than I can possibly help, which will be quite enough after all. Perhaps something may turn up better for me than I now look for. Sir Adam Ferguson left Bowhill this morning for Dumfriesshire. I returned to Abbotsford to Anne, and told her this unpleasant news. She stood it remarkably well, poor body.

November 2.—I was a little bilious to-night—no wonder. Had sundry letters without any power of giving my mind to answer them —one about Gourgaud with his nonsense. I shall not trouble my head more on that score. Well, it is a hard knock on the elbow; I knew I had a life of labour before me, but I was resolved to work steadily; now they have treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put in a red-hot cinder into the wheel alongst with [me]. But of what use is philosophy—and I have always pretended to a little of a practical character—if it cannot teach us to do or suffer? The day is glorious, yet I have little will to enjoy it, but sit here ruminating upon the difference and comparative merits of the Isle of Man and of the Abbey. Small choice betwixt them. Were a twelvemonth over, I should perhaps smile at what makes me now very serious.

Smile!—No, that can never be. My present feelings cannot be recollected with cheerfulness; but I may drop a tear of gratitude. I have finished my *Tales*,[2] and have now nothing literary in hand. It would be an evil time to begin anything.

[1] Holyrood remained an asylum for civil debtors until 1880, when by the Act 43 & 44 Victoria, cap. 34, imprisonment for debt was abolished. For description of bounds see *Chronicles of the Canongate*, p. 7. (vol. xli.).

[2] The book was published during November, under the following title, *Chronicles of the Canongate* (First Series). By the author of *Waverley*, etc.—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA, motto of Canongate arms. In two vols. *The Two Drovers*,

November 3.—Slept ill, and lay one hour longer than usual in the morning. I gained an hour's quiet by it, that is much. I feel a little shaken at the result of to-day's post. Bad it must be, whatsoever be the alternative. I am not able to go out, my poor workers wonder that I pass them without a word. I can imagine no alternative but either retreat to the Sanctuary or to the Isle of Man. Both shocking enough. But in Edinburgh I am always near the scene of action, free from uncertainty and near my poor daughter; so I think I will prefer it, and thus I rest in unrest. But I will not let this unman me. Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the strain. I believe in God who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best. I have a letter from Mr. Gibson, purporting the opinion of the trustees and committee of creditors, that I should come to town, and interesting themselves warmly in the matter. They have intimated that they will pay Mr. Abud a composition of six shillings per pound on his debt. This is a handsome offer, but I understand he is determined to have his pound of flesh. If I can prevent it, he shall not take a shilling by his hard-hearted conduct.

November 4.—Put my papers in some order, and prepared for my journey. It is in the style of the Emperors of Abyssinia who proclaim—Cut down the Kantuffa in the four quarters of the world,—for I know not where I am going. Yet, were it not for poor Anne's doleful looks, I would feel as firm as a piece of granite. Even the poor dogs seem to fawn on me with anxious meaning, as if there were something going on they could not comprehend. They probably notice the packing of the clothes, and other symptoms of a journey.

Set off at twelve, firmly resolved in body and in mind. Dined at Fushie Bridge. Ah! good Mrs. Wilson, you know not you are like to lose an old customer.[1]

But when I arrived in Edinburgh at my faithful friend, Mr. Gibson's, lo! the scene had again changed, and a new hare is started.[2]

The Highland Widow, The Surgeon's Daughter. Edinburgh, printed for Cadell and Co., and Simpkin Marshall. London 1827.

The introduction to this work contains sketches of Scott's own life, with portraits of his friends, unsurpassed in any of his earlier writings; for example, what could be better than the description of his ancestors the Scotts of Raeburn, vol. xli. p. 61:—

"*They werena ill to them, sir, and that is aye something; they were just decent bien bodies. Ony poor creature that had face to beg got an awmous and welcome; they that were shamefaced gaed by, and twice as welcome. But they keepit an honest walk before God and man, the Croftangrys, and as I said before, if they did little good, they did as little ill. They lifted their rents and spent them; called in their kain and eat them; gaed to the kirk of a Sunday, bowed civilly if folk took aff their bannets as they gaed by, and lookit as black as sin at them that keepit them on.*"

[1] Mrs. Wilson, landlady of the inn at Fushie, one stage from Edinburgh,—an old dame of some humour, with whom Sir Walter always had a friendly colloquy in passing. I believe the charm was, that she had passed her childhood among the Gipsies of the Border. But her fiery Radicalism latterly was another source of high merriment.—J. G. L.

[2] The "new hare" was this: "It transpired in the very nick of time, that a suspicion of usury attached to these Israelites without guile, in a transaction with Hurst and Robinson, as to one or more of the bills for which the house of Ballantyne had become responsible. This suspicion, upon investigation, assumed a shape sufficiently tangible to justify Ballantyne's trustees in carrying the point before the Court of Session; but they failed to establish their allegation."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 178–9.

The trustees were clearly of opinion that the matter should be probed to the very bottom; so Cadell sets off to-morrow in quest of Robinson, whose haunts he knows. There was much talk concerning what should be done, how to protect my honour's person, and to postpone commencing a defence which must make Ahab desperate, before we can ascertain that the grounds are really tenable. This much I think I can see, that the trustees will rather pay the debt than break off the trust and go into a sequestration. They are clearly right for themselves, and I believe for me also. Whether it is in human possibility that I can clear off these obligations or not, is very doubtful. But I would rather have it written on my monument that I died at the desk than live under the recollection of having neglected it. My conscience is free and happy, and would be so if I were to be lodged in the Calton Jail. Were I shirking exertion I should lose heart, under a sense of general contempt, and so die like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Dined with Gibson and John Home. His wife is a pretty ladylike woman. Slept there at night.

November 6.—I took possession of No. 6 Shandwick Place, Mrs. Jobson's house. Mr. Cadell had taken it for me; terms £100 for four months — cheap enough, as it is a capital house. I offered £5 for immediate entrance, as I do not like to fly back to Abbotsford. So here we are established, *i.e.* John Nicolson[1] and I, with good fires and all snug.

I waited on L. J. S.; an affecting meeting.[2]

Sir William Forbes came in before dinner to me, high-spirited noble fellow as ever, and true to his friend. Agrees with my feelings to a comma. He thinks Cadell's account must turn up trumps, and is for going the vole.[3]

[1] A favourite domestic at Abbotsford, whose name was never to be mentioned by any of Scott's family without respect and gratitude.—*Life*, vol. x. p. 3.

[2] Lady Jane Stuart's House was No. 12 Maitland Street, opposite Shandwick Place. Mrs. Skene told Mr. Lockhart that at Sir Walter's first meeting with his old friend a very painful scene occurred, and she added—"I think it highly probable that it was on returning from this call that he committed to writing the verses, *To Time*, by his early favourite."—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 183.

The lines referred to are given below—

Friend of the wretch oppress'd with grief,
Whose lenient hand, though slow, supplies
The balm that lends to care relief,
That wipes her tears—that checks her sighs!

'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal
That hopeless bleeds for sorrow's smart,
From stern misfortune's shaft to steal
The barb that rankles in the heart.

What though with thee the roses fly,
And jocund youth's gay reign is o'er;
Though dimm'd the lustre of the eye,
And hope's vain dreams enchant no more.

Yet in thy train come dove-eyed peace,
Indifference with her heart of snow;
At her cold couch, lo! sorrows cease,
No thorns beneath her roses grow.

O haste to grant thy suppliant's prayer,
To me thy torpid calm impart;
Rend from my brow youth's garland fair,
But take the thorn that's in my heart.

Ah! why do fabling poets tell
That thy fleet wings outstrip the wind?
Why feign thy course of joy the knell,
And call thy slowest pace unkind?

To me thy tedious feeble pace
Comes laden with the weight of years;
With sighs I view morn's blushing face,
And hail mild evening with my tears.

—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 334–336.

[3] Sir William Forbes crowned his generous efforts for Scott's relief by privately paying the whole of Abud's demand (nearly £2000) out of his own pocket—ranking as an ordinary creditor for the amount; and taking care at the same time that his old friend should be allowed to believe that the affair had merged quietly in the general measures of the trustees. In fact it was not until some time after

November 7.—Began to settle myself this morning, after the hurry of mind, and even of body, which I have lately undergone. Commenced a review—that is, an essay, on Ornamental Gardening for the *Quarterly*. But I stuck fast for want of books. As I did not wish to leave the mind leisure to recoil on itself, I immediately began the Second Series of the *Chronicles of Canongate*, the First having been well approved. I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow over-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell, and told I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

November 8.—*Domum mansi, lanam feci.* I may borrow the old sepulchral motto of the Roman matron. I stayed at home, and began the third volume of *Chronicles*, or rather the first volume of the Second Series.[1] This I pursued with little intermission from morning till night, yet only finished nine pages. Like the machinery of a steam-engine, the imagination does not work freely when first set upon a new task.

November 9.—Finished my task after breakfast, at least before twelve. Then went to College to hear this most amusing good matter of the Essay read.[2] *Imprimis* occurs a dispute whether the magistrates, as patrons of the University, should march in procession before the Royal visitors; and it was proposed on our side that the Provost, who is undoubtedly the first man in his own city, should go in attendance on the Principal, with the Chairman of the Commission on the Principal's right hand, and the whole Commission following, taking *pas* of the other Magistrates as well as of the Senatus Academicus—or whether we had not better waive all question of precedence, and let the three bodies find their way separately as they best could. This last method was just adopted when we learned that the question was not in what order of procession we should reach the place of exhibition, but whether we were to get there at all, which was presently after reported as an impossibility. The lads of the College had so effectually taken possession of the class-room where the essay was to be read, that, neither learning or law, neither Magis-

Sir William's death (in the following year) that Sir Walter learned what he had done.—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 179.

[1] *St. Valentine's Day* or *Fair Maid of Perth.*

[2] A Royal Commission, of which Sir Walter was a member, had been appointed in 1826 to visit the Universities of Scotland. At the suggestion of Lord Aberdeen, a hundred guinea prize had been offered for the best essay on the national character of the Athenians. This prize, which excited great interest among the Edinburgh students, was won by John Brown Patterson, and ordered to be read before the Commissioners, and the other public bodies, with the result described by Sir Walter. It was read on the 17th November before a distinguished audience.

trates nor Magisters, neither visitors nor visited, could make way to the scene of action. So we grandees were obliged to adjourn the sederunt till Saturday the 17th—and so ended the collie-shangie.

November 10.—Wrote out my task and little more. At twelve o'clock I went to poor Lady J. S. to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sorrows, but it seems to give her deep-seated sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain.

We go out to Saint Catherine's[1] to-day. I am glad of it, for I would not have these recollections haunt me, and society will put them out of my head.

November 11.—Sir William Rae read us prayers. Sauntered about the doors, and talked of old cavalry stories. Then drove to Melville, and saw the Lord and Lady, and family. I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy (Pentland) against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethysts, the sky glowed topaz and vermilion colours. I never saw a finer screen than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated.

November 12.—I cannot say I lost a minute's sleep on account of what the day might bring forth; though it was that on which we must settle with Abud in his Jewish demand, or stand to the consequences. I breakfasted with an excellent appetite, laughed in real genuine easy fun, and went to Edinburgh, resolved to do what should best become me. When I came home I found Walter, poor fellow, who had come down on the spur, having heard from John Lockhart how things stand. Gibson having taken out a suspension makes us all safe for the present. So we dined merrily. He has good hopes of his Majesty, and I must support his interest as well as I can. Wrote letters to Lady Shelley, John L., and one or two chance correspondents. One was singular. A gentleman, writing himself James Macturk, tells me his friends have identified him with Captain Macturk of St. Ronan's Well, and finding himself much inconvenienced by this identification, he proposes I should apply to the King to forward his restoration and advance in the service (he writes himself late Lieutenant 4th Dragoon Guards) as an atonement for having occasioned him (though unintentionally no doubt) so great an injury. This is one road to promotion, to be sure. Lieutenant Macturk is, I suppose, tolerably mad.

We dined together, Anne, Walter, and I, and were happy at our reunion, when, as I was despatching my packet to London,

In started to heeze up our howp[2]

[1] Sir William Rae's house, in Liberton parish, near Edinburgh.

[2] From the old song *Andrew and his Cutty Gun.*

John Gibson, radiant with good-natured joy. He had another letter from Cadell, enclosing one from Robinson, in which the latter pledges himself to make the most explicit affidavit.

On these two last days I have written only three pages, but not from inaptitude or incapacity to labour. It is odd enough—I think it difficult to place me in a situation of danger, or disagreeable circumstances, purely personal, which would shake my powers of mind, yet they sink under mere lowness of spirits, as this Journal bears evidence in too many passages.

November 13.—Wrote a little in the morning, but not above a page. Went to the Court about one, returned, and made several visits with Anne and Walter. Cadell came, glorious with the success of his expedition, but a little allayed by the prospect of competition for the copyrights, on which he and I have our eyes as joint purchasers. We must have them if possible, for I can give new value to an edition corrected with notes. *Nous verrons!* Captain Musgrave, of the house of Edenhall, dined with us. After dinner, while we were over our whisky and water and cigars, enter the merry knight. Misses Kerr came to tea, and we had fun and singing in the evening.

November 14.—A little work in the morning, but no gathering to my tackle. Went to Court, remained till nigh one. Then came through a pitiless shower; dressed and went to the christening of a boy of John Richardson's who was baptized Henry Cockburn. Read the *Gazette* of the great battle of Navarino, in which we have thumped the Turks very well. But as to the justice of our interference, I will only suppose some Turkish plenipotentiary, with an immense turban and long loose trousers, comes to dictate to us the mode in which we should deal with our refactory liegemen the Catholics of Ireland. We hesitate to admit his interference, on which the Moslem admiral runs into Cork Bay or Bantry Bay, alongside of a British squadon, and sends a boat to tow aside a fire-ship. A vessel fires on the boat and sinks her. Is there an aggression on the part of those who fired first, or of those whose manœuvres occasioned the firing?

Dined at Henry Cockburn's with the christening party.

November 15.—Wrote a little in the morning. Detained in Court till two; then returned home wet enough. Met with Chambers, and complimented him about his making a clever book of the 1745 for Constable's *Miscellany*. It is really a lively work, and must have a good sale. Before dinner enter Cadell, and we anxiously renewed our plan for buying the copyrights on 19th December. It is most essential that the whole of the Waverley Novels should be kept under our management, as it is called. I may then give them a new impulse by a preface and notes; and if an edition, of say 30 volumes, were to be published monthly to the tune of 5000, which may really be expected if the shops were once cleared of the over-glut, it would bring in £10,000 clear profit, over all outlay, and so pay any sum of copy-

money that might be ventured. I must urge these things to Gibson, for except these copyrights be saved our plans will go to nothing.

Walter and Anne went to hear Madame Pasta sing after dinner. I remained at home; wrote to Sir William Knighton, and sundry other letters of importance.

November 16.—There was little to do in Court to-day, but one's time is squandered, and his ideas broken strangely. At three we had a select meeting of the Gas Directors to consider what line we were to take in the disastrous affairs of the company. Agreed to go to Parliament a second time. James Gibson [Craig] and I to go up as our solicitors. So curiously does interest couple up individuals, though I am sure I have no objection whatever to Mr. James Gibson-Craig.[1]

November 17.—Returned home in early time from the Court. Settled on the review of Ornamental Gardening for Lockhart, and wrote hard. Want several quotations, though—that is the bore of being totally without books. Anne and I dined quietly together, and I wrote after tea—an industrious day.

November 18.—This has been also a day of exertion. I was interrupted for a moment by a visit from young Davidoff with a present of a steel snuff-box [Tula work], wrought and lined with gold, having my arms on the top, and on the sides various scenes from the environs and principal public buildings of St. Petersburg—a *joli cadeau* —and I take it very kind of my young friend. I had a letter from his uncle, Denis Davidoff, the black captain of the French retreat. The Russians are certainly losing ground and men in Persia, and will not easily get out of the scrape of having engaged an active enemy in a difficult and unhealthy country. I am glad of it; it is an overgrown power; and to have them kept quiet at least is well for the rest of Europe. I concluded the evening—after writing a double task—with the trial of Malcolm Gillespie, renowned as a most venturous excise officer, but now like to lose his life for forgery. A bold man in his vocation he seems to have been, but the law seems to have got round to the wrong side of him on the present occasion.[2]

November 19.—Corrected the last proof of *Tales of my Grandfather*. Received Cadell at breakfast, and conversed fully on the subject of the *Chronicles* and the application of the price of 2d series, say £4000, to the purchase of the moiety of the copyrights now in the market, and to be sold this day month. If I have the command of a new Edition and put it into an attractive shape, with notes, introductions, and illustrations that no one save I myself can give, I am confident it will bring home the whole purchase-money with something over, and lead to the disposal of a series of the subsequent volumes of the following works,

[1] Sir James Gibson-Craig, one of the Whig leaders, and a prominent advocate of reform at the end of last century.

[2] Gillespie was tried at Aberdeen before Lord Alloway on September 26, and sentenced to be executed on Friday, 16th November, 1827.

St. Ronan's Well	3 vols.
Redgauntlet	3 "
Tales of Crusaders	4 "
Woodstock	3 "
	13

make a series of 7 vols.! The two series of the *Chronicles* and others will be ready about the same time.

November 20.—Wrought in the morning at the review, which I fear will be lengthy. Called on Hector as I came home from the Court, and found him better, and keeping a Highland heart. I came home like a crow through the mist, half dead with a rheumatic headache caused by the beastly north-east wind.

"What am I now when every breeze appals me?"[1] I dozed for half-an-hour in my chair for pain and stupidity. I omitted to say yesterday that I went out to Melville Castle to inquire after my Lord Melville, who had broke his collar-bone by a fall from his horse in mounting. He is recovering well, but much bruised. I came home with Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam. He told me a dictum of old Sir Gilbert Elliot, speaking of his uncles. "No chance of opulence," he said, "is worth the risk of a competence." It was not the thought of a great man, but perhaps that of a wise one. Wrought at my review, and despatched about half or better, I should hope. I incline to longer extracts in the next sheets.

November 21.—Wrought at the review. At one o'clock I attended the general meeting of the Union Scottish Assurance Company. There was a debate arose whether the ordinary acting directors should or should not have a small sum, amounting to about a crown a piece allotted to them each day of their regular attendance. The proposal was rejected by many, and upon grounds which sound very well,—such as the shabbiness of men being influenced by a trifling consideration like this, and the absurdity of the Company volunteering a bounty to one set of men, when there are others willing to act gratuitously, and many gentlemen volunteered their own services; though I cannot help suspecting that, as in the case of ultroneous offers of service upon most occasions, it was not likely to be acceptable. The motion miscarried, however—impoliticly rejected, as I think. The sound of five shillings sounds shabby, but the fact is that it does in some sort reconcile the party to whom it is offered to leave his own house and business at an exact hour; whereas, in the common case, one man comes too late—another does not come at all—the attendance is given by different individuals upon different days, so that no one acquires the due historical knowledge of the affairs of the Company. Besides, the Directors, by taking even this trifling sum of money, render themselves the paid servants of the Company, and are

[1] Slightly altered from *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 2.

bound to use a certain degree of diligence, much greater than if they continued to serve, as hitherto, gratuitously. The pay is like enlisting money which, whether great or small, subjects to engagements under the Articles of war.

A china-merchant spoke,—a picture of an orator with bandy legs, squinting eyes, and a voice like an ungreased cart-wheel—a liberty boy, I suppose. The meeting was somewhat stormy, but I preserved order by listening with patience to each in turn; determined that they should weary out the patience of the meeting before I lost mine. An orator is like a top. Let him alone and he must stop one time or another—flog him, and he may go on for ever.

Dined with Directors, of whom I only knew the Manager, Sutherland Mackenzie, Sir David Milne, and Wauchope, besides one or two old Oil Gas friends. It went off well enough.

November 22.—Wrought in the morning. Then made arrangements for a dinner to celebrate the Duke of Buccleuch coming of age—that which was to have been held at Melville Castle being postponed, owing to Lord M.'s accident. Sent copy of Second Series of *Chronicles of Canongate* to Ballantyne.

November 23.—I bilked the Court to-day, and worked at the review. I wish it may not be too long, yet know not how to shorten it. The post brought me a letter from the Duke of Buccleuch, acquainting me with his grandmother, the Duchess-Dowager's death.[1] She was a woman of unbounded beneficence to, and even beyond, the extent of her princely fortune. She had a masculine courage, and great firmness in enduring affliction, which pressed on her with continued and successive blows in her later years. She was about eighty-four, and nature was exhausted; so life departed like the extinction of a lamp for lack of oil. Our dinner on Monday is put off. I am not superstitious, but I wish this festival had not been twice delayed by such sinister accidents—first, the injury sustained by Lord Melville, and then this event spreading crape like the shroud of Saladin over our little festival.[2] God avert bad omens!

Dined with Archie Swinton. Company—Sir Alexander and Lady Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Clanronald, etc. Clanronald told us, as an instance of Highland credulity, that a set of his kinsmen, Borradale and others, believing that the fabulous Water Cow inhabited a small lake near his house, resolved to drag the monster into day. With this view they bivouacked by the side of the lake, in which they placed, by way of night-bait, two small anchors, such as belong to boats, each baited with the carcase of a dog slain for the purpose. They expected the Water Cow would gorge on this bait, and were prepared to drag her ashore the next morning, when, to their confusion of face, the baits were found un-

[1] Lady Elizabeth Montagu, daughter of George Duke of Montagu.

[2] Saladin's shroud, which was said to have been displayed as a standard "to admonish the East of the instability of human greatness."—Gibbon.

touched. It is something too late in the day for setting baits for Water Cows.[1]

November 24.—Wrote at review in the morning. I have made my revocation of the invitation for Monday. For myself it will give me time to work. I could not get home to-day till two o'clock, and was quite tired and stupid. So I did little but sleep or dose till dressing-time. Then went to Sir David Wedderburn's, where I met three beauties of my own day, Margaret Brown, Maria Brown, and Jane Wedderburn, now Lady Wedderburn, Lady Hampden, and Mrs. Oliphant. We met the pleasant Irish family of Meath. The resemblance between the Earl of Meath and the Duke of Wellington is something remarkably striking—it is not only the profile, but the mode of bearing the person, and the person itself. Lady Theodora Brabazon, the Earl's daughter, and a beautiful young lady, told me that in Paris her father was often taken for Lord Wellington.

November 25.—This forenoon finished the review, and despatched it to Lockhart before dinner. Will Clerk, Tom Thomson, and young Frank Scott dined with me. We had a pleasant day. I have wrought pretty well to-day. But I must

> Do a little more
> And produce a little ore.

November 26.—Corrected proof-sheets of *Chronicles* and *Tales*. Advised Sheriff processes, and was busy.

Dined with Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Register, etc. An agreeable evening.

November 27.—Corrected proofs in the morning, and attended the Court till one or two o'clock, Mr. Hamilton being again ill. I visited Lady S. on my return. Came home too fagged to do anything to purpose.

Anecdote from George Bell. In the days of Charles II. or his brother, flourished an old Lady Elphinstone, so old that she reached the extraordinary period of 103. She was a keen Whig, so did not relish Graham of Clavers. At last, having a curiosity to see so aged a person, he obtained or took permission to see her, and asked her of the remarkable things she had seen. "Indeed," said she, "I think one of the most remarkable is, that when I entered the world there was one Knox deaving us a' with his clavers, and now that I am going out of it, there is one Clavers deaving us with his knocks."

[1] The belief in the existence of the "Water Cow" is not even yet extinct in the Highlands. In Mr. J. H. Dixon's book on *Gairloch*, 8vo, 1886, it is said the monster lives or did live in Loch na Beiste! Some years ago the proprietor, moved by the entreaties of the people, and on the positive testimony of two elders of the Free Church, that the creature was hiding in his loch, attempted its destruction by pumping and running off the water; this plan having failed owing to the smallness of the pumps, though it was persevered in for two years, he next tried poisoning the water by emptying into the loch a quantity of quick lime!!—Whatever harm was thus done to the trout none was experienced by *the Beast*, which it is rumoured has been seen in the neighbourhood as late as 1884 (p. 162). This transaction formed an element in a case before the Crofters' Commission at Aultbea in May, 1888.

November 28.—Corrected proofs and went to Court. Returned about one, and called on the Lord Chief-Baron. Dined with the Duchess of Bedford at the Waterloo, and renewed, as I may say, an old acquaintance, which began while her Grace was Lady Georgiana.[1] She has now a fine family, two young ladies silent just now, but they will find their tongues, or they are not right Gordons, a very fine child, Alister, who shouted, sung, and spoke Gaelic with much spirit. They are from a shooting-place in the Highlands, called Invereshie, in Badenoch, which the Duke has taken to gratify the Duchess's passion for the heather.

November 29.—My course of composition is stopped foolishly enough. I have sent four leaves to London with Lockhart's review. I am very sorry for this blunder, and here is another. Forgetting I had been engaged for a long time to Lord Gillies—a first family visit too—the devil tempted me to accept of the office of President of the Antiquarian Society. And now they tell me people have come from the country to be present, and so forth, of which I may believe as much as I may. But I must positively take care of this absurd custom of confounding invitations. My conscience acquits me of doing so by malice *prepense*, yet one incurs the suspicion. At any rate it is uncivil and must be amended. Dined at Lord C. Commissioner's—to meet the Duchess and her party. She can be extremely agreeable, but I used to think her Grace *journalière*. She may have been cured of that fault, or I may have turned less jealous of my dignity. At all events let a pleasant hour go by unquestioned, and do not let us break ordinary gems to pieces because they are not diamonds. I forgot to say Edwin Landseer was in the Duchess's train. He is, in my mind, one of the most striking masters of the modern school. His expression both in man and animals is capital. He showed us many sketches of smugglers, etc., taken in the Highlands, all capital.

"Some gaed there, and some gaed here,
And a' the town was in a steer,
And Johnnie on his brocket mear,
He raid to fetch the howdie."

November 30.—Another idle morning, with letters, however. Had the great pleasure of a letter from Lord Dudley[2] acquainting me that he had received his Majesty's commands to put down the name of my son Charles for the first vacancy that should occur in the Foreign Office, and at the same time to acquaint me with his gracious intentions, which were signified in language the most gratifying to me. This makes me really feel light and happy, and most grateful to the kind and gracious sovereign who has always shown, I may say, so much

[1] Daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon.

[2] Lord Dudley, then Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, was an early friend of Scott's. He had been partly educated in Edinburgh, under Dugald Stewart's care.

friendship towards me. Would to God *the King's errand might lie in the cadyer's gait*, that I might have some better way of showing my gratitude than merely by a letter of thanks or this private memorandum of my gratitude. The lad is a good boy and clever, somewhat indolent I fear, yet with the capacity of exertion. Presuming his head is full enough of Greek and Latin, he has now living languages to study; so I will set him to work on French, Italian, and German, that, like the classic Cerberus, he may speak a leash of languages at once. Dined with Gillies, very pleasant; Lord Chief-Commissioner, Will Clerk, Cranstoun, and other old friends. I saw in the evening the celebrated Miss Grahame Stirling, so remarkable for her power of personifying a Scottish old lady. Unluckily she came late, and I left early in the evening, so I could not find out wherein her craft lay. She looked like a sensible woman. I had a conference with my trustees about the purchase (in company with Cadell) of the copyrights of the novels to be exposed to sale on the 19th December, and had the good luck to persuade them fully of the propriety of the project. I alone can, by notes and the like, give these works a new value, and in fact make a new edition. The price is to be made good from the Second Series *Chronicles of Canongate*, sold to Cadell for £4000; and it may very well happen that we shall have little to pay, as part of the copyrights will probably be declared mine by the arbiter, and these I shall have without money and without price. Cadell is most anxious on the subject. He thinks that two years hence £10,000 may be made of a new edition.

DECEMBER

December 1.—This morning again I was idle. But I must work, and so I will to-morrow whether the missing sheets arrive, ay or no, by goles! After Court I went with Lord Wriothesley Russell,[1] to Dalkeith House, to see the pictures; Charles K. Sharpe alongst with us. We satisfied ourselves that they have actually frames, and that, I think, was all we could be sure of. Lord Wriothesley, who is a very pleasant young man, well-informed, and with some turn for humour, dined with us, and Mr. Davidoff met him. The Misses Kerr also dined and spent the evening with us in that sort of society which I like best. Charles Sharpe came in and we laughed over oysters and sherry,

"And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi."

December 2.—Laboured to make lee-way, and finished nearly seven pages to eke on to the end of the missing sheets when returned. I have yoked Charles to Monsieur Surenne, an old soldier in Napoleon's Italian army, and I think a clever little fellow, with good general ideas of etymology. Signor Bugnie is a good Italian teacher; and for a German, why, I must look about. It is not the least useful language of the leash.

December 3.—A day of petty business, which killed a holiday. Finished my tale of the Mirror;[2] went with Tom Allen to see his building at Lauriston, where he has displayed good taste—supporting instead of tearing down or destroying the old chateau, which once belonged to the famous Mississippi Law. The additions are in very good taste, and will make a most comfortable house. Mr. Burn, architect, would fain have had the old house pulled down, which I wonder at in him,[3] though it would have been the practice of most of his brethren. When I came up to town I was just in time for the Bannatyne Club, where things are going on reasonably well. I hope we may get out some good historical documents in the course of the

[1] The Duchess of Bedford's eldest son.

[2] *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.*

[3] Sir Walter need have expressed no surprise at this architect's desire to pull down the old house of Lauriston! The present generation can judge of Mr. Burn's appreciation of ancient Architecture by looking at the outside of St. Giles, Edinburgh.—It was given over to his tender mercies in 1829, a picturesque old building, and it left his hands in 1834 a bit of solid well-jointed mason-work with all Andrew Fairservice's "whigmaleeries, curliewurlies, and open steek hems" most thoroughly removed!—*Rob Roy*, vol. viii. pp. 29–30. Fortunately the tower and crown were untouched, and the interior, which was injured in a less degree, has, through the liberality and good taste of the late William Chambers, been restored to its original stateliness.

winter. Dined at the Royal Society Club. At the society had some essays upon the specific weight of the ore of manganese, which was caviare to the President, and I think most of the members. But it seemed extremely accurate, and I have little doubt was intelligible to those who had the requisite key. We supped at Mr. Russell's, where the conversation was as gay as usual. Lieut-Col. Ferguson was my guest at the dinner.

December 4.—Had the agreeable intelligence that Lord Newton had finally issued his decree in my favour, for all the money in the bank, amounting to £32,000. This will make a dividend of six shillings in the pound, which is presently to be paid. A meeting of the creditors was held to-day, at which they gave unanimous approbation of all that has been done, and seemed struck by the exertions which had produced £22,000 within so short a space. They all separated well pleased. So far so good. Heaven grant the talisman break not! I sent copy to Ballantyne this morning, having got back the missing sheets from John Lockhart last night. I feel a little puzzled about the character and style of the next tale. The world has had so much of chivalry. Well, I will dine merrily, and thank God, and bid care rest till to-morrow. How suddenly things are overcast, and how suddenly the sun can break out again! On the 31st October I was dreaming as little of such a thing as at present, when behold there came tidings which threatened a total interruption of the amicable settlement of my affairs, and menaced my own personal liberty. In less than a month we are enabled to turn chase on my persecutors, who seem in a fair way of losing their recourse upon us. *Non nobis, Domine.*

December 5.—I did a good deal in the way of preparing my new tale, and resolved to make something out of the story of Harry Wynd. The North Inch of Perth would be no bad name, and it may be possible to make a difference betwixt the old Highlander and him of modern date. The fellow that swam the Tay, and escaped, would be a good ludicrous character. But I have a mind to try him in the serious line of tragedy. Miss Baillie has made the Ethling[1] a coward by temperament, and a hero when touched by filial affection. Suppose a man's nerves supported by feelings of honour, or say by the spur of jealousy supporting him against constitutional timidity to a certain point, then suddenly giving way,—I think something tragic might be produced. James Ballantyne's criticism is too much moulded upon the general taste of novels to admit, I fear, this species of reasoning. But what can one do? I am hard up as far as imagination is concerned, yet the world calls for novelty. Well, I'll try my brave coward or cowardly brave man. *Valeat quantum.* Being a Teind day, remained at home, adjusting my ideas on this point until one o'clock, then walked as far as Mr. Cadell's. Finally, went to dine at

[1] See Ethwald, *Plays on the Passions*, vol. ii. Lond. 1802.

Hawkhill with Lord and Lady Binning. Party were Lord Chief-Commissioner, Lord Chief-Baron, Solicitor, John Wilson, Lord Corehouse. The night was so dark and stormy that I was glad when we got upon the paved streets.

December 6.—Corrected proofs and went to Court. Bad news of Ahab's case. I hope he won't beat us after all. It would be mortifying to have them paid in full, as they must be while better men must lie by. *Spero meliora.*

I think that copy of Beard's *Judgments* is the first book which I have voluntarily purchased for nearly two years. So I am cured of one folly at least.[1]

December 7.—Being a blank day in the rolls, I stayed at home and wrote four leaves—not very freely or happily; I was not in the vein. Plague on it! Stayed at home the whole day. There is one thing I believe peculiar to me—I work, that is, meditate for the purpose of working, best, when I have a *quasi* engagement with some other book for example. When I find myself doing ill, or like to come to a stand-still in writing, I take up some slight book, a novel or the like, and usually have not read far ere my difficulties are removed, and I am ready to write again. There must be two currents of ideas going on in my mind at the same time,[2] or perhaps the slighter occupation serves like a woman's wheel or stocking to ballast the mind, as it were, by preventing the thoughts from wandering, and so give the deeper current the power to flow undisturbed. I always laugh when I hear people say, Do one thing at once. I have done a dozen things at once all my life. Dined with the family. After dinner Lockhart's proofs came in and occupied me for the evening. I wish I have not made that article too long, and Lockhart will not snip away.

December 8.—Went to Court and stayed there a good while. Made some consultations in the Advocates' Library, not furiously to the purpose.

Court in the morning. Sent off Lockhart's proof, which I hope will do him some good. A precatory letter from Gillies. I must do Molière for him, I suppose; but it is wonderful that knowing the situation I am in, the poor fellow presses so hard. Sure, I am pulling for life, and it is hard to ask me to pull another man's oar as well as my own. Yet, if I can give a little help,

> "We'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
> And never miss 't."[3]

Went to John Murray's, where were Sir John Dalrymple and Lady, Sir John Cayley, Mr. Hope Vere, and Lady Elizabeth Vere, a sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a pleasant sensible woman. Some

[1] Alluding to an entry in the *Journal*, that he had expended 30s. in the purchase of the *Theatre of God's Judgment*, 1612, a book which is still in the Abbotsford Library.

[2] See note to May 30, 1827, p. 261.

[3] Burns's lines *To a Mouse*.

turn for antiquity too she shows—and spoke a good deal of the pictures at Yester. Henderland was there too. Mrs. John Murray made some very agreeable music.

December 9.—I set hard to work, and had a long day with my new tale. I did about twelve leaves. Cadell came in, and we talked upon the great project of buying in the copyrights. He is disposed to *finesse* a little about it, but I do not think it will do much good; all the fine arguments will fly off and people just bid or not bid as the report of the trade may represent the speculation as a good or bad one. I daresay they will reach £7000; but £8000 won't stop us, and that for books over-printed so lately and to such an extent is a pro-di-gi-ous price!

December 10.—I corrected proofs and forwarded copy. Went out for an hour to Lady J. S. Home and dozed a little, half stupefied with a cold in my head—made up this Journal, however. Settled I would go to Abbotsford on the 24th from Arniston. Before that time I trust the business of the copyrights will be finally settled. If they can be had on anything like fair terms, they will give the greatest chance I can see of extricating my affairs. Cadell seems to be quite confident in the advantage of making the purchase upon almost any terms, and truly I am of his opinion. If they get out of Scotland it will not be all I can do that will enable me to write myself a free man during the space I have to remain in this world.

I smoked a couple of cigars for the first time since I came from the country; and as Anne and Charles went to the play, I muddled away the evening over my Sheriff-Court processes, and despatched a hugeous parcel to Will Scott at Selkirk. It is always something off hand.

December 11.—Wrote a little, and seemed to myself to get on. I went also to Court. On return, had a formal communication from Ballantyne, enclosing a letter from Cadell of an unpleasant tenor. It seems Mr. Cadell is dissatisfied with the moderate success of the First Series of *Chronicles*;[1] and disapproves of about half the volume already written of the Second Series, obviously rueing his engagement. I have replied that I was not fool enough to suppose that my favour with the public could last for ever, and was neither shocked nor alarmed to find that it had ceased now, as cease it must one day soon; it might be inconvenient for me in some respects, but I would be quite contented to resign the bargain rather than that more loss should be incurred. I saw, I told them, no other receipt than lying lea for a little, while taking a fallow-break to relieve my imagination, which may be esteemed nearly cropped out. I can make shift for myself amid this failure of prospects; but I think both Cadell and J. B. will be

[1] *Ante*, p. 313. The book had only been published two months. "The Second Series," when published in the following year, contained *St. Valentine's Eve, or the Fair Maid of Perth*; the two stories objected to, viz.: *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror* and the *Laird's Jock* appeared in the *Keepsake* of 1828, and were afterwards included in vol. xli. of the *Magnum Opus*.

probable sufferers. However, they are very right to speak their mind, and may be esteemed tolerably good representatives of the popular taste. So I really think their censure may be a good reason for laying aside this work, though I may preserve some part of it till another day.

December 12.—Reconsidered the probable downfall of my literary reputation. I am so constitutionally indifferent to the censure or praise of the world, that never having abandoned myself to the feelings of self-conceit which my great success was calculated to inspire, I can look with the most unshaken firmness upon the event as far as my own feelings are concerned. If there be any great advantage in literary reputation, I have had it, and I certainly do not care for losing it.

They cannot say but what I *had* the *crown*. It is unhappily inconvenient for my affairs to lay by my [work] just now, and that is the only reason why I do not give up literary labour; but, at least, I will not push the losing game of novel-writing. I will take back the sheets now objected to, but it cannot be expected that I am to write upon return. I cannot but think that a little thought will open some plan of composition which may promise novelty at the least. I suppose I shall hear from or see these gentlemen to-day; if not, I must send for them to-morrow. How will this affect the plan of going shares with Cadell in the novels of earlier and happier date? Very much, I doubt, seeing I cannot lay down the cash. But surely the trustees may find some mode of providing this, or else with cash to secure these copyrights. At any rate, I will gain a little time for thought and discussion.

Went to Court. At returning settled with Chief-Commissioner that I should receive him on 26th December at Abbotsford.

After all, may there not be, in this failure to please, some reliques of the very unfavourable matters in which I have been engaged of late,—the threat of imprisonment, the resolution to become insolvent? I cannot feel that there is. What I suffer by is the difficulty of not setting my foot upon such ground as I have trod before, and thus instead of attaining novelty I lose spirit and nature. On the other hand, who would thank me for "repented sheets"? Here is a good joke enough, lost to all who have not known the Clerk's table before the Jurisdiction Act.

My two learned Thebans are arrived, and departed after a long consultation. They deprecated a fallow-break as ruin. I set before them my own sense of the difficulties and risks in which I must be involved by perseverance, and showed them I could occupy my own time as well for six months or a twelvemonth, and let the public gather an appetite. They replied (and therein was some risk) that the expectation would in that case be so much augmented that it would be impossible for any mortal to gratify it. To this is to be added what they did not touch upon—the risk of being thrust aside

altogether, which is the case with the horses that neglect keeping the lead when once they have got it. Finally, we resolved the present work should go on, leaving out some parts of the Introduction which they object to. They are good specimens of the public taste in general; and it is far best to indulge and yield to them, unless I was very, *very* certain that I was right and they wrong. Besides, I am not afraid of their being hypercritical in the circumstances, being both sensible men, and not inclined to sacrifice chance of solid profit to the vagaries of critical taste. So the word is "as you were."

December 13.—A letter from Lockhart announcing that Murray of Albemarle Street would willingly give me my own terms for a volume on the subject of planting and landscape gardening. This will amuse me very much indeed. Another proposal invites me, on the part of Colburn, to take charge of the Garrick papers. The papers are to be edited by Colman, and then it is proposed to me to write a life of Garrick in quarto.[1] Lockhart refused a thousand pounds which were offered, and *carte blanche* was then sent. But I will not budge. My book and Colman's would run each other down. It is an attempt to get more from the public out of the subject than they will endure. Besides, my name would be only useful in the way of *puff*, for I really know nothing of the subject. So I will refuse; that's flat.

Having turned over my thoughts with some anxiety about the important subject of yesterday, I think we have done for the best. If I can rally this time, as I did in the Crusaders, why, there is the old trade open yet. If not, retirement will come gracefully after my failure. I must get the return of the sales of the three or four last novels, so as to judge what style of composition has best answered. Add to this, giving up just now loses £4000 to the trustees, which they would not understand, whatever may be my nice authorial feelings. And moreover, it ensures the purchase of the copyrights—*i.e.* almost ensures them.

December 14.—Summoned to pay arrears of our unhappy Oil Gas concern—£140—which I performed by draft on Mr. Cadell. This will pinch a little close, but it is a debt of honour, and must be paid. The public will never bear a public man who shuns either to draw his purse or his sword, when there is an open and honest demand on him.

December 15.—Worked in the morning on the sheets which are to be cancelled, and on the Tale of *St. Valentine's Eve*—a good title, by the way. Had the usual *quantum sufficit* of the Court, which, if it did not dissipate one's attention so much, is rather an amusement than otherwise. But the plague is to fix one's attention to the sticking point, after it has been squandered about for two or three hours

[1] The Garrick papers were published under the title *Private Correspondence of David Garrick, illustrated with notes and Memoir.* 2 vols. 4to, London, 1831–32. [Edited by James Boaden.]

in such a way. It keeps one, however, in the course and stream of actual life, which is a great advantage to a literary man.

I missed an appointment, for which I am very sorry. It was about our Advocates' Library, which is to be rebuilt. During all my life we have mismanaged the large funds expended on the rooms of our library, totally mistaking the objects for which a library is built; and instead of taking a general and steady view of the subject, patching up disconnected and ill-sized rooms, totally unequal to answer the accommodation demanded, and bestowing an absurd degree of ornament and finery upon the internal finishing. All this should be reversed: the new library should be calculated upon a plan which ought to suffice for all the nineteenth century at least, and for that purpose should admit of being executed progressively; then there should be no ornament other than that of strict architectural proportion, and the rooms should be accessible one through another, but divided with so many partitions, as to give ample room for shelves. These small rooms would also facilitate the purposes of study. Something of a lounging room would not be amiss, which might serve for meetings of Faculty occasionally. I ought to take some interest in all this, and I do. So I will attend the next meeting of committee. Dined at Baron Hume's, and met General Campbell of Lochnell, and his lady.

December 16.—Worked hard to-day and only took a half hour's walk with Hector Macdonald! Colin Mackenzie unwell; his asthma seems rather to increase, notwithstanding his foreign trip! Alas! long-seated complaints defy Italian climate. We had a small party to dinner. Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, Davidoff, Frank Scott, Harden, and his chum Charles Baillie, second son of Mellerstain, who seems a clever young man.[1] Two or three of the party stayed to take wine and water.

December 17.—Sent off the beginning of the *Chronicles* to Ballantyne. I hate cancels; they are a double labour.

Mr. Cowan, Trustee for Constable's creditors, called in the morning by appointment, and we talked about the upset price of the copyrights of Waverley, etc. I frankly told him that I was so much concerned that they should remain more or less under my control, that I was willing, with the advice of my trustees, to offer a larger upset than that of £4750, which had been fixed, and that I proposed the price set up should be £250 for the poetry, Paul's letters, etc., and £5250 for the novels, in all £5500; but that I made this proposal under the condition, that in case no bidding should ensue, then the copyrights should be mine so soon as the sale was adjourned, without any one being permitted to bid after the sale. It is to be hoped this high price will

"Fright the fuds
Of the pock-puds."

[1] Afterwards Judge in the Court of Session under the title of Lord Jerviswoode.

This speculation may be for good or for evil, but it tends incalculably to increase the value of such copyrights as remain in my own person; and, if a handsome and cheap edition of the whole, with notes, can be instituted in conformity with Cadell's plan, it must prove a mine of wealth, three-fourths of which will belong to me or my creditors. It is possible, no doubt, that the works may lose their effect on the public mind; but this must be risked, and I think the chances are greatly in our favour. Death (my own I mean) would improve the property, since an edition with a Life would sell like wildfire. Perhaps those who read this prophecy may shake their heads and say, "Poor fellow, he little thought how he should see the public interest in him and his extinguished even during his natural existence." It may be so, but I will hope better. This I know, that no literary speculation ever succeeded with me but where my own works were concerned; and that, on the other hand, these have rarely failed. And so—*Vogue la galère!*

Dined with the Lord Chief-Commissioner, and met Lord and Lady Binning, Lord and Lady Abercromby, Sir Robert O'Callaghan, etc. These dinners put off time well enough, and I write so painfully by candle-light that they do not greatly interfere with business.

December 18.—Poor Huntly Gordon writes me in despair about £180 of debt which he has incurred. He wishes to publish two sermons which I wrote for him when he was taking orders; but he would get little money for them without my name, and that is at present out of the question. People would cry out against the undesired and unwelcome zeal of him who stretched out his hands to help the ark with the best intentions, and cry sacrilege. And yet they would do me gross injustice, for I would, if called upon, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and of polygamy, how much has in these two words been granted to mankind by the lessons of our Saviour![1]

December 19.—Wrought upon an introduction to the notices which have been recovered of George Bannatyne,[2] author, or rather transcriber, of the famous Repository of Scottish Poetry, generally known by the Bannatyne MS. They are very *jejune* these same notices—a mere record of matters of business, putting forth and calling in of

[1] A few days later, however, the following reply was sent:—"Dear Gordon,—As I have no money to spare at present, I find it necessary to make a sacrifice of my own scruples to relieve you from serious difficulties. The enclosed will entitle you to deal with any respectable bookseller. You must tell the history in your own way as shortly as possible. All that is necessary to say is that the discourses were written to oblige a young friend. It is understood my name is not to be put in the title-page, or blazed at full length in the preface. You may trust that to the newspapers.

"Pray do not think of returning any thanks about this; it is enough that I know it is likely to serve your purpose. But use the funds arising from this unexpected source with prudence, for such fountains do not spring up at every place of the desert. I am, in haste, ever yours most truly, Walter Scott."—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 205.

[2] Issued in 1829 as No. 33 of the Bannatyne Club Books. *Memorials of George Bannatyne*, 1545–1608, with Memoir by Sir Walter Scott.

sums of money, and such like. Yet it is a satisfaction to learn that this great benefactor to the literature of Scotland lived a prosperous life, and enjoyed the pleasures of domestic society, and, in a time peculiarly perilous, lived unmolested and died in quiet.

At eleven o'clock I had an appointment with a person unknown. A youth had written me, demanding an audience. I excused myself by alleging the want of leisure, and my dislike to communicate with a person perfectly unknown on unknown business. The application was renewed, and with an ardour which left me no alternative, so I named eleven this day. I am too much accustomed to the usual cant of the followers of the muses who endeavour by flattery to make their bad stale butter make amends for their stinking fish. I am pretty well acquainted with that sort of thing. I have had madmen on my hands too, and once nearly was Kotzebued by a lad of the name of Sharpe. All this gave me some curiosity, but it was lost in attending to the task I was engaged in; when the door opened and in walked a young woman of middling rank and rather good address, but something resembling our secretary David Laing, if dressed in female habiliments. There was the awkwardness of a moment in endeavouring to make me understand that she was the visitor to whom I had given the assignation. Then there were a few tears and sighs. "I fear, Madam, this relates to some tale of great distress." "By no means, sir;" and her countenance cleared up. Still there was a pause; at last she asked if it were possible for her to see the king. I apprehended then that she was a little mad, and proceeded to assure her that the king's secretary received all such applications as were made to his Majesty, and disposed of them. Then came the mystery. She wished to relieve herself from a state of bondage, and to be rendered capable of maintaining herself by acquiring knowledge. I inquired what were her immediate circumstances, and found she resided with an uncle and aunt. Not thinking the case without hope, I preached the old doctrine of patience and resignation, I suppose with the usual effect.

Went to the Bannatyne Club; and on the way met Cadell out of breath, coming to say he had bought the copyrights after a smart contention. Of this to-morrow. There was little to do at the club.

Afterwards dined with Lord and Lady Abercromby, where I met my old and kind friend, Major Buchanan of Cambusmore. His father was one of those from whom I gained much information about the old Highlanders, and at whose house I spent many merry days in my youth.[1] The last time I saw old Cambusmore was in ——. He sat up an hour later on the occasion, though then eighty-five. I shall never forget him, and was delighted to see the Major, who comes seldom to town.

[1] It was thus that the scenery of Loch Katrine came to be so associated with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days, that to compose the *Lady of the Lake* was a labour of love, and no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. —*Life*, vol. i. p. 296.

December 20.—Anent the copyrights—the pock-puds were not frightened by our high price. They came on briskly, four or five bidders abreast, and went on till the lot was knocked down to Cadell at £8400; a very large sum certainly, yet he has been offered profit on it already. For my part I think the loss would have been very great had we suffered these copyrights to go from those which we possessed. They would have been instantly stereotyped and forced on the market to bring home the price, and by this means depreciated for ever, and all ours must have shared the same fate. Whereas, husbanded and brought out with care, they cannot fail to draw in the others in the same series, and thus to be a sure and respectable source of profit. Considered in this point of view, even if they were worth only the £8400 to others, they were £10,000 to us. The largeness of the price arising from the activity of the contest only serves to show the value of the property.[1] Had at the same time the agreeable intelligence that the octavo sets, which were bought by Hurst and Company at a depreciated rate, are now rising in the market, and that instead of 1500 sold, they have sold upwards of 2000 copies. This mass will therefore in all probability be worn away in a few months and then our operations may commence. On the whole, I am greatly pleased with the acquisition. If this first series be worth £8400, the remaining books must be worth £10,000, and then there is *Napoleon*, which is gliding away daily, for which I would not take the same sum, which would come to £24,200 in all for copyrights; besides £20,000 payable by insurance.[2] Add the value of my books and furniture, plate, etc., there would be £50,000. So this may be considered my present progress. There will still remain upwards of £35,000.

"Heaven's arm strike with us—'tis a fearful odds."[3]

Yet with health and continued popularity there are chances in my favour.

Dine at James Ballantyne's, and happy man is he at the result of the sale; indeed it must have been the making or marring of him. Sir Henry Steuart there, who "fooled me to the top of my bent."

December 21.—A very sweet pretty-looking young lady, the Prima Donna of the Italian Opera, now performing here, by name Miss Ayton,[4] came to breakfast this morning, with her father, (a bore, after the manner of all fathers, mothers, aunts, and other chaperons of pretty actresses)! Miss Ayton talks very prettily, and, I dare say, sings beautifully, though too much in the Italian manner, I fear, to be a great favourite of mine. But I did not hear her, being called away by the Clerk's coach. I am like Jeremy in *Love for Love*[5]—have a

[1] See note, Jan. 8, 1828, p. 344.

[2] On his own life.

[3] See *Henry V.*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

[4] The Edinburgh play-bills of the day intimate the "Second appearance of Miss Fanny Ayton, Prima Donna of the King's Theatre."

[5] By Congreve—Act II. Sc. 7.

reasonable good ear for a jig, but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen.

Called at Cadell's, who is still enamoured of his bargain, and with good reason, as the London booksellers were offering him £1000 or £2000 to give it up to them. He also ascertained that all the copies with which Hurst and Robinson loaded the market would be off in a half year. Make us thankful! the weather is clearing to windward. Cadell is cautious, steady, and hears good counsel; and Gibson quite inclined, were I too confident, to keep a good look-out ahead.

December 22.—Public affairs look awkward. The present Ministry are neither Whig nor Tory, and, divested of the support of either of the great parties of the State, stand supported by the will of the sovereign alone. This is not constitutional, and though it may be a temporary augmentation of the sovereign's personal influence, yet it cannot but prove hurtful to the Crown upon the whole, by tending to throw that responsibility on the Sovereign of which the law has deprived him. I pray to God I may be wrong, but an attempt to govern *par bascule*—by trimming betwixt the opposite parties—is equally unsafe for the crown and detrimental to the country, and cannot do for a long time. The fact seems to be that Lord Goderich, a well-meaning and timid man, finds himself on a precipice—that his head is grown dizzy and he endeavours to cling to the person next him. This person is Lord Lansdowne, who he hopes may support him in the House of Lords against Lord Grey, so he proposes to bring Lord Lansdowne into the Cabinet. Lord G. resigns, and his resignation is accepted. Lord Harrowby is then asked to place himself at the head of a new Administration,—declines. The tried abilities of Marquis Wellesley are next applied to; it seems he also declines, and then Lord Goderich comes back, his point about Lord Lansdowne having failed, and his threatened resignation goes for nothing. This must lower the Premier in the eyes of every one. It is plain the K. will not accept the Whigs; it is equally plain that he has not made a move towards the Tories, and that with a neutral administration this country, hard ruled at any time, can be long governed, I, for one, cannot believe. God send the good King, to whom I owe so much, as safe and honourable extrication as the circumstances render possible.[1]

After Court Anne set out for Abbotsford with the Miss Kerrs. I came off at three o'clock to Arniston, where I found Lord Register and lady, R. Dundas and lady, Robt. Adam Dundas, Durham of Calderwood and lady, old and young friends. Charles came with me.

December 23.—Went to church to Borthwick with the family, and heard a well-composed, well-delivered, sensible discourse from Mr.

[1] The dissolution of the Goderich Cabinet confirmed very soon these shrewd guesses; and Sir Walter anticipated nothing but good from the Premiership of the Duke of Wellington.—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 186.

Wright,[1] the clergyman—a different sort of person, I wot, from my old half-mad, half-drunken, little hump-back acquaintance Clunie,[2] renowned for singing "The Auld Man's Mear's dead," and from the circumstance of his being once interrupted in his minstrelsy by the information that his own horse had died in the stable.

After sermon we looked at the old castle, which made me an old man. The castle was not a bit older for the twenty-five years which had passed away, but the ruins of the visitor were very apparent; to climb up round staircases, to creep through vaults and into dungeons, were not the easy labours but the positive sports of my younger years; but that time is gone by, and I thought it convenient to attempt no more than the access to the large and beautiful hall in which, as it is somewhere described, an armed horseman might brandish his lance. The feeling of growing and increasing inability is painful to one like me, who boasted, in spite of my infirmity, great boldness and dexterity in such feats; the boldness remains, but hand and foot, grip and accuracy of step, have altogether failed me; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and so I must retreat into the invalided corps and tell them of my former exploits, which may very likely pass for lies. We drove to Dalhousie Castle, where the gallant Earl, who had done so much to distinguish the British name in all and every quarter of the globe, is repairing the castle of his ancestors, which of yore stood a siege against John of Gaunt. I was Lord Dalhousie's companion at school, where he was as much beloved by his companions as he has been ever respected by his companions-in-arms, and the people over whom he has been deputed to exercise the authority of his sovereign. He was always steady, wise, and generous. The old Castle of Dalhousie—*potius Dalwolsey*—was mangled by a fellow called, I believe, Douglas, who destroyed, as far as in him lay, its military and baronial character, and roofed it after the fashion of a poor-house. The architect, Burn, is now restoring and repairing in the old taste, and I think creditably to his own feeling. God bless the roof-tree!

We returned home through the Temple banks by the side of the South Esk, where I had the pleasure to see that Robert Dundas is laying out his woods with taste, and managing them with care. His father and uncle took notice of me when I was a "fellow of no mark or likelihood," and I am always happy in finding myself in the old oak room at Arniston, where I have drunk many a merry bottle, and in the fields where I have seen many a hare killed.

[1] The Rev. Thomas Wright was minister of Borthwick from 1817 to 1841, when he was deposed on the ground of alleged heresy. His works, *The True Plan of a Living Temple, Morning and Evening Sacrifice, Farewell to Time, My Old House*, etc., were published anonymously. Mr. Wright lived in Edinburgh for fourteen years after his deposition, much beloved and respected; he died on 13th March, 1855, in his seventy-first year.

[2] Rev. John Clunie, Mr. Wright's predecessor in the parish, of whom many absurd stories were told, appears to have been an enthusiastic lover of Scottish songs, as Burns in 1794 says it was owing to his singing *Ca' the yowes to the knowes* so charmingly that he took it down from his voice, and sent it to Mr. Thomson.—Currie's *Burns*, vol. iv. p. 160, and Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, 2 vols. Edin. 1829, p. 269.

December 24.—Left Arniston after breakfast and arrived to dinner at Abbotsford.

My reflections on entering my own gate were of a very different and more pleasing cast than those with which I left my house about six weeks ago. I was then in doubt whether I should fly my country or become avowedly bankrupt, and surrender my library and household furniture, with the liferent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. No doubt had I taken this course at once, I might have employed the £25,000 which I made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's houses in compounding my debts. But I could not have slept sound as I now can, under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty like a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long tedious and dark path, but it leads to true fame and stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience. And so I think I can fairly face the return of Christmas Day.

December 25.—I drove over to Huntly Burn, and saw the plantation which is to be called Janeswood, in honour of my daughter-in-law. All looking well and in order. Before dinner, arrived Mrs. George Ellis and her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis, whom I was delighted to see, as there are a thousand kind recollections of old days. Mrs. George Ellis is less changed in manner and appearance than any one I know. The gay and light-hearted have in that respect superiority over those who are of a deeper mould and a heavier. There is something even in the slightness and elasticity of person which outlasts the ponderous strength which is borne down by its own weight. Colonel Ellis is an enthusiastic soldier: and, though young, served in Spain and at Waterloo.

> "And so we held our Christmastide
> With mirth and burly cheer."

December 26.—Colonel Ellis and I took a pretty long walk round by the glen, etc., where I had an extraordinary escape from the breaking down of a foot-bridge as I put my foot upon it. I luckily escaped either breaking my leg by its passing through the bridge in so awkward a manner, or tearing it by some one of the hundred rusty nails through which it fell. However, I was not, thanks to Heaven, hurt in the slightest degree. Tom Purdie, who had orders to repair the bridge long since, was so scandalised at the consequence of his negligence that the bridge is repaired by the time I am writing this. But how the noiseless step of Fate dogs us in our most seeming safe and innocent sports.

On returning home we were joined by the Lord Chief-Commissioner, the Lord Chief-Baron, and William Clerk, of gentlemen; and

of ladies, Miss Adam and young Miss Thomson of Charlton. Also the two Miss Kerrs, Lord Robert's daughters, and so behold us a gallant Christmas party, full of mirth and harmony. Moreover, Captain John Ferguson came over from Huntly Burn, so we spent the day jocundly. I intend to take a holiday or two while these friends are about us. I have worked hard enough to merit it, and

"..... Maggie will not sleep
For that, ere summer."[1]

December 27.—This morning we took a drive up the Yarrow in great force, and perambulated the Duchess's Walk with all the force of our company. The weather was delightful, the season being considered; and Newark Castle, amid its leafless trees, resembled a dear old man who smiles upon the ruins which time has spread around him. It is looking more venerable than formerly, for the repairs judiciously undertaken have now assumed colouring congenial with the old walls; formerly, they had a raw and patchy appearance. I have seldom seen the scene look better even when summer smiled upon it.

I have a letter from James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, asking me to intercede with the Duke of Buccleuch about his farm.[2] He took this burthen upon himself without the advice of his best friends, and certainly contrary to mine. From the badness of the times it would have been a poor speculation in any hands, especially in those of a man of letters, whose occupation, as well as the society in which it involves him, [are so different]. But I hope this great family will be kind to him; if not, *cela ne vaudra pas à moi.* But I cannot and ought not to look for having the same interest with this gentleman which I exercised in the days of Duke Charles.

December 28.—A demand from Cadell to prepare a revised copy of the *Tales of my Grandfather* for the press.[3] I received it with great pleasure, for I always had private hopes of that work. If I have a knack for anything it is for selecting the striking and interesting points out of dull details, and hence, I myself receive so much pleasure and instruction from volumes which are generally reputed dull and uninteresting. Give me facts, I will find fancy for myself. The first two volumes of these little tales are shorter than the third by seventy or eighty pages. Cadell proposes to equalise them by adding part of vol. ii. to vol. i., and of vol. iii. to vol. ii. But then vol. i. ends with the reign of Robert Bruce, vol. ii. with the defeat of Flodden; happy points of pause which I cannot think of disturbing, the first in particular, for surely we ought to close one volume at least

[1] See Burns's "Auld Farmer's New-year Salutation."

[2] "Mount Benger," of which Hogg had taken a lease on his marriage, in 1820, and found that he could not make it pay.

[3] The first series had just been published under the following title: *Tales of a Grandfather, being stories taken from Scottish History.* Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., in three volumes. Printed for Cadell and Co., Edinburgh, Simpkin and Marshall, London, and John Cumming, Dublin, 1828.

of Scottish history at a point which leaves the kingdom triumphant and happy; and, alas! where do her annals present us with such an era excepting after Bannockburn? So I will set about to fill up the volumes, which are too short, with some additional matter, and so diminish at least, if we cannot altogether remove, their unsightly inequality in size. The rest of the party went to Dryburgh—too painful a place of pilgrimage for me.[1] I walked with the Lord Chief-Commissioner through our grounds at Huntly Burn, and by taking the carriage now and then I succeeded in giving my excellent old friend enough of exercise without any fatigue. We made our visit at Huntly Burn.

[1] During Sir Walter's illness in 1818–19 Mr. Skene was with him at Abbotsford, and he records a curious incident regarding Dryburgh which may be given here:—"For nearly two years he had to struggle for his life with that severe illness, which the natural strength of his constitution at length proved sufficient to throw off. With its disappearance, although restored to health, disappeared also much of his former vigour of body, activity, and power of undergoing fatigue, while in personal appearance he had advanced twenty years in the downward course of life; his hair had become bleached to pure white and scanty locks; the fire of his eye quenched; and his step, more uncertain, had lost the vigorous swinging gait with which he was used to proceed; in fact, old age had by many years anticipated its usual progress and marked how severely he had suffered. The complaint, that of gall-stones, was one of extreme bodily suffering. During his severest attack he had been alone at Abbotsford with his daughter Sophia, before her marriage to Mr. Lockhart, and had sent to say that he was desirous I should come to him, which I did, and remained for ten days till the attack had subsided. During its course the extreme violence of the pain and spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the stomach were such that I scarcely expected the powers of endurance could sustain him through the trial, and so much at times was he exhausted by it as to leave us in alarm as to what the result had actually been. One night I shall not soon forget: he had been frequently and severely ill during the day, and having been summoned to his room in the middle of the night, where his daughter was already standing, the picture of deep despair, at his bed-side, the attack seemed intense, and we followed the directions left by the physician to assuage it. At length it seemed to subside, and he fell back exhausted on the pillow, his eyes were closed, and his countenance wan and livid. Apparently with corresponding misgivings, his daughter at one side of the bed and I at the other gazed for some time intently and in silence on his countenance, and then glanced with anxious inquiring looks to each other, till, at length, having placed my finger on his pulse, to ascertain whether it had actually ceased to throb, I shall never forget the sudden beam which again brightened his daughter's countenance, and for a moment dispelled the intense expression of anxiety which had for some time overspread it, when Sir Walter, aware of my feeling his pulse, and the probable purpose, whispered, with a faint voice, but without opening his eyes, 'I am not *yet* gone.' After some time he revived, and gave us a proof of the mastery of his mind over the sufferings of the body. 'Do you recollect,' he said to me, 'a small round turret near the gate of the Monastery of Aberbrothwick, and placed so as to overhang the street?' Upon answering that I did perfectly, and that a picturesque little morsel it was, he said, 'Well, I was over there when a mob had assembled, excited by some purpose, which I do not recollect, but failing of their original intention, they took umbrage at the little venerable emblem of aristocracy, which still bore its weather-stained head so conspicuously aloft, and, resolving to humble it with the dust, they got a stout hawser from a vessel in the adjoining harbour, which a sailor lad, climbing up, coiled round the body of the little turret, and the rabble seizing the rope by both ends tugged and pulled, and laboured long to strangle and overthrow the poor old turret, but in vain, for it withstood all their endeavours. Now that is exactly the condition of my poor stomach: there is a rope twisted round it, and the malicious devils are straining and tugging at it, and, faith, I could almost think that I sometimes hear them shouting and cheering each other to their task, and when they are at it I always have the little turret and its tormentors before my eyes.' He complained that particular ideas fixed themselves down upon his mind, which he had not the power of shaking off; but this was, in fact, the obvious consequence of the quantity of laudanum which it was necessary for him to swallow to allay the spasms.

"After he had got some repose, and had become rather better in the morning, he said, with a smile on his countenance, 'If you will promise not to laugh at me I have a favour to ask. Do you know I have taken a childish desire to see the place where I am to be laid when I go home, which there is some probability may not now be long delayed. Now, as I cannot go to Dryburgh Abbey—that is out of the question at present—it would give me much pleasure if you would take a ride down and bring me a drawing of that spot,' which he minutely described the position of, and mentioned the exact point where he wished it drawn, that the site of his future grave might appear. His wish was accordingly complied with."—*Reminiscences.*

December 29.—Lord Chief-Baron, Lord Chief-Commissioner, Miss Adam, Miss Anstruther Thomson, and William Clerk left us. We read prayers, and afterwards walked round the terrace.

I had also time to work hard on the additions to the *Tales of a Grandfather*, vols. 1 and 2. The day passed pleasantly over.

December 30.—The Fergusons came over, and we welcomed in the New Year with the usual forms of song and flagon.

Looking back to the conclusion of 1826, I observe that the last year ended in trouble and sickness, with pressures for the present and gloomy prospects for the future. The sense of a great privation so lately sustained, together with the very doubtful and clouded nature of my private affairs, pressed hard upon my mind. I am now perfectly well in constitution; and though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions of 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me successfully through 1828, when we may gain a more open sea, if not exactly a safe port. Above all, my children are well. Sophia's situation excites some natural anxiety; but it is only the accomplishment of the burthen imposed on her sex. Walter is happy in the view of his majority, on which matter we have favourable hopes from the Duke of Wellington. Anne is well and happy. Charles's entry upon life under the highest patronage, and in a line for which I hope he is qualified, is about to take place presently.

For all these great blessings it becomes me well to be thankful to God, who in his good time and good pleasure sends us good as well as evil.

1828.—JANUARY

"As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me."

January 1.—Since the 20th November, 1825, for two months that is, and two years, I have kept this custom of a diary. That it has made me wiser or better I dare not say, but it shows by its progress that I am capable of keeping a resolution. Perhaps I should not congratulate myself on this; perhaps it only serves to show I am more a man of method and less a man of originality, and have no longer that vivacity of fancy that is inconsistent with regular labour. Still, should this be the case, I should, having lost the one, be happy to find myself still possessed of the other.

January 2.—*Cæcæ mentes hominum.*—My last entry records my punctuality in keeping up my diary hitherto; my present labour, commenced notwithstanding the date, upon the 9th January, is to make up my little record betwixt the second and that latter date. In a word, I have been several days in arrear without rhyme or reason,—days too when there was so little to write down that the least jotting would have done it. This must not be in future.

January 3.—Our friends begin to disperse. Mrs. Ellis, who has been indisposed for the last two days, will I hope bear her journey to London well. She is the relict of my dear old friend George Ellis,[1] who had more wit, learning, and knowledge of the world than would fit out twenty *literati*. The Hardens remained to-day, and I had a long walk with the laird up the Glen, and so forth. He seemed a little tired, and with all due devotion to my Chief, I was not sorry to triumph over some one in point of activity at my time of day.

January 4.—Visited by Mr. Stewart of Dalguise, who came to collect materials for a description of Abbotsford, to be given with a drawing in a large work, *Views of Gentlemen's Seats*. Mr. Stewart is a well-informed gentleman-like young man, grave and quiet, yet possessed of a sense of humour. I must take care he does not in civility over-puff my little assemblage of curiosities. Scarce anything can be meaner than the vanity which details the contents of China closets,—basins, ewers, and chamberpots. Horace Walpole, with all his talents, makes a silly figure when he gives an upholsterer's catalogue of his goods and chattels at Strawberry Hill.

[1] To whom Scott addressed the fifth canto of *Marmion*.

January 5.—This day I began to review Taschereau's *Life of Molière* for Mr. Gillies who is crying help for God's sake. Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz offer guerdon. I shall accept, because it is doing Gillies no good to let him have my labour for nothing, and an article is about £100. In my pocket it may form a fund to help this poor gentleman or others at a pinch; in his, I fear it would only encourage a neglect of sober economy. When in his prosperity he asked me whether there was not, in my opinion, something interesting in a man of genius being in embarrassed circumstances. God knows he has had enough of them since, poor fellow; and it should be remembered that if he thus dallied with his good fortune, his benevolence to others was boundless.

We had the agreeable intelligence of Sophia being safely delivered of a girl; the mother and child doing well. Praised be God!

January 6.—I have a letter from the Duke of Wellington, making no promises, but assuring me of a favourable consideration of Walter's case, should an opening occur for the majority. This same *step* is represented as the most important, but so in their time were the lieutenancy and the troop. Each in its turn was *the* step *par excellence*. It appears that these same steps are those of a treadmill, where the party is always ascending and never gains the top. But the same simile would suit most pursuits in life.

The Misses Kerr left us on Friday—two charming young persons, well-looked, well-mannered, and well-born; above all, well-principled. They sing together in a very delightful manner, and our evenings are the duller without them.

I am annoyed beyond measure with the idle intrusion of voluntary correspondents; each man who has a pen, ink, and sheet of foolscap to spare, flies a letter at me. I believe the postage costs me £100 [a year], besides innumerable franks; and all the letters regard the writer's own hopes or projects, or are filled with unasked advice or extravagant requests. I think this evil increases rather than diminishes. On the other hand, I must fairly own that I have received many communications in this way worth all the trouble and expense that the others cost me, so I must "lay the head of the sow to the tail of the grice," as the proverb elegantly expresses itself.

News again of Sophia and baby. Mrs. Hughes thinks the infant a beauty. Johnny opines that it is not *very* pretty, and grandpapa supposes it to be like other new-born children, which are as like as a basket of oranges.

January 7.—Wrought at the review, and finished a good lot of it. Mr. Stewart left us, amply provided with the history of Abbotsford and its contents. It is a kind of Conundrum Castle to be sure, and I have great pleasure in it, for while it pleases a fantastic person in the style and manner of its architecture and decoration, it has all the comforts of a commodious habitation.

Besides the review, I have been for this week busily employed in

revising for the press the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Cadell rather wished to rush it out by employing three different presses, but this *I repressed* (smoke the pun!). I will not have poor James Ballantyne driven off the plank to which we are all three clinging.[1] I have made great additions to volume first, and several of these *Tales*; and I care not who knows it, I think well of them. Nay, I will hash history with anybody, be he who he will.[2] I do not know but it would be wise to let romantic composition rest, and turn my mind to the history of England, France, and Ireland, to be *da capo rota'd*, as well as that of Scotland. Men would laugh at me as an author for Mr. Newbery's shop in Paul's Churchyard. I should care little for that. *Virginibus puerisque.* I would as soon compose histories for boys and girls, which may be useful, as fictions for children of a larger growth, which can at best be only idle folk's entertainment. But write what I will, or to whom I will, I am doggedly determined to write myself out of the present scrape by any labour that is fair and honest.

January 8.—Despatched my review (in part), and in the morning walked from Chiefswood, all about the shearing flats, and home by the new walk, which I have called the Bride's Walk, because Jane was nearly stuck fast in the bog there, just after her marriage, in the beginning of 1825.

My post brings serious intelligence to-day, and of a very pleasing description. Longman and Company, with a reserve which marks all their proceedings, suddenly inform Mr. Gibson that they desire 1000 of the 8vo edition of *St. Ronan's Well*, and the subsequent series of Novels thereunto belonging, for that they have only *seven* remaining, and wish it to be sent to their printers, and pushed out in three months. Thus this great house, without giving any previous notice of the state of the sale, expect all to be boot and saddle, horse and away, whenever they give the signal. In the present case this may do, because I will make neither alteration nor addition till our grand *opus*, the Improved Edition, goes to press. But ought we to go to press with this 1000 copies knowing that our project will supersede and render equivalent to waste paper such of them as may not reach the public before our plan is publicly known and begins to operate? I have, I acknowledge, doubt as to this. No doubt I feel perfectly justified in letting Longman and Co. look to

[1] See letter to R. Cadell, *Life*, vol. ix. p. 209.

[2] "The first *Tales of a Grandfather* [as has already been said] appeared early in December, and their reception was more rapturous than that of any one of his works since *Ivanhoe*. He had solved for the first time the problem of narrating history, so as at once to excite and gratify the curiosity of youth, and please and instruct the wisest of mature minds. The popularity of the book has grown with every year that has since elapsed; it is equally prized in the library, the boudoir, the school-room, and the nursery; it is adopted as the happiest of manuals, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; nay, it is to be seen in the hands of old and young all over the civilised world, and has, I have little doubt, extended the knowledge of Scottish history in quarters where little or no interest had ever before been awakened as to any other parts of that subject except those immediately connected with Mary Stuart and the Chevalier."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 186-7.

their own interest, since they have neither consulted me nor attended to mine. But the loss might extend to the retail booksellers; and to hurt the men through whom my works are ultimately to find their way to the public would be both unjust and impolitic. On the contrary, if the *St. Ronan* Series be hurried out immediately, there is time enough perhaps to sell it off before the Improved Edition appears. In the meantime it appears that the popularity of these works is increasing rather than diminishing, that the measure of securing the copyrights was most judicious, and that, with proper management, things will work themselves round. Successful first editions are good, but they require exertion and imply fresh risk of reputation. But repeated editions tell only to the agreeable part of literature.[1]

Longman and Company have also at length opened their oracular jaws on the subject of *Bonaparte*, and acknowledged its rapid sale, and the probable exhaustion of the present edition.

These tidings, with the success of the *Tales*, "speak of Africa and golden joys."[2] But the tidings arriving after dinner rather discomposed me. In the evening I wrote to Cadell and Ballantyne at length, proposing a meeting at my house on Tuesday first, to hold a privy council.

January 9.—My first reflection was on Napoleon. I will not be hurried in my corrections of that work; and that I may not be so, I will begin them the instant that I have finished the review. It makes me tremble to think of the mass of letters I have to look through in order to select all those which affect the subject of *Napoleon*, and which, in spite of numerous excellent resolutions, I have never separated from the common file from which they are now to be selected. Confound them! but they *are* confounded already. Indolence is a delightful indulgence, but at what a rate we purchase it! To-day we go to Mertoun, and having spent some time in making up my Journal to this length, and in a chat with Captain John, who dropped in, I will presently set to the review—knock it off, if possible, before we start at five o'clock. To-morrow, when I return, we will begin the disagreeable task of a thorough rummage of papers,

[1] It may be remarked at this point how the value of these works has been sustained by the public demand during the term of legal copyright and since that date. That of *Waverley* expired in 1856, and the others at forty-two years from the date of publication.

On December 19, 1827, the copyright of the Novels from *Waverley* to *Quentin Durward* was acquired, as mentioned in the text, for £8400 as a joint purchase. Five years later, viz., in 1832, Mr. Cadell purchased from Sir Walter's representatives, for about £40,000, the author's share in stock and entire copyrights!

Nineteen years afterwards, viz., on the 26th March, 1851 (after Mr. Cadell's death), the stock and copyrights were exposed for sale by auction in London, regarding which a Trade Journal of the date says—

"Mr. Hodgson offered for sale the whole of the copyrights of Sir Walter Scott's works, including stereotypes, steels, wood-cuts, etc., to a very large meeting of the publishers of this country. After one or two of our leading firms had retired from the contest, the lot was bought in for, we believe, £15,500. This sum did not include the stock on hand, valued at £10,000. However, the fact is that the Trustees have virtually refused £25,000 for the stock, copyrights, etc., of Scott's works."

Messrs. A. & C. Black in 1851 purchased the property at nearly the same price, viz.:—Copyright, £17,000; stock, £10,000—in all, £27,000. Mr. Francis Black, who has kindly given me information regarding the sale of these works, tells me that of the volumes of one of the cheaper issues about three millions have been sold since 1851. This, of course, is independent of other publishers' editions in Great Britain, the Continent, and America.

[2] In *Henry IV.*, Act v. Sc. 3.

books, and documents. My character as a man of letters, and as a man of honour, depends on my making that work as correct as possible. It has succeeded, notwithstanding every effort here and in France[1] to put it down, and it shall not lose ground for want of backing. We went to dine and pass the night at Mertoun, where we met Sir John Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Mellerstain, and their daughters.

January 10.—When I rose this morning the weather was changed and the ground covered with snow. I am sure it's winter fairly. We returned from Mertoun after breakfast through an incipient snowstorm, coming on partially, and in great flakes, the sun bursting at intervals through the clouds. At last *Die Wolken laufen zusammen.* We made a slow journey of it through the swollen river and heavy roads, but here we are at last.

I am rather sorry we expect friends to-day, though these friends be the good Fergusons. I have a humour for work, to which the sober, sad uniformity of a snowy day always particularly disposes me, and I am sure I will get poor Gillies off my hand, at least if I had morning and evening. Then I would set to work with arranging everything for these second editions of *Napoleon*, *The Romances*, etc., which must be soon got afloat. I must say "the wark gangs bonnily on."[2] Well, I will ring for coals, mend my pen, and try what can be done.

I wrought accordingly on Gillies's review for the *Life of Molière*, a gallant subject. I am only sorry I have not time to do it justice. It would have required a complete re-perusal of his works, for which, alas! I have no leisure.

> "For long, though pleasant, is the way,
> And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day."

Which is too literally my own case.

January 11.—Renewed my labour, finished the review, *talis qualis*, and sent it off. Commenced then my infernal work of putting to rights. Much cry and little woo', as the deil said when he shore the sow. But I have detected one or two things that had escaped me, and may do more to-morrow. I observe by a letter from Mr. Cadell that I had somewhat misunderstood his last. It is he, not Longman, that wishes to publish the thousand copies of *St. Ronan's* Series, and there is no immediate call for *Napoleon.* This makes little difference in my computation. The pressing necessity of correction is

[1] In an interesting letter to Scott from Fenimore Cooper, dated Sept. 12th, 1827, he tells him "that the French abuse you a little, but as they began to do this, to my certain knowledge, five months before the book was published, you have no great reason to regard their criticism. It would be impossible to write the truth on such a subject and please this nation. One frothy gentleman denounced you in my presence as having a low, vulgar style, very much such an one as characterised the pen of Shakespeare!"

[2] A proverb having its rise from an exclamation made by Mr. David Dick, a Covenanter, on witnessing the execution of some of Montrose's followers.—Wishart's *Montrose*, quoting from Guthrie's *Memoirs*, p. 182.

put off for two or three months probably, and I have time to turn myself to the *Chronicles*. I do not much like the task, but when did I ever like labour of any kind? My hands were fully occupied to-day with writing letters and adjusting papers—both a great bore.

The news from London assure a change of Ministry. The old Tories come in play. But I hope they will compromise nothing. There is little danger since Wellington takes the lead.

January 12.—My expenses have been considerably more than I expected; but I think that, having done so much, I need not undergo the mortification of giving up Abbotsford and parting with my old habits and servants.[1]

January 13, [*Edinburgh*].—We had a slow and tiresome retreat from Abbotsford through the worst of weather, half-sleet, half-snow. Dined with the Royal Society Club, and, being an anniversary, sat till nine o'clock, instead of half-past seven.

January 14.—I read Cooper's new novel, *The Red Rover*; the current of it rolls entirely upon the ocean. Something there is too much of nautical language; in fact, it overpowers everything else. But, so people once take an interest in a description, they will swallow a great deal which they do not understand. The sweet word "Mesopotamia" has its charm in other compositions as well as in sermons. He has much genius, a powerful conception of character, and force of execution. The same ideas, I see, recur upon him that haunt other folks. The graceful form of the spars, and the tracery of the ropes and cordage against the sky, is too often dwelt upon.

January 15.—This day the Court sat down. I missed my good friend Colin Mackenzie, who proposes to retire, from indifferent health. A better man never lived—eager to serve every one—a safeguard over all public business which came through his hands. As Deputy-Keeper of the Signet he will be much missed. He had a patience in listening to every one which is of the [highest consequence] in the management of a public body; for many men care less to gain their point than they do to play the orator, and be listened to for a certain time. This done, and due quantity of personal consideration being gained, the individual orator is usually satisfied with the reasons of the civil listener, who has suffered him to enjoy his hour of consequence. I attended the Court, but there was very little for me to do. The snowy weather has annoyed my fingers with chilblains, and I have a threatening of rheumatism — which Heaven avert!

James Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell dined with me to-day and talked me into a good humour with my present task, which I had laid aside

[1] Scott's biographer records his admiration for the manner in which all his dependants met the reverse of their master's fortunes. The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary; only putting his horses to the carriage on high and rare occasions; and so on with all that remained of the ancient train, and all seemed happier.

in disgust. It must, however, be done, though I am loth to begin to it again.

January 16.—Again returned early, and found my way home with some difficulty. The weather — a black frost powdered with snow, my fingers suffering much and my knee very stiff. When I came home, I set to work, but not to the *Chronicles*. I found a less harassing occupation in correcting a volume or two of *Napoleon* in a rough way. My indolence, if I can call it so, is of a capricious kind. It never makes me absolutely idle, but very often inclines me—as it were from mere contradiction's sake—to exchange the task of the day for something which I am not obliged to do at the moment, or perhaps not at all.

January 17.—My knee so swelled and the weather so cold that I stayed from Court. I nibbled for an hour or two at *Napoleon*, then took handsomely to my gear, and wrote with great ease and fluency six pages of the *Chronicles*. If they are but tolerable I shall be satisfied. In fact, such as they are, they must do, for I shall get warm as I work, as has happened on former occasions. The fact is, I scarce know what is to succeed or not; but this is the consequence of writing too much and too often. I must get some breathing space. But how is that to be managed? There is the rub.

January 18–19.—Remained still at home, and wrought hard. The fountain trickles free enough, but God knows whether the waters will be worth drinking. However, I have finished a good deal of hard work,—that's the humour of it.

January 20.—Wrought hard in the forenoon. At dinner we had Helen Erskine,—whom circumstances lead to go to India in search of the domestic affection which she cannot find here,—Mrs. George Swinton, and two young strangers: one, a son of my old friend Dr. Stoddart of the *Times*, a well-mannered and intelligent youth, the other that unnatural character, a tame Irishman, resembling a formal Englishman.

January 21.—This morning I sent J. B. as far as page forty-three, being fully two-thirds of the volume. The rest I will drive on, trusting that, contrary to the liberated posthorse in John Gilpin, the lumber of the wheels rattling behind me may put spirit in the poor brute who has to drag it.

Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles were here at breakfast. She is a very pretty little Jewess; he one of the greatest performers on the pianoforte of the day,—certainly most surprising and, what I rather did not expect, pleasing.

I have this day the melancholy news of Glengarry's death, and was greatly shocked. The eccentric parts of his character, the pretensions which he supported with violence and assumption of rank and authority, were obvious subjects of censure and ridicule, which in some points were not undeserved. He played the part of a chieftain too nigh the life to be popular among an altered race, with whom

he thought, felt, and acted, I may say in right and wrong, as a chieftain of a hundred years since would have done, while his conduct was viewed entirely by modern eyes, and tried by modern rules.[1]

January 22.—I am, I find, in serious danger of losing the habit of my Journal; and, having carried it on so long, that would be pity. But I am now, on the 1st February, fishing for the lost recollections of the days since the 21st January. Luckily there is not very much to remember or forget, and perhaps the best way would be to skip and go on.

January 23.—Being a Teind day, I had a good opportunity of work. I should have said I had given breakfast on the 21st to Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles; she a beautiful young creature, "and one that adores me," as Sir Toby says,[2]—that is, in my poetical capacity;—in fact, a frank and amiable young person. I liked Mr. Moscheles' playing better than I could have expected, considering my own bad ear. But perhaps I flatter myself, and think I understood it better than I did. Perhaps I have not done myself justice, and know more of music than I thought I did. But it seems to me that his variations have a more decided style of originality than those I have commonly heard, which have all the signs of a *da capo rota*.

Dined at Sir Archibald Campbell's,[3] and drank rather more wine than usual in a sober way. To be sure, it was excellent, and some old acquaintances proved a good excuse for the glass.

January 24.—I took a perverse fit to-day, and went off to write notes, et cetera, on *Guy Mannering*. This was perverse enough; but it was a composition between humour and duty; and as such, let it pass.

January 25.—I went on working, sometimes at my legitimate labours, sometimes at my jobs of Notes, but still working faithfully, in good spirits, and contented.

Huntly Gordon has disposed of the two sermons[4] to the bookseller Colburn for £250—well sold, I think—and is to go forth immediately. The man is a puffing quack; but though I would rather the thing had not gone there, and far rather that it had gone nowhere, yet, hang it! if it makes the poor lad easy, what needs I fret about it? After all, there would be little gain in doing a kind thing, if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score.

January 26.—Being Saturday, attended Mr. Moscheles' concert, and was amused; the more so that I had Mrs. M. herself to flirt a little with. To have so much beauty as she really possesses, and to be accomplished and well-read, she is an unaffected and pleasant person. Mr. Moscheles gives lessons at two guineas by the hour, and he has

[1] *Ante*, p. 76.

[2] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[3] Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth. He lived at 1 Park Place.

[4] The circumstances under which these sermons were written are fully detailed in the *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 193, 206. They were issued in a thin octavo vol. under the title *Religious Discourses*, by a Layman, with a short Preface signed W. S. There were more editions than one published during 1828.

actually found scholars in this poor country. One of them at least (Mrs. John Murray) may derive advantage from his instructions; for I observe his mode of fingering is very peculiar, as he seems to me to employ the fingers of the same hand in playing the melody and managing the bass at the same time, which is surely most uncommon.

I presided at the Celtic Society's dinner to-day, and proposed Glengarry's memory, which, although there had been a rough dispute with the Celts and the poor Chief, was very well received. I like to see men think and bear themselves like men. There were fewer in the tartan than usual—which was wrong.

January 27.—Wrought manfully at the *Chronicles* all this day and have nothing to jot down; only I forgot that I lost my lawsuit some day last week or the week before. The fellow therefore gets his money, plack and bawbee, but it's always a troublesome claim settled,[1] and there can be no other of the same kind, as every other creditor has accepted the composition of 7*s.* in the £, which my exertions have enabled me to pay them. About £20,000 of the fund had been created by my own exertions since the bankruptcy took place, and I had a letter from Donald Horne, by commission of the creditors, to express their sense of my exertions in their behalf. All this is consolatory.

January 28.—I am in the scrape of sitting for my picture, and had to repair for two hours to-day to Mr. Colvin Smith—Lord Gillies's nephew. The Chief Baron[2] had the kindness to sit with me great part of the time, as the Chief Commissioner had done on a late occasion. The picture is for the Chief Commissioner, and the Chief Baron desires a copy. I trust it will be a good one. At home in the evening, and wrote. I am well on before the press, notwithstanding late hours, lassitude, and laziness. I have read Cooper's *Prairie* —better, I think, than his *Red Rover*, in which you never get foot on shore, and to understand entirely the incidents of the story it requires too much knowledge of nautical language. It's very clever, though.[3]

January 29.—This day at the Court, and wrote letters at home, besides making a visit or two—rare things with me. I have an invitation from Messrs. Saunders and Otley, booksellers, offering me from £1500 to £2000 annually to conduct a journal; but I am their humble servant. I am too indolent to stand to that sort of work, and I must preserve the undisturbed use of my leisure, and possess my soul in quiet. A large income is not my object; I must clear my debts; and that is to be done by writing things of which I can retain the property. Made my excuses accordingly.

January 30.—After Court hours I had a visit from Mr. Charles

[1] *Ante*, p. 347.

[2] Sir Samuel Shepherd.

[3] Mr. Cooper did not relax his efforts to secure Scott an interest in his works reprinted in America, but he was not successful, and he writes to Scott in the autumn of 1827: "This, sir, is a pitiful account of a project from which I expected something more just to you and creditable to my country."

Heath, the engraver, accompanied by a son of Reynolds the dramatist. His object was to engage me to take charge as editor of a yearly publication called *The Keepsake*, of which the plates are beyond comparison beautiful, but the letter-press indifferent enough. He proposed £800 a year if I would become editor, and £400 if I would contribute from seventy to one hundred pages. I declined both, but told him I might give him some trifling thing or other, and asked the young men to breakfast the next day. Worked away in the evening and completed, "in a way and in a manner," the notes on *Guy Mannering*. The first volume of the *Chronicles* is now in Ballantyne's hands, all but a leaf or two. Am I satisfied with my exertions? So so. Will the public be pleased with them? Umph! I doubt the bubble will burst. While it is current, however, it is clear I should stand by it. Each novel of three volumes brings £4000, and I remain proprietor of the mine when the first ore is cropped out. This promises a good harvest, from what we have experienced. Now, to become a stipendiary editor of a New-Year's Gift-Book is not to be thought of, nor could I agree to work for any quantity of supply to such a publication. Even the pecuniary view is not flattering, though these gentlemen meant it should be so. But one hundred of their close-printed pages, for which they offer £400, is not nearly equal to one volume of a novel, for which I get £1300, and have the reversion of the copyright. No, I may give them a trifle for nothing, or sell them an article for a round price, but no permanent engagement will I make. Being the Martyrdom, there was no Court. I wrought away with what appetite I could.

January 31.—I received the young gentlemen to breakfast, and expressed my resolution, which seemed to disappoint them, as perhaps they expected I should have been glad of such an offer. However, I have since thought there are these rejected parts of the *Chronicles*, which Cadell and Ballantyne criticised so severely, which might well enough make up a trifle of this kind, and settle the few accounts which, will I nill I, have crept in this New Year. So I have kept the treaty open. If I give them 100 pages I should expect £500.

I was late at the Court and had little time to write any till after dinner, and then was not in the vein; so commentated.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—I had my two youths again to breakfast, but I did not say more about my determination, save that I would help them if I could make it convenient. The Chief Commissioner has agreed to let Heath have his pretty picture of a Study at Abbotsford, by Edwin Landseer, in which old Maida occurs. The youth Reynolds is what one would suppose his father's son to be, smart and forward, and knows the world. I suppose I was too much fagged with sitting in the Court to-day to write hard after dinner, but I did work, however.

February 2.—Corrected proofs, which are now nearly up with me. This day was an idle one, for I remained in Court till one, and sat for my picture till half-past three to Mr. Smith. He has all the steadiness and sense in appearance which his cousin R. P. G. lacks.[1] Whether he has genius or no, I am no judge. My own portrait is like, but I think too broad about the jowls, a fault which they all fall into, as I suppose, by placing their subject upon a high stage and looking upwards to them, which must foreshorten the face. The Chief Baron and Chief Commissioner had the goodness to sit with me.

Dressed and went with Anne to dine at Pinkie House, where I met the President,[2] Lady Charlotte, etc.; above all, Mrs. Scott of Gala, whom I had not seen for some time. We had much fun, and I was, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, in good fooling.[3] A lively French girl, a governess I think, but very pretty and animated, seemed much amused with the old gentleman. Home at eleven o'clock.

By the by, Sir John Hope had found a Roman eagle on his estate in Fife with sundry of those pots and coffee-pots, so to speak, which are so common: but the eagle was mislaid, so I did not see it.

February 3.—I corrected proofs and wrote this morning,—but slowly, heavily, lazily. There was a mist on my mind which my exertions could not dispel. I did not get two pages finished, but I corrected proofs and commentated.

February 4.—Wrote a little and was obliged to correct the Molière affair for R. P. G. I think his plan cannot go on much longer

[1] Mr. Colvin Smith painted in all about twenty portraits of Sir Walter, for seven of which he obtained occasional sittings. A list of the persons who commissioned them is given at p. 73 of the *Centenary Catalogue*.

[2] The Right Hon. Charles Hope.

[3] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 2.

with so much weakness at the helm. A clever fellow would make it take the field with a vengeance, but poor G. will run in debt with the booksellers and let all go to the devil. I sent a long letter to Lockhart, received from Horace Smith, very gentlemanlike and well-written, complaining that Mr. Leigh Hunt had mixed him up, in his Life of Byron, with Shelley as if he had shared his irreligious opinions. Leigh Hunt afterwards at the request of Smith published a swaggering contradiction of the inference to be derived from the way in which he has named them together. Horatio Smith seems not to have relied upon his disclamation, as he has requested me to mention the thing to John Lockhart, and to some one influential about Ebony, which I have done accordingly.

February 5.—Concluded the first volume before breakfast. I am but indifferently pleased; either the kind of thing is worn out, or I am worn out myself, or, lastly, I am stupid for the time. The book must be finished, however. Cadell is greatly pleased with annotations intended for the new edition of the Waverley series. I believe that work must be soon sent to press, which would put a powerful wheel in motion to clear the ship. I went to the Parliament House, and in return strolled into Cadell's, being rather anxious to prolong my walk, for I fear the constant sitting for so many hours. When I returned, the Duke of Buccleuch came in. He is looking very well, and stout, but melancholy about his sister, Lady Charlotte Stopford. He is fitting up a part of Bowhill and intends to shoot there this year. God send him life and health, for it is of immense consequence.

February 6.—This and visits wasted my time till past two, and then I slept half-an-hour from mere exhaustion. Went in the evening to the play, and saw that good old thing, an English tragedy, well got up. It was *Venice Preserved*. Mrs. H. Siddons played Belvidera with much truth, feeling, and tenderness, though short of her mother-in-law's uncommon majesty, which is a thing never to be forgotten. Mr. Young played Pierre very well, and a good Jaffier was supplied by a Mr. Vandenhoff. And so the day glided by; only three pages written, which, however, is a fair task.

February 7.—It was a Teind day, so no Court, but very little work. I wrote this morning till the boy made his appearance for proofs; then I had letters to write. Item, at five o'clock I set out with Charles for Dalkeith to present him to the young Duke.

I asked the Duke about poor Hogg. I think he has decided to take Mr. Riddell's opinion; it is unlucky the poor fellow has ever taken that large and dear farm.[1] Altogether Dalkeith was melancholy to-night, and I could not raise my spirits at all.

February 8.—I had a little work before dinner, but we are only seven pages into volume second. It is always a beginning, however; perhaps not a good one—I cannot tell. I went out to call on Gala

[1] Mount Benger, which he had taken in 1820.—See *ante*, p. 338.

and Jack Rutherfurd of Edgerstoun; saw the former, not the latter. Gala is getting much better. He talked as if the increase of his village was like to drive him over the hill to the Abbotsford side, which would greatly beautify that side and certainly change his residence for the better, only that he must remain some time without any appearance of plantation. The view would be enchanting.

I was tempted to buy a picture of Nell Gywnne,[1] which I think has merit; at least it pleases me. Seven or eight years ago Graham of Gartmore bid for it against me, and I gave it up at twenty-five guineas. I have now bought it for £18, 18s. Perhaps there was folly in this, but I reckoned it a token of good luck that I should succeed in a wish I had formerly harboured in vain. I love marks of good luck even in trifles.

February 9.—Sent off three leaves of copy; this is using the press like the famished sailor who was fed by a comrade with shell-fish by one at a time. But better anything than stop, for the devil is to get set a-going again. I know no more than my old boots whether I am right or wrong, but have no very favourable anticipations.

As I came home from the Court about twelve I stepped into the Exhibition. It makes a very good show; the portraits are better than last year, those of Colvin Smith and Watson Gordon especially improve. Landseer's Study at Abbotsford is in a capital light, and generally admired. I particularly distinguished John Thomson's picture of Turnberry, which is of first-rate excellence. A picture by Scrope was also generally distinguished. It is a view in Calabria.

There is a rival Exhibition which does not hurt the earlier foundation, but rather excites emulation. I am told there are good paintings there. I came home with little good-will to work, but I will compel myself to do something. Unluckily, I have again to go out to dinner to-day, being President of the Bannatyne.

The dinner was a pleasant one; about thirty members attended. I kept the chair till near eleven, and the company were very joyous.

February 10.—I set myself doggedly to work, and turned off six leaves before dinner. Had to dinner Sir John Pringle, my dear Gala and his lady, and young Mackenzie and Miss Jardine. I was quite pleased to see Gala so well recovered of the consequences of his frightful fall, which hung about him so long. He is one of the kindest and best-informed men whom I know.

February 11.—I had Charles Young[2] to breakfast with us, who gave us some striking anecdotes of Talma during the Reign of Terror, which may figure in *Napoleon* to great advantage.

My son Charles left us this morning to take possession of his

[1] It now hangs in the Drawing-room at Abbotsford.—See Sharpe's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 408.

[2] Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, had been a visitor at Abbotsford in the autumn of 1821. Of this visit his son Julian gives a pleasant account in a Memoir of his father, pp. 88–96. London, 1871. Mr. Young died in June, 1856.

situation in the Foreign Office. He has been very lucky. Correcting sheets, etc., took up the morning hours. I wrote three leaves before two o'clock. Day bitter cold—with snow, a strong contrast to the mild weather we had last week.

Salutation of two old Scottish lairds:—"Ye 're maist obedient hummil servant, Tannachy Tulloh."—"Your nain man, Kilspindie."

Finished six pages, twenty-five pages of print that is, or about the thirteenth part of a volume. That would be a volume in a fortnight, with a holiday to boot. It would be possible enough for a little while.

February 12.—I wrought hard this morning. Ballantyne blames the Ossianic monotony of my principal characters. Now they are not Ossianic. The language of the Ossianic poetry is highly figurative; that of the knights of chivalry may be monotonous, and probably is, but it cannot be Ossianic. Sooth to say, this species of romance of chivalry is an inexhaustible subject. It affords materials for splendid description for once or twice, but they are too unnatural and formal to bear repetition. We must go on with our present work, however, *valeat quantum*. Mr. Cadell, less critical than J. B., seems pleased. The world will soon decide if I get on at this rate; for I have finished four leaves to-day, notwithstanding my attendance on the Court.

February 13.—Mr. Macintosh Mackay, minister of Laggan, breakfasted with us this morning. This reverend gentleman is completing the Highland Dictionary,[1] and seems very competent for the task. He left in my hands some papers of Cluny Macpherson, concerning the affair of 1745, from which I have extracted an account of the battle of Clifton for *Waverley*. He has few prejudices (for a Highlander), and is a mild, well-mannered young man. We had much talk on Highland matters.

The Children's Tales continue in demand. Cadell expects a new edition of 10,000 about next year, which may be £750 or £800 in pouch, besides constituting a fine property.

February 14.—Mr. Edwards, a candidate for the situation of Rector in the Edinburgh Academy, a pleasant, gentlemanlike man, and recommended highly for experience and learning; but he is himself afraid of wanting bodily strength for the work, which requires all the nerve and muscle of Williams. I wish he had been three inches taller, and stout in proportion. I went to Mr. John Russell's, where there was an Academical party at dinner. Home at nine, a cigar, and to bed.

[1] This enthusiastic Gaelic scholar, then parish minister of Laggan, joined the Free Church of Scotland in 1843, and was elected Moderator of its General Assembly in 1849. As a clergyman, he had afterwards a varied experience in this country and in Australia, before he finally settled in the island of Harris; he died at Portobello in 1873.

The Gaelic dictionary of the Highland Society was completed and published in 2 vols. 4to, 1828. The editor was Dr. Macleod of Dundonald, assisted by other Gaelic scholars. Dr. Mackay edited the poems of Rob Donn in 1829. —See *Quarterly Review*, July, 1831.

February 15.—Rose this morning about seven and wrote at the desk till breakfast; finished about a page and a half. I was fagged at Court till near two. Then called on Cadell, and so home, tired enough.

February 16.—There dined with me to-day Tom Thomson, Will Clerk, Mr. Edwards, and my Celtic friend Mr. Mackay of Laggan.

February 17.—A day of hard work, being I think eight pages[1] before dinner. I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday at dinner-time I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence,—videlicet, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time, that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on the same subjects. It is true there might have been some ground for recollections, considering that three at least of the company were old friends, and kept much company together: that is, Justice-Clerk,[2] [Lord] Abercromby, and I. But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and silvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said. It made me gloomy and out of spirits, though I flatter myself it was not observed. The bodily feeling which most resembles this unpleasing hallucination is the giddy state which follows profuse bleeding, when one feels as if walking on feather-beds and could not find a secure footing. I think the stomach has something to do with it. I drank several glasses of wine, but these only augmented the disorder. I did not find the *in vino veritas* of the philosophers. Something of this insane feeling remains to-day, but a trifle only.

February 18.—I had other work to do this day. In the morning corrected proofs. After breakfast, made a visit or two, and met Sandie Buchanan, whom it joys me to see. Then despatched all my sheriff processes, save one, which hitches for want of some papers. Lastly, here I am, before dinner, with my journal. I sent all the county money to Andrew Lang. Wrote to Mr. Reynolds too; methinks I will let them have the Tales which Jem Ballantyne and Cadell quarrelled with.[3] I have asked £500 for them—pretty well that. I suppose they will be fools enough to give it me. In troth she 'll no pe cheaper.

February 19.—A day of hard and continued work, the result being eight pages. But then I hardly ever quitted the table save at meal-time. So eight pages of my manuscript may be accounted the maximum of my literary labour. It is equal to forty printed pages of the novels. I had the whole of this day at my own disposal, by

[1] See under Feb. 19.
[2] The Right Hon. David Boyle.
[3] *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, etc.

the voluntary kindness of Sir Robert Dundas interfering to take up my duty at the Court. The proofs of my Sermons are arrived, but I have had no time, saving to blot out some flummery, which poor Gordon had put into the preface.[1]

February 20.—Another day of labour; but not so hard. I worked from eight till three with little intermission, but only accomplished four pages. Then I went out and made a visit or two, and looked in on Cadell. If I get two pages in the evening I will be satisfied, for volume II. may be concluded with the week, or run over to Sunday at most. Will it tell, this work? I doubt it, but there is no standing still.

A certain Mr. Mackay from Ireland called on me, an active agent, it would seem, about the reform of prisons. He exclaims, justly I have no doubt, about the state of our Lock-up House. For myself, I have some distrust of the fanaticism—even of philanthropy. A good part of it arises in general from mere vanity and love of distinction, gilded over to others and to themselves with some show of benevolent sentiment. The philanthropy of Howard, mingled with his ill-usage of his son, seems to have risen to a pitch of insanity. Yet without such extraordinary men, who call attention to the subject by their own peculiarities, prisons would have remained the same dungeons which they were forty or fifty years ago. I do not see the propriety of making them dandy places of detention. They should be a place of punishment, and that can hardly be if men are lodged better, and fed better, than when they are at large. The separation of ranks is an excellent distinction, and is nominally provided for in all modern prisons. But the size of most of them is inadequate to the great increase of crime, and so the pack is shuffled together again for want of room to keep them separate. There are several prisons constructed on excellent principles, the economy of which becomes deranged so soon as the death takes place of some keen philanthropist who had the business of a whole committee, which, having lost him, remained like a carcass without a head. But I have never seen a plan for keeping in order these resorts of guilt and misery, without presupposing a superintendence of a kind which might perhaps be exercised, could we turn out upon the watch a guard of angels. But, alas! jailors and turnkeys are rather like angels of a different livery, nor do I see how it is possible to render them otherwise. Superintendence is all you can trust to, and superintendence, save in some rare cases, is hard to come by, where it is to be vigilantly and constantly exercised. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As to reformation, I have no great belief in it, when the ordinary class of culprits, who are vicious from ignorance or habit, are the subjects of the experiment. "A shave from a broken loaf" is thought as little of by the male set of delinquents as by the fair frail. The state of society

[1] See Jan. 25, 1828 (p. 348).

now leads so much to great accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill. Nature intended that population should be diffused over the soil in proportion to its extent. We have accumulated in huge cities and smothering manufactories the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country; and what wonder that they should be corrupted? We have turned healthful and pleasant brooks into morasses and pestiferous lakes,—what wonder the soil should be unhealthy? A great deal, I think, might be done by executing the punishment of *death*, without a chance of escape, in all cases to which it should be found properly applicable; of course these occasions being diminished to one out of twenty to which capital punishment is now assigned. Our ancestors brought the country to order by kilting[1] thieves and banditti with strings. So did the French when at Naples, and bandits became for the time unheard of. When once the evil habit is altered—when men are taught a crime of a certain character is connected inseparably with death, the moral habits of a population become altered, and you may in the next age remit the punishment which in this it has been necessary to inflict with stern severity. I think whoever pretends to reform a corrupted nation, or a disorderly regiment, or an ill-ordered ship of war, must begin by severity, and only resort to gentleness when he has acquired the complete mastery by terror—the terror being always attached to the law; and, the impression once made, he can afford to govern with mildness, and lay the iron rule aside.

Mr. Mackay talked big of the excellent state of prisons in Ireland. *J'en doute un peu.* That the warm-hearted and generous Irish would hurry eagerly into any scheme which had benevolence for its motive, I readily believe; but that Pat should have been able to maintain that calm, all-seeing, all-enduring species of superintendence necessary to direct the working of the best plan of prison discipline, I greatly hesitate to believe.

Well, leaving all this, I wish Mr. Mackay good luck, with some little doubt of his success, but none of his intentions. I am come in my work to that point where a lady who works a stocking must count by threads, and bring the various loose ends of my story together. They are too many.

February 21.—Last night after dinner I rested from my work, and read third part of [Theodore Hook's] *Sayings and Doings*, which shows great knowledge of life in a certain sphere, and very considerable powers of wit, which somewhat damages the effect of the tragic parts. But he is an able writer, and so much of his work is well said, that it will carry through what is *manqué*. I hope the same good fortune for other folks.

[1] To *kilt*, *i.e.*, to elevate or lift up anything quickly; this applied, ludicrously, to tucking by a halter.—Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

"Their bare preaching now
Makes the thrush bush keep the cow
Better than Scots or English kings
Could do by kilting them with strings."
CLELAND.

I am watching and waiting till I hit on some quaint and clever mode of extricating, but do not see a glimpse of any one. James B., too, discourages me a good deal by his silence, waiting, I suppose, to be invited to disgorge a full allowance of his critical bile. But he may wait long enough, for I am discouraged enough. Now here is the advantage of Edinburgh. In the country, if a sense of inability once seizes me, it haunts me from morning to night; but in Edinburgh the time is so occupied and frittered away by official duties and chance occupation, that you have not time to play Master Stephen and be gentlemanlike and melancholy.[1] On the other hand, you never feel in town those spirit-stirring influences—those glances of sunshine that make amends for clouds and mist. The country is said to be quieter life; not to me, I am sure. In the town the business I have to do hardly costs me more thought than just occupies my mind, and I have as much of gossip and ladylike chat as consumes the time pleasantly enough. In the country I am thrown entirely on my own resources, and there is no medium betwixt happiness and the reverse.

February 22.—Went to Court, and remained there until one o'clock. Then to Mr. Colvin Smith's and sat to be stared at till three o'clock. This is a great bore even when you have a companion, sad when you are alone and can only disturb the painter by your chatter. After dinner I had proofs to the number of four. J. B. is outrageous about the death of Oliver Proudfoot, one of the characters; but I have a humour to be cruel.

"His business 'tis to die."

Received a present from a Mr. Dobie of a candlestick said to be that of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, minister of Fenwick in the seventeenth century,—very civil of a gentleman unknown, if there comes no request to look over poems, or to get made a gauger, or the like, for I have seen that kind of compliment made on the principle on which small balloons are sent up before a large one, to see how the wind sits. After dinner proof-sheets.

February 23.—Morning proof-sheets galore. Then to Parliament House. After that, at one, down to Sir William MacLeod Bannatyne, who has made some discoveries concerning Bannatyne the collector of poetry, and furnished me with some notes to that purpose. He informs me that the MacLeod, alias MacCruiskin, who met Dr. Johnson on the Isle of Skye, was Mr. Alexander MacLeod, Advocate, a son of MacLeod of Muiravonside. He was subject to fits of insanity at times, very clever at others.[2] Sir William mentioned the old Laird of Bernera, who, summoned by his Chief to join him with all the men

[1] See Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. Sc. 3.

[2] See Boswell's *Johnson*, Croker's ed. imp. 8vo, p. 318.

he could make, when the Chief was raising his men for Government, sent him a letter to this purpose:—"Dear Laird,—No man would like better to be at your back than I would; but on this occasion it cannot be. I send my men, who are at your service; for myself, higher duties carry me elsewhere." He went off accordingly alone, and joined Raasay as a volunteer. I returned by the printing-office and found J. B. in great feather. He tells me Cadell, on squaring his books and making allowance for bad debts, has made between £3000 and £4000, lodged in bank. He does nothing but with me. Thus we stand on velvet as to finance. Met Staffa,[1] who walked with me and gave me some Gaelic words which I wanted.

I may mention that I saw at the printing-office a part of a review on Leigh Hunt's Anecdotes of Byron. It is written with power, apparently by Professor Wilson, but with a degree of passion which rather diminishes the effect; for nothing can more lessen the dignity of the satirist than being or seeming to be in a passion. I think it may come to a bloody arbitrament,[2] for if L. H. should take it up as a gentleman, Wilson is the last man to flinch. I hope Lockhart will not be dragged in as second or otherwise. Went to Jeffrey's to dinner—there were Mrs. and Miss Sydney Smith, Lords Gillies and Corehouse, etc., etc.

February 24.—I fancy I had drunk a glass or two over much last night, for I have the heartburn this morning. But a little magnesia salves that sore. Meantime I have had an *inspiration* which shows me my good angel has not left me. For these two or three days I have been at what the "Critic" calls a dead-lock[3]—all my incidents and personages ran into a gordian knot of confusion, to which I could devise no possible extrication. I had thought on the subject several days with something like the despair which seized the fair princess, commanded by her ugly step-mother to assort a whole garret full of tangled silk threads of every kind and colour, when in comes Prince Percinet with a wand, whisks it over the miscellaneous mass, and lo! all the threads are as nicely arranged as in a seamstress' housewife. It has often happened to me that when I went to bed with my head as ignorant as my shoulders what I was to do next, I have waked in the morning with a distinct and accurate conception of the mode, good or bad, in which the plot might be extricated. It seems to me

[1] Sir Reginald Steuart Seton of Staffa, for many years Secretary to the Highland and Agricultural Society; died at Edinburgh in 1838.

[2] On reading the savage article on Hunt's Byron published in Blackwood for March, 1828, Sir Walter's thoughts must have gone back not only to Gourgaud's affair of the previous year, and to the more serious matter of the *Beacon* newspaper in 1821,—when, to use Lord Cockburn's words, "it was dreadful to think that a life like Scott's was for a moment in peril in such a cause"—but he must also have had very sad recollections of the bloody results of the two melancholy duels arising from the same party rancour in February, 1821 (Scott and Christie), and in March, 1822 (Stuart and Boswell), with all the untold domestic miseries accompanying them. It is satisfactory to think that this was about the last of these uncalled for literary onslaughts, as one finds, in turning over the pages of *Blackwood*, that in 1834, Professor Wilson in the *Noctes* rebukes some one for reviving "forgotten falsehoods," praises Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, and adds the ecstatic words, which he also addressed later on to Lord Jeffrey, "The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live for ever."

[3] Act III. Sc. 1

that the action of the intellect, on such occasions, is rather accelerated by the little fever which an extra glass of wine produces on the system. Of course excess is out of the question. Now this may seem strange, but it is quite true; and it is no less so that I have generally written to the middle of one of these novels, without having the least idea how it was to end, in short in the *hab nab at a venture* style of composition. So now, this hitch being over, I fold my paper, lock up my journal, and proceed to labour with good hope.

February 25.—This being Monday, I carried on my work according to the new model. Dined at home and in quiet. But I may notice that yesterday Mr. Williams, the learned Rector of our new Academy, who now leaves us, took his dinner here. We had a long philological tête-à-tête. He is opinionative, as he has some title to be, but very learned, and with a juster view of his subject than is commonly entertained, for he traces words to the same source—not from sound but sense. He casts backwards thus to the root, while many compare the ends of the twigs without going further.

This night I went to the funeral of Mr. Henderson, late of Eildon Hall, a kind-hearted man, who rose to great wealth by honest means, and will be missed and regretted.

In the evening I went to the promenade in the Exhibition of Pictures, which was splendidly lighted up and filled with fashionable company. I think there was a want of beauty,—or perhaps the gaslights were unfavourable to the ladies' looks.

February 26.—Business filled up the day till one, when I sat to Mr. Smith. Tedious work, even though Will Clerk chaperoned me. We dined at Archie Swinton's. Met Lord Lothian, Lord Cringletie, etc. This day I have wrought almost nothing, but I am nearly half a volume before the press. Lord Morton,[1] married to a daughter of my friend Sir George Rose, is come to Edinburgh. He seems a very gentlemanlike man, and she pleasing and willing to be pleased. I had the pleasure to be of some little use to him in his election as one of the Scottish Peers. I owe Sir George Rose much for his attention to Walter at Berlin.

February 27.—At Court till half-past two. Then to the Waterloo Tavern, where we had a final and totally unfructuous meeting with the Committee of the Coal Gas people. So now my journey to London is resolved on. I shall lose at least £500 by the job, and get little thanks from those I make the sacrifice for. But the sacrifice shall be made. Anything is better than to break one's word, or desert a sinking vessel. Heartily do I wish these "Colliers" had seen the matter in the best light for their own interest. But there is no help. One thing is certain, that I shall see my whole family once more around me, and that is worth the £500. Anne too starts at the idea of the sea. I am horribly vexed, however. Gibson always expected

[1] Sholto Douglas, eighteenth Earl of Morton.

they would come in, but there seemed to me little chance of it; perhaps they thought we were not serious in our proposal to push through the Act. Wrought a little in the evening, not much.

February 28.—At Court till Four. When I came home I did work a little, but as we expected company it was not to much purpose. Lord Chief-Commissioner dined with us with Miss Adam; Mr. Hutchinson, brother of Lord Donoughmore, and Miss Jones, Will Clerk and John Thomson made up the party, and we had a pleasant evening, as such a handful always secures. Stayed till wine-and-water time. Thus flew another day.

February 29.—I had my proof-sheets as usual in the morning and the Court as usual till two. Then one or two visits and corrected the discourses for Gordon. This is really a foolish scrape, but what could I do? It involved the poor lad's relief from something very like ruin. I got a letter from the young man Reynolds accepting on Heath's part my terms for article to *The Keepsake*, namely £500,—I to be at liberty to reprint the article in my works after three years. Mr. Heath to print it in *The Keepsake* as long and often as he pleases, but not in any other form. I shall close with them. If I make my proposed bargain with Murray, all pecuniary matters will be easy in an unusual degree. Dined at Robert Hamilton's with Lord and Lady Belhaven, Walter Campbell, and a number of Westlanders.

MARCH

March 1.—Wrought a little this morning; always creeping on. We had a hard pull at the Court, and after it I walked a little for exercise, as I fear indigestion from dining out so often.

Dined to-day with the bankers who went as delegates to London in Malachi Malagrowther's days. Sir John Hay Kinnear and Tom Allan were my only acquaintances of the party; the rest seemed shrewd capable men. I particularly remarked a Mr. Sandeman with as intellectual a head as I ever witnessed.

March 2.—A day of hard work with little interruption, and completed volume second. I am not much pleased with it. It wants what I desire it to have, and that is passion.

The two Ballantynes and Mr. Cadell dined with me quietly. Heard from London; all well.

March 3.—I set about clearing my desk of unanswered letters, which I had suffered to accumulate to an Augean heap. I daresay I wrote twenty cards that might have been written at the time without half-a-minute being lost. To do everything when it ought to be done is the soul of expedition. But then, if you are interrupted eternally with these petty avocations, the current of the mind is compelled to flow in shallows, and you lose the deep intensity of thought which alone can float plans of depth and magnitude. I sometimes wish I were one of those formalists who can assign each hour of the day its special occupations, not to be encroached upon; but it always returns upon my mind that I do better *à la débandade* than I could with rules of regular study. A work begun is with me a stone turned over with the purpose of rolling it down hill. The first revolutions are made with difficulty — but *vires acquirit eundo.* Now, were the said stone arrested in its progress, the whole labour would be to commence again. To take a less conceited simile: I am like a spavined horse, who sets out lame and stiff, but when he warms in his gear makes a pretty good trot of it, so that it is better to take a good stage of him while you can get it. Besides, after all, I have known most of those formalists, who were not men of business or of office to whom hours are prescribed as a part of duty, but who voluntarily makes themselves

"Slaves to an hour, and vassals to a bell,"[1]—

to be what I call very poor creatures.

[1] Oldham—"Lines addressed to a friend about to leave the University."—*Poems and Translations*, 8vo. Lond. 1694.

General Ainslie looked in, and saddened me by talking of poor Don. The General is a medallist, and entertains an opinion that the bonnet-piece of James v. is the work of some Scottish artist who died young, and never did anything else. It is far superior to anything which the Mint produced since the Roman denarii. He also told me that the name of Andrea de Ferrara is famous in Italy as an armourer.

Dined at home, and went to the Royal Society in the evening after sending off my processes for the Sheriff Court. Also went after the Society to Mr. James Russell's symposium.

March 4.—A letter from Italy signed J. S. with many acute remarks on inaccuracies in the life of Bonaparte.

His tone is hostile decidedly, but that shall not prevent my making use of all his corrections where just.

The wretched publication of Leigh Hunt on the subject of Byron is to bring forward Tom Moore's life of that distinguished poet, and I am honoured and flattered by the information that he means to dedicate it to me.[1]

A great deal of worry in the Court to-day, and I lost my spectacles, and was a dark and perplexed man—found them again though. Wrote to Lockhart and to Charles, and will do more if I can, but am sadly done up. An old friend came and pressed unmercifully some selfish request of his own to ask somebody to do something for his son. I shall be glad to be at Abbotsford to get rid of this town, where I have not, in the proper and social sense of the word, a single friend whose company pleases me. In the country I have always Tom Purdie.

Dined at the Lord Chief-Commissioner's, where I met, the first time for thirty years, my old friend and boon companion, with whom I shared the wars of Bacchus, Venus, and sometimes of Mars. The past rushed on me like a flood and almost brought tears into my eyes. It is no very laudable exploit to record, but I once drank three bottles of wine with this same rogue—Sir William Forbes and Sir Alexander Wood being of the party. David Erskine of Cardross keeps his looks better than most of our contemporaries. I hope we shall meet for a longer time.

March 5.—I corrected sheets, and, being a Teind Wednesday, began the second volume and proceeded as far as page fourth.

We dined at Hector Macdonald's with several Highlanders, most of whom were in their garb, intending to go to a great fancy ball in the evening. There were young Cluny Macpherson, Campbell Airds, Campbell Saddell, and others of the race of Diarmid. I went for an hour to the ball, where there were many gay and some grotesque fig-

[1] On the 20th April Moore writes to Scott: "I am delighted you do not reject my proffered dedication, though between two such names as yours and Byron's I shall but realise the description in the old couplet of Wisdom and Wit,

'With folly at full length between.'

However, never mind; in cordial feeling and good fellowship I flatter myself I am a match for either of you."

ures. A dressed ball is, for the first half-hour, a splendid spectacle; you see youth and beauty dressed in their gayest attire, unlimited, save by their own taste, and enjoying the conscious power of charming, which gives such life and alacrity to the features. But the charm ceases in this like everything else. The want of masks takes away the audacity with which the disguised parties conduct themselves at a masquerade, and [leaves] the sullen sheepishness which makes them, I suppose, the worst maskers in Europe. At the only real masquerade which I have known in Edinburgh there were many, if not most, of those who had determined to sustain characters, who had more ill-breeding than facetiousness. The jests were chiefly calculated to give pain, and two or three quarrels were with difficulty prevented from ripening into duels. A fancy ball has no offence in it, therefore cannot be wrecked on this rock. But, on the other hand, it is horribly dull work when the first *coup d'œil* is over.

There were some good figures, and some grossly absurd. A very gay cavalier with a broad bright battle-axe was pointed out to me as an eminent distiller, and another knight in the black coarse armour of a cuirassier of the 17th century stalked about as if he thought himself the very mirror of chivalry. He was the son of a celebrated upholsterer, so might claim the broad axe from more titles than one. There was some good dancing; Cluny Macpherson footed it gallantly.

March 6.—Wrote two pages this morning before breakfast. Went to the Court, where I learned that the "Colliers" are in alarm at the determination shown by our Committee, and are willing to give better terms. I hope this is so—but *Cogan na Shie*—peace or war, I care not. I never felt less anxiety about where I went and what I did. A feather just lighted on the ground can scarce be less concerned where the next blast may carry it. If I go, I shall see my children—if I stay, I shall mend my fortune. Dined at home and went to the play in the evening. Lady Torphichen had commanded the play, and there were all my Swinton cousins young and old. The play was "A Bold Stroke for a Wife,"[1]—Charles Kemble acting as Feignwell. The plot is extravagant nonsense, but with lively acting the ludicrousness of the situation bears it through, and few comedies act better. After this came *Rob Roy*, where the Bailie played with his usual excellence. The piece was not over until near one in the morning, yet I did not feel tired—which is much.

March 7.—To-day I wrought and corrected proof-sheets; went to the Court, and had a worry at the usual trashy small wares which are presented at the end of a Session. An official predecessor of mine, the facetious Robert Sinclair, was wont to say the three last days of the Session should be abolished by Act of Parliament.[2] Came home late, and was a good deal broken in upon by visitors. Amongst

[1] By Mrs. Centlivre.

[2] See *Life*, vol. viii. p. 257 *n*.

others, John Swinton, now of Swinton, brought me the skull of his ancestor, Sir Allan Swinton, who flourished five hundred years ago. I will get a cast made of the stout old carle. It is rare to see a genuine relic of the mortal frame drawing so far back. Went to my Lord Gillies's to dinner, and witnessed a singular exhibition of personification.

Miss Stirling Grame,[1] a lady of the Duntroon family, from which Clavers was descended, looks like thirty years old, and has a face of the Scottish cast, with a good expression in point of good sense and good humour. Her conversation, so far as I have had the advantage of hearing it, is shrewd and sensible, but no ways brilliant. She dined with us, went off as to the play, and returned in the character of an old Scottish lady. Her dress and behaviour were admirable, and the conversation unique. I was in the secret, of course, did my best to keep up the ball, but she cut me out of all feather. The prosing account she gave of her son, the antiquary, who found an auld wig in a slate quarry, was extremely ludicrous, and she puzzled the Professor of Agriculture with a merciless account of the succession of crops in the parks around her old mansion-house. No person to whom the secret was not intrusted had the least guess of an impostor, except one shrewd young lady present, who observed the hand narrowly and saw it was plumper than the age of the lady seemed to warrant. This lady, and Miss Bell[2] of Coldstream, have this gift of personification to a much higher degree than any person I ever saw.

March 8.—Wrote in the morning, then to Court, where we had a sederunt till nigh two o'clock. From thence to the Coal Gas Committee, with whom we held another, and, thank God, a final meeting. Gibson went with me. They had Mr. Munro, Trotter, Tom Burns, and Inglis. The scene put me in mind of Chichester Cheyne's story of a Shawnee Indian and himself, dodging each other from behind trees, for six or seven hours, each in the hope of a successful shot. There was bullying on both sides, but we bullied to best purpose, for

[1] Miss Graham tells us in her *Mystifications* (Edin. 1864) that Sir Walter, on leaving the room, whispered in her ear, "Awa, awa, the Deil 's ower grit wi' you." "To meet her in company," wrote Dr. John Brown half a century later, when she was still the charm and the delight as well as the centre of a large circle of friends, "one saw a quiet, unpretending, sensible, shrewd, kindly little lady; perhaps you would not remark anything extraordinary in her, but let her *put on the old lady*; it was as if a warlock spell had passed over her; not merely her look but her nature was changed: her spirit had passed into the character she represented; and jest, quick retort, whimsical fancy, the wildest nonsense flowed from her lips, with a freedom and truth to nature which appeared to be impossible in her own personality."

With this faculty for satire and imitation, Miss Graham never used it to give pain. She was as much at home, too, with old Scotch sayings as Sir Walter himself. For example, speaking of a field of cold, wet land she said, "It grat a' winter and girned a' simmer," and of herself one morning at breakfast when she thought she was getting too much attention from her guests (she was at this time over ninety) she exclaimed, "I'm like the bride in the old song:—

'Twa were blawing at her nose
And three were buckling at her shoon.'"

Miss Graham's friends will never forget the evenings they have spent at 29 Forth Street, Edinburgh, or their visits at Duntrune, where the venerable lady died in her ninety-sixth year in September, 1877.

[2] Miss Elizabeth Bell, daughter of the Rev. James Bell, minister of the parish of Coldstream from 1778 to 1794. This lady lived all her life in her native county, and died at a great age at a house on the Tweed, named Springhill, in 1876.

we must have surrendered at discretion, notwithstanding the bold face we put on it. On the other hand, I am convinced they have got a capital bargain.

March 9.—I set about arranging my papers, a task which I always take up with the greatest possible ill-will and which makes me cruelly nervous. I don't know why it should be so, for I have nothing particularly disagreeable to look at; far from it, I am better than I was at this time last year, my hopes firmer, my health stronger, my affairs bettered and bettering. Yet I feel an inexpressible nervousness in consequence of this employment. The memory, though it retains all that has passed, has closed sternly over it; and this rummaging, like a bucket dropped suddenly into a well, deranges and confuses the ideas which slumbered on the mind. I am nervous, and I am bilious, and, in a word, I am unhappy. This is wrong, very wrong; and it is reasonably to be apprehended that something of serious misfortune will be the deserved punishment of this pusillanimous lowness of spirits. Strange that one who, in most things, may be said to have enough of the "care na by", should be subject to such vile weakness! Well, having written myself down an ass, I will daub it no farther, but e'en trifle till the humour of work comes.

Before the humour came I had two or three long visits. Drummond Hay, the antiquary and lyon-herald, came in.[1] I do not know anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullens as trifling discussion about *antiquarian old-womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it; or it is like, by Our Lady, a mill-dam, which leads one's thoughts gently and imperceptibly out of the channel in which they are chafing and boiling. To be sure, it is only conducting them to turn a child's mill; what signifies that?—the diversion is a relief, though the object is of little importance. I cannot tell what we talked of; but I remember we concluded with a lamentation on the unlikelihood that Government would give the Museum £2000 to purchase the *bronze Apollo* lately discovered in France, although the God of Delos stands six feet two in his stocking-soles, and is perfectly entire, saving that on the right side he wants half a hip, and the leg from the knee, and that on the left his heel is much damaged. Colonel Ferguson just come to town —dines with us.

March 10.—I had a world of trumpery to do this morning: cards to write, and business to transact, visits to make, etc. Received letters from the youth who is to conduct *The Keepsake*, with blarney on a £200 Bank note. No blarney in that. I must set about doing something for these worthies. I was obliged to go alone to dine at Mr. Scott Gala's. Met the Sinclair family. Lady Sinclair told me a singular story of a decrepit man keeping a lonely toll at a place called the Rowan-tree, on the frontiers, as I understood, between

[1] *Ante*, p. 166.

Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire [Wigtownshire?]. It was a wild, lonely spot, and was formerly inhabited by robbers and assassins, who murdered passengers. They were discovered by a boy whom they had taken into the cottage as a menial. He had seen things which aroused his attention, and was finally enlightened as to the trade of his masters by hearing one of them, as he killed a goat, remark that the cries of the creature resembled those of the last man they had dealt with. The boy fled from the house, lodged an information, and the whole household was seized and executed. The present inhabitants Lady Sinclair described as interesting. The man's feet and legs had been frost-bitten while herding the cattle, and never recovered the strength of natural limbs. Yet he had acquired some education, and was a country schoolmaster for some time, till the distance and loneliness of the spot prevented pupils from attending. His daughter was a reader, and begged for some old magazines, newspapers, or any printed book, that she might enjoy reading. They might have been better had they been allowed to keep a cow. But if they had been in comfortable circumstances, they would have had visitors and lodgers, who might have carried guns to destroy the gentleman's creation, *i.e.* game; and for this risk the wretches were kept in absolute and abject poverty. I would rather be —— himself than this brutal Earl. The daughter showed Lady Sinclair a well in the midst of a small bog, of great depth, into which, like Thurtell and Probert, they used to thrust the bodies of their victims till they had an opportunity of burying them. Lady Sinclair stooped to taste the water, but the young woman said, with a strong expression of horror, "You would not drink it?" Such an impression had the tale, probably two centuries old, made upon the present inhabitants of this melancholy spot. The whole legend is curious; I will try to get hold of it.[1]

March 11.—I sent Reynolds a sketch of two Scottish stories for subjects of art for his *Keepsake*—the death of the Laird's Jock the one, the other the adventure of Duncan Stuart with the stag.

Mr. Drummond Hay breakfasted with me—a good fellow, but a considerable bore. He brought me a beautiful bronze statue of Hercules, about ten inches or a foot in height, beautifully wrought. He bought it in France for 70 francs, and refused £300 from Payne Knight. It is certainly a most beautiful piece of art. The lion's hide which hung over the shoulders had been of silver, and, to turn it to account, the arm over which it hung was cut off; otherwise the statue was perfect and extremely well wrought. Allan Swinton's skull sent back to Archibald Swinton.

March 12.—The boy got four leaves of copy to-day, and I wrote three more. Received by Mr. Cadell from Treuttel and Wurtz for articles in *Foreign Review* £52, 10s., which is at my credit with him.

[1] *The Murder Hole*, a story founded on the tradition and under this name, was printed in *Blackwood's Mag.*, vol. xxv. p. 189: 1829.

Poor Gillies has therefore kept his word so far, but it is enough to have sacrificed £100 to him already in literary labour, which I make him welcome to. I cannot spare him more—which, besides, would do him no good.

March 13, [*Abbotsford*].—I wrote a little in the morning and sent off some copy. We came off from Edinburgh at ten o'clock, and got to Abbotsford by four, where everything looks unusually advanced; the birds singing and the hedges budding, and all other prospects of spring too premature to be rejoiced in.

I found that, like the foolish virgins, the servants had omitted to get oil for my lamp, so I was obliged to be idle all the evening. But though I had a diverting book, the *Tales of the Munster Festivals*,[1] yet an evening without writing hung heavy on my hands. The *Tales* are admirable. But they have one fault, that the crisis is in more cases than one protracted after a keen interest has been excited, to explain and to resume parts of the story which should have been told before. Scenes of mere amusement are often introduced betwixt the crisis of the plot and the final catastrophe. This is impolitic. But the scenes and characters are traced by a firm, bold, and true pencil, and my very criticism shows that the catastrophe is interesting,—otherwise who would care for its being interrupted?

March [14 to] 16.—The same record applies to these three days. From seven to half-past nine writing—from half-past nine to a quarter past ten a hearty breakfast. From eleven or thereby, to one or two, wrote again, and from one or two ride, drive, or walk till dinner-time—for two or three hours—five till seven, dine and rest yourself—seven till nine, wrote two pages more, from nine to quarter past ten lounge, read the papers, and then go to bed. If your story is tolerably forward you may, I think, keep at this rate for twelve days, which would be a volume. But no brain could hold it out longer. Wrote two additional leaves in the evening.

March 17.—Sent away copy this morning to J. B. with proofs. I then wrote all the day till two o'clock, walked round the thicket and by the water-side, and returning set to work again. So that I have finished five leaves before dinner, and may discuss two more if I can satisfy myself with the way of winding up the story. There are always at the end such a plaguey number of stitches to take up, which usually are never so well done but they make a botch. I will try if the cigar will inspire me. Hitherto I have been pretty clear, and I see my way well enough, only doubt of making others see it with sufficient simplicity. But it is near five, and I am too hungry to write more.[2]

"Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus."

March 18.—I was sorely worried by the black dog this morning,

[1] Written by Gerald Griffin.

[2] *St. Valentine's Eve, or The Fair Maid of Perth.*

that vile palpitation of the heart—that *tremor cordis*—that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears, and falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it conveys no meaning. I wrought three leaves, however, and the story goes on. I dined at the Club of the Selkirkshire, yeomanry, now disbanded.

"The Eldrich knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh."

The dissolution of the Yeomanry was the act of the last ministry. The present did not alter the measure on account of the expense saved. I am one of the oldest, if not the very oldest Yeoman in Scotland, and have seen the rise, progress, and now the fall of this very constitutional part of the national force. Its efficacy, on occasions of insurrection, was sufficiently proved in the Radical time. But besides, it kept up a spirit of harmony between the proprietors of land and the occupiers, and made them known to and beloved by each other; and it gave to the young men a sort of military and high-spirited character, which always does honour to a country. The manufacturers are in great glee on this occasion. I wish Parliament, as they have turned the Yeoman adrift somewhat scornfully, may not have occasion to roar them in again.[1]

March 19.—I applied myself again to my labour, my mind flowing in a less gloomy current than yesterday. I laboured with little interruption, excepting a walk as far as Faldonside with the dogs, and at night I had not finished more than three leaves. But, indeed, it is pretty fair; I must not work my brains too hard, in case of provoking the hypochondria which extreme exertion or entire indolence are equally unfavourable to.

March 20.—Thomson breakfasted. I left him soon, being desirous to finish my labours. The volume is finished, all but one fourth or somewhat shorter; four days should despatch it easily, but I have letters to write and things are getting into disorder. I took a drive with my daughter, for exercise, and called at Huntly Burn. This evening went on with work as usual; there was not above four pages finished, but my conscience is quiet on my exertions.

March 21.—I received young Whytbank to breakfast, and talked genealogy, which he understands well; I have not a head for it. I only value it as interspersed with anecdote. Whytbank's relationship and mine exists by the Shaws. A younger brother of Shaw of Sauchie, afterwards Greenock, chief of the name, was minister of the Kirk of Selkirk. My great-grandfather, John Rutherford, minister of the gospel at Yarrow, married one of this reverend gentleman's daughters; and John Pringle, rector of Fogo, great-grandfather of the present Whytbank, married another. It was Christian Shaw, my

[1] *Coriolanus*, Act VI. Sc. 6.

grandmother, who possessed the manuscript respecting the murder of the Shaws by the Master of Sinclair.[1] She could not, according to the reckoning of that age, be a distant relation. Whytbank parted, agreeing to return to dinner to meet the bride and bridegroom. I had little time to write, for Colonel Russell, my cousin, called between one and two, and he also agreed to stay dinner; so I had a walk of three hours with him in the plantations. At dinner we had Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Scrope, Mrs. and Dr. Brewster, Whytbank, Russell, and young Nicol Milne, who will be a pleasant lad if he had a little polish. I was glad of the society, as I had rather felt the *besoin de parler*, which was perhaps one cause of my recent dumps. Scrope and Colonel Russell stayed all night; the rest went home.

March 22.—Had a packet from James—low about the novel; but I had another from Cadell equally uppish. He proposes for three novels in eighteen months, which would be £12,600. Well, I like the bookseller's predictions better than the printer's. Neither are bad judges; but James, who is the best, is not sensible of historical descriptions, and likes your novel style out and out.

Cadell's letter also contained a state of cash matters, since much improved. I will arrange them a day or two hence. I wrote to-day and took a long walk. The thought more than once passed over me, Why go to London? I shall but throw away £150 or £200 which were better saved. Then on the other hand, it is such a gratification to see all the children that I must be tempted. If I were alone, I could scrub it, but there's no doing that with Anne.

March 23.—I wrought regularly till one, and then took the wood and marked out to Tom the places I would have thinned, particularly at the Carlin's hole, which will require much thinning. I had a letter from Cadell stating that 3000 *Tales of a Grandfather* must go to press, bringing a return to me of £240, the price being £80 per thousand. This is snug enough, and will prettily cover my London journey, and I really think ought in fairness to silence my prudential remorse. With my usual delight in catching an apology for escaping the regular task of the day, I threw by the novel of St. Valentine's Eve and began to run through and correct the *Grandfather's Tales* for the press. If I live to finish them, they will be a good thing for my younger children. If I work to the amount of £10,000 a year for the creditors, I think I may gain a few hundreds for my own family at by-hours.

March 24.—Sent copy and proof to J. B.[2] I continued my revision of the *Tales of a Grandfather* till half-past one. Then went to

[1] *Ante*, p. 300.

[2] It may have been with this packet that the following admonitory note was sent to Ballantyne:—"DEAR JAMES,—I return the sheets of *Tales* with some waste of *Napoleon* for ballast. Pray read like a lynx, for with all your devoted attention things will escape. Imagine your printing that the Douglases after James II. had dirked the Earl, trailed the royal safe-conduct at the TAIL of a *serving man*, instead of the *tail* of a *starved Mare*.—Yours truly, however, W. S." So printed in first edition, vol. ii. p. 129, but corrected in the subsequent editions to "a miserable cart jade."

Torwoodlee to wait on George Pringle and his bride. We did not see the young people, but the old Laird and Miss Pringle gave us a warm reception, and seemed very happy on the occasion. We had friends to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Theobald, Charles Kerr and his wife, my old acquaintance Magdalen Hepburn, whose whole [kin] was known to me and mine. I have now seen the fifth generation of the family in Mrs. Kerr's little girl, who travels with them. Well—I partly wish we had been alone. Yet it is perhaps better. We made our day out tolerably well, having the advantage of Mr. Davidoff and his friend Mr. Collyer to assist us.

March 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Kerr left us, Mr. Davidoff and Mr. Collyer also. Mr. Davidoff showed himself a good deal affected. I hope well of this young nobleman, and trust the result will justify my expectations, but it may be doubted if his happiness be well considered by those who send a young person, destined to spend his life under a despotic government, to receive the ideas and opinions of such a people as we are:

> "where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."[1]

We drove as far as Yair with Mr. and Mrs. Theobald. The lady read after dinner—and read well.

March 26.—The Theobalds left us, giving me time to work a little. A walk of two hours diversified my day. I received Cadell's scheme for the new edition. I fear the trustees will think Cadell's plan expensive in the execution. Yet he is right; for, to ensure a return of speedy sale, the new edition should be both handsome and cheap. He proposes size a Royal 12mo, with a capital engraving to each volume from a design by the best artists. This infers a monstrous expense, but in the present humour of the public ensures the sale. The price will be 5s. per volume, and the whole set, 32 volumes, from *Waverley* to *Woodstock* included, will be £8.

March 27.—This also was a day of labour, affording only my usual interval of a walk. Five or six sheets was the result. We now appropinque an end. My story has unhappily a divided interest; there are three distinct strands of the rope, and they are not well twisted together. "Ah, Sirs, a foul fawt," as Captain Tommy says.

March 28.—The days have little to distinguish each other, very little. The morning study, the noontide walk, all monotonous and inclined to be melancholy; God help me! But I have not had any nervous attack. Read *Tales of an Antiquary*,[2] one of the chime of bells which I have some hand in setting a-ringing. He is really entitled to the name of an antiquary; but he has too much description in proportion to the action. There is a capital wardrobe of properties, but the performers do not act up to their character.

[1] Gray's *Ode on Eton*.

[2] By Richard Thomson, author of *Chronicles of London Bridge*, etc. He died in 1865.

March 29.—Finished volume third this morning. I have let no grass grow beneath my heels this bout.

Mr. Cadell with J. and A. Ballantyne came to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. George Pringle, new married, dined with us and old Torwoodlee. Sandy's music made the evening go sweetly down.

March 30.—A long discourse with Cadell, canvassing his scheme. He proposes I should go on immediately with the new novel. This will furnish a fund from which may be supplied the advances necessary for the new work, which are considerable, and may reach from £4000 to £8000—the last sum quite improbable—before it makes returns. Thus we can face the expenditure necessary to set on foot our great work. I have written to recommend the plan to John Gibson. This theme renewed from time to time during the forenoon. Dr. Clarkson[1] dined with us. We smoked and had whisky and water after.

March 31.—The Ballantynes and Cadell left us in high spirits, expecting much from the new undertaking, and I believe they are not wrong. As for me, I became torpid after a great influx of morning visitors.

> "I grew vapourish and odd,
> And would not do the least right thing,
> Neither for goddess nor for god—
> Nor paint nor jest nor laugh, nor sing."

I was quite reluctant to write letters, or do anything whatsoever, and yet I should surely write to Sir Cuthbert Sharp and Surtees. We dined alone. I was main stupid, indeed, and much disposed to sleep, though my dinner was very moderate.

[1] Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, a Surgeon of distinguished merit at Selkirk and through life a trusty friend and crony of the Sheriff's.—J. G. L.

"In Mr. Gideon Gray, in *The Surgeon's Daughter*, Sir Walter's neighbours on Tweedside saw a true picture—a portrait from life of Scott's hard-riding and sagacious old friend to all the country dear."—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 181.

APRIL

April 1.—All Fools' day, the only Saint that keeps up some degree of credit in the world; for fools we are with a vengeance. On this memorable festival we played the fool with great decorum at Colonel Ferguson's, going to visit them in a cold morning. In the evening I had a distressing letter from Mrs. MacBarnet, or some such name, the daughter of Captain Macpherson, smothered in a great snow storm. They are very angry at the *Review* for telling a rawhead and bloody bones story about him. I have given the right version of the tale willingly, but this does not satisfy. I almost wish they would turn out a clansman to be free of the cumber. The vexation of having to do with ladies, who on such a point must be unreasonable, is very great. With a man it would be soon ended or mended. It really hurts my sleep.

April 2.—I wrote the lady as civilly as I could, explaining why I made no further apology, which may do some good. Then a cursed morning of putting to rights, which drives me well-nigh mad. At two or three I must go to a funeral—a happy and interesting relief from my employment. It is a man I am sorry for, who married my old servant, Bell Ormiston. He was an excellent person in his way, and a capital mason—a great curler.

April 3.—Set off at eight o'clock, and fought forward to Carlisle—a sad place in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone, and I am following faster, perhaps, than I wot of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate, that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation. We slept at Carlisle. I have not forgiven them for destroying their quiet old walls, and building two lumpy things like mad-houses. The old gates had such a respectable appearance once,

"When Scotsmen's heads did guard the wall."

Come, I'll write down the whole stanza, which is all that was known to exist of David Hume's poetry, as it was written on a pane of glass in the inn:—

"Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
Here godless boys God's glories squall,
Here Scotsmen's heads do guard the wall,
But Corby's walks atone for all."

The poetical works of David Hume, Esq., might, as book-makers know now, be driven out to a handsome quarto. Line 1st admits of a descant upon eggs roasted, boiled or poached; 2d, a history of Carlisle Cathedral with some reasons why the choir there has been proverbially execrable; 3d, the whole history of 1745 with minute memoirs of such as mounted guard on the Scotch gate. I remember the spikes the heads stood upon; lastly, a description of Corby Castle with a plan, and the genealogy of the Howards. Gad, the booksellers would give me £500 for it. I have a mind to print it for the Bannatynians.

April 4.—In our stage to Penrith I introduced Anne to the ancient Petreia, called Old Penrith, and also to the grave of Sir Ewain Cæsarias,[1] that knight with the puzzling name, which has got more indistinct. We breakfasted at Buchanan's Inn, Penrith, one of the best on the road, and a fine stanch fellow owned it. He refused passage to some of the delegates who traversed the country during the Radical row, and when the worthies threatened him with popular vengeance, answered gallantly that he had not lived so long by the Crown to desert it at a pinch. The Crown is the sign of his inn. Slept at Garstang, an indifferent house. As a petty grievance, my ink-holder broke loose in the case, and spilt some of the ink on Anne's pelisse. Misfortunes seldom come single. "'Tis not alone the inky cloak, good daughter," but I forgot at Garstang my two breastpins; one with Walter and Jane's hair, another a harp of pure Irish gold, the gift of the ladies of Llangollen.[2]

April 5.—Breakfasted at Chorley, and slept at Leek. We were in the neighbourhood of some fine rock-scenery, but the day was unfavourable; besides, I did not come from Scotland to seek rocks, I trow.

April 6.—Easter Sunday. We breakfasted at Ashbourne and went from thence to Derby; and set off from thence to Drycot Hall (five miles) to visit Hugh Scott. But honest Hugh was, like ourselves, on the ramble; so we had nothing to do but to drive back to Derby, and from thence to Tamworth, where we slept.

April 7.—We visited the Castle in the morning. It is inhabited by a brother-in-law of the proprietor; and who is the proprietor? "Why, Mr. Robbins," said the fat house-keeper. This was not a name quite according with the fine chivalrous old hall, in which there was no small quantity of armour, and odds and ends, which I would have been glad to possess. "Well, but madam, before Mr. Robbins bought the place, who was the proprietor?" "Lord Charles Townshend, sir." This would not do neither; but a genealogy hanging above the chimney-piece informed me that the Ferrars were the ancient possess-

[1] For an account of this monument see Nicolson and Burns's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii. p. 410, and "Notabilia of Penrith," by George Watson, *C. and W. Transactions*, No. xiv.

[2] Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby. An amusing account of Sir Walter's visit to them in 1825 is given by Mr. Lockhart in the *Life*, vol. viii. pp. 47–50.

ors of the mansion, which, indeed, the horseshoes in the shield over the Castle gate might have intimated. Tamworth is a fine old place, neglected, but, therefore, more like hoar antiquity. The keep is round. The apartments appear to have been modernised *tempore* Jac. I^mi. There was a fine demipique saddle, said to have been that of James II. The pommel rose, and finished off in the form of a swan's crest, capital for a bad horseman to hold on by.

To show Anne what was well worth seeing, we visited Kenilworth. The relentless rain only allowed us a glimpse of this memorable ruin. Well, the last time I was here, in 1815,[1] these trophies of time were quite neglected. Now they approach so much nearer the splendour of Thunder-ten-tronckh, as to have a door at least, if not windows. They are, in short, preserved an protected. So much for the novels. I observed decent children begging here, a thing uncommon in England: and I recollect the same unseemly practice formerly.

We went to Warwick Castle. The neighbourhood of Leamington, a watering-place of some celebrity, has obliged the family to decline showing the castle after ten o'clock. I tried the virtue of an old acquaintance with Lord Warwick and wrote to him, he being in the Courthouse where the assizes were sitting. After some delay we were admitted, and I found my old friend Mrs. Hume, in the most perfect preservation, though, as she tells me, now eighty-eight. She went through her duty wonderfully, though now and then she complained of her memory. She has laid aside a mass of black plumes which she wore on her head, and which resembled the casque in the Castle of Otranto. Warwick Castle is still the noblest sight in England. Lord and Lady Warwick came home from the Court, and received us most kindly. We lunched with them, but declined further hospitality. When I was last here, and for many years before, the unfortunate circumstances of the late Lord W. threw an air of neglect about everything. I believe the fine collection of pictures would have been sold by distress, if Mrs. Hume, my friend, had not redeemed them at her own cost.[2] I was pleased to see Lord Warwick show my old friend kindness and attention. We visited the monuments of the Nevilles and Beauchamps, names which make the heart thrill. The monuments are highly preserved. We concluded the day at Stratford-upon-Avon.

[1] The visit to Kenilworth in 1815 is not noticed in the *Life*, but as Scott was in London for some weeks in the spring of that year he may have gone there on his return journey. Mr. Charles Knight, writing in 1842, says that Mr. Bonnington, the venerable occupant of the Gate House, told him that he remembered the visit and the visitor! It was "about twenty-five years ago"—and after examining some carving in the interior of the Gate House and putting many suggestive questions, the middle-aged active stranger slightly lame, and with keen grey eye, passed through the court and remained among the ruins silent and alone for about two hours. (*Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 89.) The famous romance did not appear until six years later, viz. in January, 1821, and in the autumn of that year it is somewhat singular to find that Scott and his friend Mr. Stewart Rose are at Stratford-on-Avon writing their names on the wall of Shakespeare's birthplace—and yet leaving Kenilworth unvisited.—Perhaps the reason was that Mr. Stewart Rose was not in the secret of the authorship of the Novels.

[2] In the *Annual Register* for July, 1834, is the following notice: "Lately at Warwick Castle, aged ninety-three, Mrs. Home, for upwards of seventy years a servant of the Warwick family. She had the privilege of showing the Castle, by which she realised upwards of £30,000.

April 8.—We visited the tomb of the mighty wizard. It is in the bad taste of James the First's reign; but what a magic does the locality possess! There are stately monuments of forgotten families; but when you have seen Shakspeare's what care we for the rest. All around is Shakspeare's exclusive property. I noticed the monument of his friend John a Combe immortalised as drawing forth a brief satirical notice of four lines.

After breakfast I asked after Mrs. Ormsby, the old mad woman who was for some time tenant of Shakspeare's house, and conceived herself to be descended from the immortal poet. I learned she was dying. I thought to send her a sovereign; but this extension of our tour has left me no more than will carry me through my journey, and I do not like to run short upon the road. So I take credit for my good intention, and—keep my sovereign—a cheap and not unusual mode of giving charity.

Learning from Washington Irving's description of Stratford that the hall of Sir Thomas Lucy, the justice who rendered Warwickshire too hot for Shakspeare, and drove him to London, was still extant, we went in quest of it.

Charlcote is in high preservation, and inhabited by Mr. Lucy, descendant of the worshipful Sir Thomas. The Hall is about three hundred years old, an old brick structure with a gate-house in advance. It was surrounded by venerable oaks, realising the imagery which Shakspeare loved so well to dwell upon; rich verdant pastures extend on every side, and numerous herds of deer were reposing in the shade. All showed that the Lucy family had retained their "land and beeves." While we were surveying the antlered old hall, with its painted glass and family pictures, Mr. Lucy came to welcome us in person, and to show the house, with the collection of paintings, which seems valuable, and to which he had made many valuable additions.

He told me the park from which Shakspeare stole the buck was not that which surrounds Charlcote, but belonged to a mansion at some distance where Sir Thomas Lucy resided at the time of the trespass. The tradition went that they hid the buck in a barn, part of which was standing a few years ago, but now totally decayed. This park no longer belongs to the Lucys. The house bears no marks of decay, but seems the abode of ease and opulence. There were some fine old books, and I was told of many more which were not in order. How odd if a folio Shakspeare should be found amongst them! Our early breakfast did not prevent my taking advantage of an excellent repast offered by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, the last a lively Welshwoman. This visit gave me great pleasure; it really brought Justice Shallow freshly before my eyes; the luces in his arms "which do become an old coat well"[1] were not

[1] *Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 1.

more plainly portrayed in his own armorials in the hall-window than was his person in my mind's eye. There is a picture shown as that of the old Sir Thomas, but Mr. Lucy conjectures it represents his son. There were three descents of the same name of Thomas. The party hath "the eye severe, and beard of formal cut," which fills up with judicial austerity the otherwise social physiognomy of the worshipful presence, with his "fair round belly with fat capon lined."[1]

We resumed our journey. I may mention among the pictures at Charlcote one called a Roman Knight, which seemed to me very fine; Teniers' marriage, in which, contrary to the painter's wont, only persons of distinction are represented, but much in the attitude in which he delights to present his boors; two hawking pieces by Wouvermans, very fine specimens, *cum aliis*.

We took our way by Edgehill, and looked over the splendid richness of the fine prospect from a sort of gazeeboo or modern antique tower, the place of a Mr. Miller. It is not easy to conceive a richer and more peaceful scene than that which stretched before us, and [one with which] strife, or the memory of strife, seems to have nothing to do.

> "But man records his own disgrace,
> And Edgehill lives in history."

We got on to Buckingham, an ugly though I suppose an ancient town. Thence to Aylesbury through the wealth of England, in the scene of the old ballad—

> "Neither drunk nor sober, but neighbour to both,
> I met with a man in Aylesbury vale;
> I saw by his face that he was in good case,
> To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale."

We slept at Aylesbury. The landlord, who seemed sensible, told me that the land round the town, being the richest in England, lets at £3, or £3, 10s. and some so high as £4 per acre. *But* the poor-rates are 13s. to the pound. Now, my Whitehaugh at Huntly Burn yielded at last set £4 per acre.

April 9, [*London*].—We got to town about mid-day, and found Sophia, Lockhart, and the babies quite well—delighted with their companion Charles, and he enchanted with his occupation in the Foreign Office. I looked into my cash and found £53 had diminished on the journey down to about £3. In former days a journey to London cost about £30 or thirty guineas. It may now cost one-fourth more. But I own I like to pay postilions and waiters rather more liberally than perhaps is right. I hate grumbling and sour faces; and the whole saving will not exceed a guinea or two for being cursed and damned from Dan to Beersheba. We had a joyful meeting, I promise you.[2]

[1] *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7.

[2] Sir Walter remained at this time six weeks in London. His eldest son's regiment was stationed at Hampton Court; his second son had

April 10.—I spent the morning in bringing up my journal; interrupted by two of these most sedulous visitants who had objects of their own to serve, and smelled out my arrival as the raven scents carrion—a vile comparison, though what better is an old fellow, mauled with rheumatism and other deplorables? Went out at two and saw Miss Dumergue and other old friends; Sotheby in particular, less changed than any one I have seen. Looked in at Murray's and renewed old habits. This great city seems almost a waste to me, so many of my friends are gone; Walter and Jane coming up, the whole family dined together, and were very happy. The children joined in our festivity. My name-son, a bright and blue-eyed rogue, with flaxen hair, screams and laughs like an April morning; and the baby is that species of dough which is called a fine baby. I care not for children till they care a little for me.

April 11.—Made calls, walked myself tired; saw Rogers, Sharp, Sotheby, and other old friends.

April 12.—Dinner at home; a little party of Sophia's in the evening. Sharp told me that one evening being at Sheridan's house with a large party, Tom S. came to him as the night drew late, and said in a whisper, "I advise you to secure a wax-light to go to bed with," shewing him at the same time a morsel which he had stolen from a sconce. Sharp followed his advice, and had reason to be thankful for the hint. Tired and sleepy, I make a bad night watcher.

April 13.—Amused myself by converting the *Tale of the Mysterious Mirror* into *Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, designed for Heath's what-dye-call-it. Cadell will not like this, but I cannot afford to have my goods thrown back upon my hands. The tale is a good one, and is said actually to have happened to Lady Primrose, my great-grandmother having attended her sister on the occasion. Dined with Miss Dumergue. My proofs from Edinburgh reached to-day and occupied me all the morning.

April 14.—Laboured at proofs and got them sent off, per Mr. Freeling's cover. So there's an end of the *Chronicles*.[1] James rejoices in the conclusion, where there is battle and homicide of all kinds. Always politic to keep a trot for the avenue, like the Irish postilions. J. B. always calls to the boys to flog before the carriage gets out of the inn-yard. How we have driven the stage I know not and care not—except with a view to extricating my difficulties. I have lost no time in beginning the second series of *Grandfather's Tales*, being determined to write as much as I can even here, and deserve by industry the soft pillow I sleep on for the moment.

recently taken his desk at the Foreign Office, and was living at his sister's in Regent's Park. He had thus looked forward to a happy meeting with all his family—but he encountered scenes of sickness and distress.—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 226-7.

[1] This book was published early in April under the following title: *Chronicles of the Canongate*, Second Series, by the Author of *Waverley*, etc., "SIC ITUR AD ASTRA" *Motto of Canongate Arms*, in three volumes. (*St. Valentine's Day; or The Fair Maid of Perth.*) Edinburgh: Printed for Cadell and Co., Edinburgh, and Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1828; (at the end) Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne and Co.

There is a good scene supposed to have happened between Sam Rogers and a lady of fashion—the reporter, Lord Dudley. Sam enters, takes a stool, creeps close to the lady's side, who asks his opinion of the last new poem or novel. In a pathetic voice the spectre replies—"My opinion? I like it very much—but the world don't like it; but, indeed, I begin to think the world wrong in everything, except with regard to *you*." Now, Rogers either must have said this somewhere, or he has it yet to say. We dined at Lord Melville's.

April 15.—Got the lamentable news that Terry is totally bankrupt. This is a most unexpected blow, though his carelessness about money matters was very great. God help the poor fellow! he has been ill-advised to go abroad, but now returns to stand the storm—old debts, it seems, with principal and interest accumulated, and all the items which load a falling man. And wife such a good and kind creature, and children. Alack! alack! I sought out his solicitor. There are £7000 or more to pay, and the only fund his share in the Adelphi Theatre, worth £5000 and upwards, and then so fine a chance of independence lost. That comes of not being explicit with his affairs. The theatre was a most flourishing concern. I looked at the books, and since have seen Yates. The ruin is inevitable, but I think they will not keep him in prison, but let him earn his bread by his very considerable talents. I shall lose the whole or part of £500 which I lent him, but that is the least of my concern. I hope the theatre is quite good for guaranteeing certain payments in 1829 and 1830. I judge they are in no danger.

I should have gone to the Club to-day, but Sir James Mackintosh had mistaken the day. I was glad of it, so stayed at home.

It is written that nothing shall flourish under my shadow—the Ballantynes, Terry, Nelson, Weber, all came to distress. Nature has written on my brow, "Your shade shall be broad, but there shall be no protection derived from it to aught you favour."

Sat and smoked and grumbled with Lockhart.

April 16.—We dined at Dr. Young's; saw Captain Parry, a handsome and pleasant man. In the evening at Mr. Cunliffe's, where I met sundry old friends—grown older.

April 17.—Made up my "Gurnal," which had fallen something behind. In this phantasmagorial place the objects of the day come and depart like shadows.[1] Made calls. Gave [C. K.] Sharpe's me-

[1] Among the "objects that came and departed like shadows" in this phantasmagoria of London life was a deeply interesting letter from Thomas Carlyle, and but for the fact that it bears Sir Walter's London address, and the post-mark of this day, one could not imagine he had ever seen it, as it remained unacknowledged and unnoticed in either Journal or Correspondence.

It is dated 13th April, 1828; and one of the latest letters he indited from "21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh." After advising Scott that "Goethe has sent two medals which he is to deliver into his own hand," he gives an extract from Goethe's letter containing a criticism on *Napoleon*, with the apology that "it is seldom such a writer obtains such a critic," and in conclusion he adds, "Being in this curious fashion appointed, as it were, ambassador between two kings of poetry, I would willingly discharge my mission with the solemnity that beseems such a business; and naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous to think that by means of a foreigner whom I have never seen, I might soon have access to my native sovereign, whom I have so often

morial to Lord Leveson Gower. Went to Murray's, where I met a Mr. Jacob, a great economist. He is proposing a mode of supporting the poor, by compelling them to labour by military force, and under a species of military discipline. I see no objection to it, only it will make a rebellion to a certainty; and the tribes of Jacob will certainly cut Jacob's throat.[1]

Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying at the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment, that in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins desired to place him, Canning, at the head of their expected revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take—and, having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until ———. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton, upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house, of some ten pounds a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule chair.

Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy,—a wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine. Went to Lady Davy's, where I saw the kind face, and heard the no less friendly greeting, of Lady Selkirk,[2] who introduced all her children to me.

April 18.—Breakfasted with Joanna Baillie, and found that gifted person extremely well, and in the display of all her native knowledge of character and benevolence. She looks more aged, however. I would give as much to have a capital picture of her as for any portrait in the world. She gave me a manuscript play to read upon Witchcraft.[3] Dined with the Dean of Chester, Dr. Phillpotts.[4]

> "Where all above us was a solemn row
> Of priests and deacons, so were all below."[5]

seen in public, and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private and near at hand. . . . Meanwhile, I abide your further orders in this matter, and so with all the regard which belongs to one to whom I in common with other millions owe so much, I have the honour to be, sir, most respectfully, your servant.—T. C."

[1] William Jacob, author of *Travels in Spain* in 1810–11, and several works on Political Economy. Among others "some tracts concerning the Poor Colonies instituted by the King of the Netherlands, which had marked influence in promoting the scheme of granting small *allotments* of land on easy terms to our cottagers; a scheme which, under the superintendence of Lord Braybrooke and other noblemen and gentlemen in various districts of England, appears to have been attended with most beneficent results."—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 229. Mr. Jacob died in 1852 aged eighty-eight.

[2] The widow of his old school-fellow, the Hon. Thomas Douglas, afterwards Earl of Selkirk.—See *Life*, vol. i. p. 77, and 208 *n*.

[3] *Ante*, p. 279. Afterwards included in her *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, Lond. 1851.

[4] Dr. Henry Phillpotts, consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1830.

[5] Crabbe's *Tale of the Dumb Orators*.—J. G. L.

There were the amiable Bishop of London (Howley[1]), Coplestone, whom I remember a first man at Oxford, now Bishop of Llandaff, the Dean of St. Paul's, and other dignitaries of whom I knew less. It was a very pleasant day—the wigs against the wits for a guinea in point of conversation. Anne looked queer, and much disposed to laugh at finding herself placed betwixt two prelates [in black petticoats].

April 19.—Breakfasted with Sir George Philips. Had his receipt against the blossoms being injured by frost. It consists in watering them plentifully before sunrise. This is like the mode of thawing beef. We had a pleasant morning, much the better that Morritt was with us. He has agreed to go to Hampton Court with us to-morrow.

Mr. Reynolds called on me about the drawing of the Laird's Jock; he is assiduous and attentive, but a little forward. Poor Gillies also called. Both asked me to dinner, but I refused. I do not incline to make what is called literary acquaintances; and as for poor G., it is wild to talk about his giving dinner to others, when he can hardly get credit for his own.

Dined with Sir Robert Henry Inglis, and met Sir Thomas Acland, my old and kind friend. I was happy to see him. He may be considered now as the head of the religious party in the House of Commons, a powerful body which Wilberforce long commanded. It is a difficult situation; for the adaptation of religious motives to earthly policy is apt—among the infinite delusions of the human heart—to be a snare. But I could confide much in Sir T. Acland's honour and integrity. Bishop Blomfield [of Chester],[2] one of the most learned prelates of the church, also dined.

Coming home, an Irish coachman drove us into a *cul de sac*, near Battersea Bridge. We were obliged to get out in the rain. The people admitted us into their houses, where they were having their bit of supper, assisted with lights, etc., and, to the honour of London, neither asked nor expected gratification.

April 20.—We went to Walter's quarters in a body, and saw Hampton Court, with which I was more struck than when I saw it for the first time, about 1806. The pictures are not very excellent, but they are curious, which is as interesting, except to connoisseurs. Two I particularly remarked, of James I. and Charles I. eating in public. The old part of the palace, built by Wolsey, is extremely fine. Two handsome halls are still preserved: one, the ceiling of which is garnished, at the crossing and combining of the arches, with the recurring heads of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—great stinginess in Henry, for these ornaments must have been put up after Wolsey's fall. He could surely afford a diversity of this species of ornament

[1] Dr. Howley, raised in 1828 to the Archbishopric of Canterbury.—J. G. L.

[2] Translated to the see of London in 1828, where he remained until his death in 1859.

if any man could. Formerly, when the palace was completely a fishing-house, it extended into, or rather over, the river. We had a good dinner from Walter, and wended merrily home.

April 21.—Dining is the principal act of the day in London. We took ours at Kensington with Croker. There were Theodore Hook and other witty men. He looks unhealthy and bloated. There was something, I know not what, awanting to the cheerfulness of the party. And

> "Silence like a heavy cloud,
> O'er all the warriors hung."

If the general report of Croker's retiring be accurate, it may account for this.

April 22.—Sophia left this to take down poor Johnnie to Brighton. I fear—I fear—but we must hope the best. Anne went with her sister.

Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large dining party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he considered as affording the germ of all tales about fairies past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose Iliad he considered as a collection of poems by different authors, at different times during a century. There was, he said, the individuality of an age, but not of a country. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby, our host. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. "Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words." Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff.[1]

We went to Lady Davy's in the evening, where there was a fashionable party.

April 23.—Dined at Lady Davy's with Lord and Lady Lans-

[1] Mr. Lockhart gives an account of another dinner party at which Coleridge distinguished himself:—"The first time I ever witnessed it [Hook's improvisation] was at a gay young bachelor's villa near Highgate, when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the *Ancient Mariner* proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith produced; the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of the *Lay Sermons* and the *Aids to Reflection*. The room was becoming excessively hot: the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the window was a sieve in an instant—the kind host was furthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song—and window and chandelier and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge, he entertained —— and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante —*that* was his example."—*Theodore Hook*, Lond. 1853, p. 23-4.

downe, and several other fashionable folks. My keys were sent to Bramah's with my desk, so I have not had the means of putting matters down regularly for several days; but who cares for the whipp'd cream of London society? Our poor little Johnnie is extremely ill. My fears have been uniform for this engaging child. We are in God's hands. But the comfortable and happy object of my journey is ended,—Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia,[1] was right after all.

April 24.—Spent the day in rectifying a road bill which drew a turnpike road through all the Darnickers' cottages, and a good field of my own. I got it put to rights. I was in some apprehension of being obliged to address the Committee. I did not fear them, for I suppose they are no wiser or better in their capacity of legislators than I find them every day at dinner. But I feared for my reputation. They would have expected something better than the occasion demanded, or the individual could produce, and there would have been a failure.

April 25.—Threatened to be carried down to vote at the election of a Collector of the Cess.[2] Resolved if I did go to carry my son with me, which would give me a double vote. Had some disagreeable correspondence about this with Lord Minto and the Sheriff.

We had one or two persons at home in great wretchedness to dinner. Lockhart's looks showed the misery he felt. I was not able to make any fight, and the evening went off as heavily as any I ever spent in the course of my life.

Finished my Turnpike business by getting the exceptionable clauses omitted, which would be good news to Darnick. Put all the *Mirror* in proof and corrected it. This is the contribution (part of it) to Mr. Reynolds' and Heath's *Keepsake*. We dined at Richardson's with the two chief Barons of England[3] and Scotland.[4] Odd enough, the one being a Scotsman and the other an Englishman. Far the pleasantest day we have had; I suppose I am partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits.

April 26.—This morning I went to meet a remarkable man, Mr. Boyd of the house of Boyd, Benfield & Co., which broke for a very large sum at the beginning of the war. Benfield went to the devil, I believe. Boyd, a man of a very different stamp, went over to Paris to look after some large claims which his house had over the French Government. They were such as it seems they could not disavow, however they might be disposed to do so. But they used every effort, by foul means and fair, to induce Mr. Boyd to depart. He was reduced to poverty; he was thrown into prison; and the most flattering prospects were, on the other hand, held out to him if he would compromise his claims. His answer was uniform. It was the prop-

[1] Johnson's *Rambler*.
[2] The County Land Tax.
[3] The Right Hon. Sir W. Alexander of Airdrie, called to the English Bar 1782, Chief Baron 1824; died in London in his eighty-eighth year, 1842.
[4] Sir Samuel Shepherd.

erty, he said, of his creditors, and he would die ere he resigned it. His distresses were so great that a subscription was made among his Scottish friends, to which I was a contributor, through the request of poor Will Erskine. After the peace of Paris the money was restored, and, faithful to the last, Boyd laid the whole at his creditors' disposal; stating, at the same time, that he was penniless unless they consented to allow him a moderate sum in name of percentage, in consideration of twenty years of danger, poverty, and [exile], all of which evils he might have escaped by surrendering their right to the money. Will it be believed that a muck-worm was base enough to refuse his consent to this deduction, alleging he had promised to his father, on his death-bed, never to compromise this debt. The wretch, however, was overpowered by the execrations of all around him, and concurred, with others, in setting apart for Mr. Boyd a sum of £40,000 or £50,000 out of half a million of money.[1] This is a man to whom statues should be erected, and pilgrims should go to see him. He is good-looking, but old and infirm. Bright dark eyes and eyebrows contrast with his snowy hair, and all his features mark vigour of principle and resolution. Mr. Morritt dined with us, and we did as well as in the circumstances could be expected.

Released from the alarm of being summoned down to the election by a civil letter from Lord Minto. I am glad both of the relief and of the manner. I hate civil war amongst neighbours.

April 27.—Breakfasted this day with Charles Dumergue on a *poulet à la tartare*, and saw all his family, specially my godson. Called on Lady Stafford and others, and dined at Croker's in the Admiralty, with the Duke of Wellington, Huskisson, Wilmot Horton, and others, outs and ins. No politics of course, and every man disguising serious thoughts with a light brow. The Duke alone seemed open, though not letting out a word. He is one of the few whose lips are worth watching. I heard him say to-day that the best troops would run now and then. He thought nothing of men running, he said, provided they came back again. In war he had always his reserves. Poor Terry was here when I returned. He seems to see his matters in a delusive light.

April 28.—An attack this day or yesterday from poor Gillies, boring me hard to apply to Menzies of Pitfoddels to entreat him to lend him money. I could not get him to understand that I was decidedly averse to write to another gentleman, with whom I was hardly acquainted, to do that which I would not do myself. Tom Campbell[2] is in miserable distress—his son insane—his wife on the point of becoming so. *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*[3]

We, *i.e.* Charles and I, dined at Sir Francis Freeling's with Colo-

[1] Walter Boyd at this time was M.P. for Lymington; he had been a banker in Paris and in London; was the author of several well-known tracts on finance, and died in 1837.

[2] Campbell died at Boulogne in 1844, aged sixty-seven; he was buried in Westminster, next Southey.

[3] Hor. *Epp.* ii. 2, 76.

nel Harrison of the Board of Green Cloth, Dr. [Maltby] of Lincoln's Inn, and other pleasant people. Doctor Dibdin too, and Utterson, all old Roxburghe men. Pleasant party, were it not for a bad cold, which makes me bark like a dog.

April 29.—Anne and Lockhart are off with the children this morning at seven, and Charles and I left behind; and this is the promised meeting of my household! I went to Dr. Gilly's to-day to breakfast. Met Sir Thomas Acland, who is the youngest man of his age I ever saw. I was so much annoyed with cough, that, on returning, I took to my bed and had a siesta, to my considerable refreshment. Dr. Fergusson called, and advised caution in eating and drinking, which I will attend to.

Dined accordingly. Duke of Sussex had cold and did not come. A Mr. or Dr. Pettigrew made me speeches on his account, and invited me to see his Royal Highness's library, which I am told is a fine one. Sir Peter Laurie, late Sheriff, and in nomination to be Lord Mayor, bored me close, and asked more questions than would have been thought warrantable at the west end of the town.

April 30.—We had Mr. Adolphus and his father, the celebrated lawyer, to breakfast, and I was greatly delighted with the information of the latter. A barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world.[1]

Dined with Lord Alvanley and a fashionable party, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester, etc. Lord Alvanley's wit made the party very pleasant, as well as the kind reception of my friends the Misses Arden.

[1] The elder Mr. Adolphus distinguished himself early in life by his *History of the Reign of George III.*—J. G. L.

MAY

May 1.—Breakfasted with Lord and Lady Leveson Gower,[1] and enjoyed the splendid treat of hearing Mrs. Arkwright sing her own music,[2] which is of the highest order — no forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words require. This is "marrying music to immortal verse."[3] Most people place them on separate maintenance.

I met the Roxburghe Club, and settled to dine with them on 15th curt. Lord Spencer in the chair. We voted Lord Clive[4] a member.

May 2.—I breakfasted with a Mr. Bell, Great Ormond Street, a lawyer, and narrowly escaped Mr. Irving, the celebrated preacher. The two ladies of the house seemed devoted to his opinions, and quoted him at every word. Mr. Bell himself made some apologies for the Millennium. He is a smart little antiquary, who thinks he ought to have been a man of letters, and that his genius has been mis-directed in turning towards the law. I endeavoured to combat this idea, which his handsome house and fine family should have checked. Compare his dwelling, his comforts, with poor Tom Campbell's!

I dined with the Literary Society; rather heavy work, though some excellent men were there. I saw, for the first time, Archdeacon Nares, long conductor of the *British Critic*, a gentlemanlike and pleasing man. Sir Henry Robert Inglis presided.

May 3.—Breakfasted at my old friend Gally Knight's, with whom, in former days, I used to make little parties to see poor Monk Lewis. After breakfast I drove to Lee and Kennedy's, and commissioned seeds and flowers for about £10, including some specimens of the Corsican and other pines. Their collection is very splendid, but wants, I think, the neatness that I would have expected in the first nursery-garden in or near London. The essentials were admirably cared for. I saw one specimen of the Norfolk Island pine, the only

[1] See *ante*, p. 9. Lady Francis Leveson Gower was the eldest daughter of Charles Greville.

[2] Mr. Lockhart writes: — "Among other songs Mrs. Arkwright delighted Sir Walter with her own set of—

> 'Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
> Has left its last soft tone with you;
> Its next must join the seaward cheer,
> And shout among the shouting crew,' etc.

He was sitting by me, at some distance from the lady, and whispered, as she closed, 'Capital words—whose are they? Byron's, I suppose, but I don't remember them.' He was astonished when I told him they were his own in *The Pirate*. He seemed pleased at the moment, but said next minute, 'You have distressed me—if memory goes, all is up with me, for that was always my strong point.'"—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 236.

[3] Milton's *L'Allegro*, ver. 137, 294.

[4] Afterwards second Earl Powis.

one, young Lee said, which has been raised from all the seed that was sent home. It is not treated comformably to its dignity, for they cut the top off every year to prevent its growing out at the top of the conservatory. Sure it were worth while to raise the house alongst with the plant.

Looked in at Murray's—wrote some letters, etc., and walked home with the Dean of Chester, who saw me to my own door. I had but a few minutes to dress, and go to the Royal Academy, to which I am attached in capacity of Professor of Antiquities. I was too late to see the paintings, but in perfect time to sit half-an-hour waiting for dinner, as the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, expected a prince of the blood. He came not, but there were enough of grandees besides. Sir Thomas Lawrence did the honours very well, and compliments flew about like sugar-plums at an Italian carnival. I had my share, and pleaded the immunities of a sinecurist for declining to answer.

After the dinner I went to Mrs. Scott of Harden, to see and be seen by her nieces, the Herbert ladies. I don't know how their part of the entertainment turned out, but I saw two or three pretty girls.

May 4.—I breakfasted this morning with Sir Coutts Trotter, and had some Scottish talk. Visited Cooper, who kindly undertook to make my inquiries in Lyons.[1] I was at home afterwards for three hours, but too much tired to do the least right thing. The distances in London are so great that no exertions, excepting those which a bird might make, can contend with them. You return weary and exhausted, fitter for a siesta than anything else. In the evening I dined with Mr. Peel, a great Cabinet affair, and too dignified to be very amusing, though the landlord and the pretty landlady did all to make us easy.

May 5.—Breakfasted with Haydon, and sat for my head. I hope this artist is on his legs again. The King has given him a lift by buying his clever picture of the election in the Fleet prison, to which he is adding a second part, representing the chairing of the member at the moment it was interrupted by the entry of the guards. Haydon was once a great admirer and companion of the champions of the Cockney school, and is now disposed to renounce them and their opinions. To this kind of conversation I did not give much way. A painter should have nothing to do with politics. He is certainly a clever fellow, but somewhat too enthusiastic, which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me, and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them.[2]

Dined at Lord Bathurst's, in company with the Duke. There are better accounts of Johnnie. But, alas!

[1] Regarding the Chancery business, see *infra*, p. 399 *n.*

[2] Sir Walter had shortly before been one of the contributors to a subscription for Mr. Haydon. The imprisonment from which the subscription released the artist produced, I need scarcely say, the picture mentioned in the Diary.—J. G. L. Haydon died in June, 1846. See his *Life*, 3 vols., 1853, edited by Tom Taylor.

May 7.—Breakfasted with Lord Francis Gower, and again enjoyed the great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Arkwright, and hearing her sing. She is, I understand, quite a heaven-born genius, having scarce skill enough in music to write down the tunes she composes. I can easily believe this. There is a pedantry among great musicians that deprives their performances of much that is graceful and beautiful. It is the same in the other fine arts, where fashion always prefers cant and slang to nature and simplicity.

Dined at Mr. Watson Taylor's, where plate, etc., shone in great and somewhat ostentatious quantity. C[roker] was there, and very decisive and overbearing to a great degree. Strange so clever a fellow should let his wit outrun his judgment![1] In general, the English understand conversation well. There is that ready deference for the claims of every one who wishes to speak time about, and it is seldom now-a-days that "a la stoccata" carries it away thus.[2]

I should have gone to the Duchess of Northumberland's to hear music to-night, but I felt completely fagged, and betook myself home to bed.

I learned a curious thing from Emily, Lady Londonderry, namely, that in feeding all animals with your hand, you should never wear a glove, which always affronts them. It is good authority for this peculiarity.

May 8.—Breakfasted at Somerset House with Davies Gilbert, the new preses of the Royal Society. Tea, coffee, and bread and butter, which is poor work. Certainly a slice of ham, a plate of shrimps, some broiled fish, or a mutton chop, would have been becoming so learned a body. I was most kindly received, however, by Dr. D. Gilbert, and a number of the members. I saw Sir John Sievwright—a singular personage; he told me his uniform plan was to support Ministers, but he always found himself voting in Opposition. I told him his deference to Ministers was like that of the Frenchman to the enemy, who, being at his mercy, asked for his life:—"Anything in my power excepting that, sir," said Monsieur. Sir John has made progress in teaching animals without severity or beating. I should have liked to have heard him on this topic.

Called at Northumberland House and saw the Duke. According to his report I lost much by not hearing the two rival nightingales, Sontag and Pasta, last night, but I care not for it.

Met Sir W. K[nighton], returned from the Continent. He gives me to understand I will be commanded for Sunday. Sir W. K. asked me to sit for him to Northcote, and to meet him there at one to-morrow. I cannot refuse this, but it is a great bore.[3]

[1] The Duke of Wellington, in after years, said to Lord Mahon, "He had observed on several occasions that Sir Walter was talked down by Croker and Bankes! who forgot that we might have them every day."—*Notes*, p. 100.

[2] *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 1.

[3] Sir W. Knighton, as a Devonshire man, naturally wished to have the portrait painted by Northcote, who was a brother Devonian. Cunningham said of this picture that the conception was good, and reality given by the introduction of the painter, palette in hand, put-

Dined with Mrs. Alexander of Ballochmyle, Lord and Lady Meath, who were kind to us in Ireland, and a Scottish party,—pleasant, from hearing the broad accents and honest thoughts of my native land. A large party in the evening. A gentleman came up to me and asked "if I had seen the 'Casket,' a curious work, the most beautiful, the most highly ornamented—and then the editor or editress—a female so interesting,—might he ask a very great favour," and out he pulled a piece of this pic-nic. I was really angry, and said for a subscription he might command me—for a contribution no; that I had given to a great many of these things last year, and finding the labour occupied some considerable portion of my time, I had done a considerable article for a single collection this year, taking a valuable consideration for it, and engaged not to support any other. This may be misrepresented, but I care not. Suppose this patron of the Muses gives five guineas to his distressed lady, he will think he does a great deal, yet takes fifty from me with the calmest air in the world, for the communication is worth that if it be worth anything. There is no equality in the proposal.

I saw to-day at Northumberland House, Bridge the jeweller, having and holding a George, richly ornamented with diamonds, being that which Queen Anne gave to the Duke of Marlborough, which his present representative pawned or sold, and which the present king bought and presented to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace seemed to think this interesting jewel was one of two which had been preserved since the first institution of that order. That, from the form and taste, I greatly doubt. Mr. Bridge put it again into his coat pocket, and walked through the street with £10,000 in his pocket. I wonder he is not hustled and robbed. I have sometimes envied rich citizens, but it was a mean and erroneous feeling. This man, who, I suppose, must be as rich as a Jew, had a shabby look in the Duke's presence, and seemed just a better sort of pedlar. Better be a poor gentleman after all.

May 9.—Grounds of Foote's farce of the Cozeners. Lady ——. A certain Mrs. Phipps audaciously set up in a fashionable quarter of the town as a person through whose influence, properly propitiated, favours and situations of importance might certainly be obtained—always for a consideration. She cheated many people, and maintained the trick for many months. One trick was to get the equipage of Lord North, and other persons of importance, to halt before her door as if the owners were within. With respect to most of them, this was effected by bribing the drivers. But a gentleman, who watched her closely, observed that Charles J. Fox actually left his carriage and went into the house, and this more than once. He was then, it must

ting the finishing touch to the head of the poet. "The likenesses were considered good." —*Cunningham's Lives*, vol. vi. p. 124. It was exhibited in 1871 in Edinburgh; its size is 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 2 in. Mr. David Laing, differing from Allan Cunningham, considered that the picture presented "anything but a fortunate likeness." Northcote died July 13th, 1831, in his eighty-fifth year.

be noticed, in the Ministry. When Mrs. Phipps was blown up, this circumstance was recollected as deserving explanation, which Fox readily gave at Brooks's and elsewhere. It seems Mrs. Phipps had the art to pursuade him that she had the disposal of what was then called a hyæna—that is, an heiress—an immense Jamaica heiress, in whom she was willing to give or sell her interest to Charles Fox. Without having perfect confidence in the obliging proposal, the great statesman thought the thing worth looking after, and became so earnest in it, that Mrs. Phipps was desirous to back out of it for fear of discovery. With this view she made confession one fine morning, with many professions of the deepest feelings, that the hyæna had proved a frail monster, and given birth to a girl or boy—no matter which. Even this did not make Charles quit chase of the hyæna. He intimated that if the cash was plenty and certain, the circumstance might be overlooked. Mrs. Phipps had nothing for it but to double the disgusting dose. "The poor child," she said, "was unfortunately of a mixed colour, somewhat tinged with the blood of Africa; no doubt Mr. Fox was himself very dark, and the circumstance might not draw attention," etc., etc. This singular anecdote was touched upon by Foote, and is the cause of introducing the negress into the *Cozeners*,[1] though no express allusion to Charles Fox was admitted. Lady —— tells me that, in her youth, the laugh was universal so soon as the black woman appeared. It is one of the numerous hits that will be lost to posterity. Jack Fuller, celebrated for his attempt on the Speaker's wig, told me he was editing Foote, but I think he has hardly taste enough. He told me Colman was to be his assistant.[2]

Went down in the morning to Montagu House, where I found the Duke going out to suffer a recovery.[3] I had some fancy to see the ceremony, but more to get my breakfast, which I took at a coffee-house at Charing Cross.

I sat to Northcote, who is to introduce himself in the same piece in the act of painting me, like some pictures of the Venetian school. The artist is an old man, low in stature, and bent with years—fourscore at least. But the eye is quick and the countenance noble. A pleasant companion, familiar with recollections of Sir Joshua, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, etc. His account of the last confirms all that we have heard of his oddities.

Dined with Mr. Arbuthnot, where met Duke of Rutland, Lord and Lady Londonderry, etc., etc. Went to hear Mrs. Arkwright at Lady Charlotte Greville's. Lockhart came home to-day.

May 10.—Another long sitting to the old Wizard Northcote. He really resembles an animated mummy.[4] He has altered my ideas of

[1] Act III. Sc. 2.

[2] John Fuller, long M.P. for Surrey, an eccentric character, and looked upon as standing jester to the House of Commons. Scott first met him in Chantrey's studio in 1820. — See *Life*, vol. vi. pp. 206, 207. He died in his 77th year, in 1834, without apparently having carried out his intention of editing Foote.

[3] A process in English copyhold law.

[4] Hazlitt said of Northcote, that talking with him was like conversing with the dead: "You see a little old man, pale and fragile, with eyes

Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom, from the expressions used by Goldsmith, Johnson, and others, I used to think an amiable and benevolent character. But though not void of generosity, he was cold, unfeeling, and indifferent to his family; so much so that his sister, Miss Reynolds, after expressing her wonder at the general acceptance which Sir Joshua met with in society, concluded with, "For me, I only see in him a dark gloomy tyrant." I own this view of his character hurt me, by depriving me of the pleasing vision of the highest talents united with the kindest temper. But Northcote says his disagreeable points were rather negative than positive—more a want of feeling than any desire to hurt or tyrannise. They arose from his exclusive attachment to art.

Dined with a pleasant party at Lord Gower's. Lady Gower is a beautiful woman, and extremely courteous. Mrs. Arkwright was of the party. I am getting well acquainted with her, and think I can see a great deal of sense mixed with her accomplishment.

May 11.—Breakfasted with Dr. Maltby, preacher in Lincoln's Inn. He was to have been the next Bishop, if the Whigs had held their ground. His person, manners, and attainments would have suited the lawn sleeves well. I heard service in the chapel, which is a very handsome place of worship; it is upstairs, which seems extraordinary, and the space beneath forms cloisters, in which the ancient Benchers of the Society of Lincoln's Inn are entered. I met my old friend Sir William Grant,[1] and had some conversation with him. Dr. Maltby gave us a good sermon upon the introduction of the Gospel. There was only one monument in the chapel, a handsome tablet to the memory of Perceval. The circumstance that it was the only monument in the chapel of a society which had produced so many men of talents and distinction was striking—it was a tribute due to the suddenness of his strange catastrophe. There is nothing very particular in the hall of Lincoln's Inn, nor its parlour, which are like those of a college. Indeed the whole establishment has a monastic look.

Sat to Northcote, who only requires (*Deo gratias*) another sitting. Dined with his Majesty in a very private party—five or six only being present. I was received most kindly as usual. It is impossible to conceive a more friendly manner than his Majesty used towards me. I spoke to S. W. K. about the dedication of the collected works, and he says it will be highly well taken.[2]

I went after the party broke up to Mrs. Scott of Harden, where I made acquaintance with her beautiful kinswoman, Lady Sarah Ponsonby, whose countenance is really seraphic and totally devoid of affectation.

gleaming like the lights hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very verge of life; you would think a breath would blow him away, and yet what fine things he says!"—*Conversations.*

[1] Born 1752, died 1832; Master of the Rolls from 1801 to 1817.

[2] The *Magnum Opus* was dedicated to George IV.—J. G. L.

May 12.—Old George III. was, as is well known, extremely passionate. On these occasions his small stock of English totally failed him, and he used to express his indignation in the following form: "G— d—n me, who I am? Got d—n you, who you be?" Lockhart and I visited a Mrs. Quillinan,[1] with whom Wordsworth and his wife have pitched their tent. I was glad to see my old friend, whose conversation has so much that is fresh and manly in it. I do not at all acquiesce in his system of poetry, and I think he has injured his own fame by adhering to it. But a better or more sensible man I do not know than W. W.

Afterwards Lockhart and I called on Miss Nicolson, and from thence I wandered down into that immense hash of a city to see Heath, and fortunately caught hold on him. All this made me too late for Northcote,—who was placable, however.[2]

Dined at Sir John Shelley's, *à petit couvert*. Here were the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Rutland, and only one or two more, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot. The evening was very pleasant, and did not break up till twelve at night.

May 13.—Breakfasted with Sir George Philips—there was Sydney Smith, full of fun and spirit, and his daughter, who is a good-humoured agreeable girl. We had a pleasant breakfast party.

The Catholics have carried their question, which I suppose will be thrown out in the Lords. I think they had better concede this oft-disputed point, and dissolve the league which binds so many people in opposition to Government. It is a matter of great consequence that men should not acquire the habit of opposing. No earthly advantage would arise to Ireland from ceding what is retained, where so much has been already yielded up. Indeed the Catholic gentry do not pretend that the granting the immunities they require would tranquillise the country, but only that it would remove from men of honour all pretext for countenancing them. This is on the principle of the solicitor of the unhappy Rajah Nuncomar, who after extorting as much money as he could, under pretence of bribing persons to procure his pardon, facilitate his escape, etc., found himself pressed by his victim for a final answer. "The preparations for death are ready," said the Rajah; "I fear, notwithstanding all you have told me, their intention is to take my life." "By G—d," replied the trusty solicitor, "if they do I will never forgive them." So if there are further disturbances after the Catholic claims are granted, I suppose those by whom they are now advocated will never forgive their friends the Pats; and that will be all John Bull will get for it. I dined with

[1] Whose son afterwards married Dora, Wordsworth's daughter.

[2] At the last sitting Northcote remarked, "You have often sat for your portrait?"

"Yes," said Sir Walter; "my dog Maida and I have sat frequently—so often that Maida, who had little philosophy, conceived such a dislike to painters, that whenever he saw a man take out a pencil and paper, and look at him, he set up a howl, and ran off to the Eildon Hill. His unfortunate master, however well he can howl, was never able to run much; he was therefore obliged to abide the event. Yes, I have frequently sat for my picture."—Cunningham's *Painters*, vol. vi. pp. 125–6.

Lady Stafford, for whom I have much regard. I recollect her ever since she stood at her aunt Lady Glenorchy's window, in George Square, reviewing her regiment of Sutherland giants. She was, as she ever is, most attentive and kind.

May 14.—I carried Lockhart to Lady Francis Gower's to hear Mrs. Arkwright sing, and I think he admired her as much as his nature permits him to love anything musical, for he certainly is not quickly moved by concord of sweet sounds. I do not understand them better than he, but the *voce del petto* always affects me, and Mrs. A. has it in perfection. I have received as much pleasure from that lady's music as sound could ever give me.[1] Lockhart goes off for Brighton. I had a round of men in office. I waited on the Duke at Downing St., and I think put L. right there, if he will look to himself. But I can only tee the ball; he must strike the blow with the golf club himself. I saw Mr. Renton, and he promised to look after Harper's business favourably. Good gracious, what a solicitor we are grown!

Dined with Lady Davy—a pleasant party; but I was out of spirits; I think partly on Johnnie's account, partly from fatigue. There was William Henry Lyttelton amongst others; much of his oddity has rubbed off, and he is an honoured courtly gentleman, with a great deal of wit; and not one of the fine people who perplex you by shutting their mouths if you begin to speak. I never fear quizzing, so am not afraid of this species of lying-in-wait. Lord have mercy on me if I were!

May 15.—Dined at the Roxburghe Club. Lord Spencer presided, but had a cold which limited his exertions. Lord Clive, beside whom I sat, was deaf, though intelligent and good-humoured. The Duke of Devonshire was still deafer. There were many little chirruping men who might have talked but went into committee. There was little general conversation. I should have mentioned that I breakfasted with kind, good Mr. Hughes, and met the Bishop of Llandaff—strongly intelligent. I do not understand his politics about the Catholic question. He seems disposed to concede, yet is Toryissimus. Perhaps they wish the question ended, but the present opinions of the Sovereign are too much interested to permit them to quit it.

May 16.—Breakfasted with Mr. Reynolds; a miscellaneous party. Wordsworth, right welcome unto me, was there. I had also a sight of Godwin the philosopher, grown old and thin—of Douglas Kinnaird, whom I asked about Byron's statue, which is going forward—of Luttrell, and others whom I knew not. I stayed an instant at Pickering's, a young publisher's, and bought some dramatic reprints. I love them very much, but I would [not] advise a young man to undertake them. They are of course dear, and as they have not the dignity of scarcity, the bibliomaniacs pass them by as if they were plated candlesticks. They may hold as good a light for all that as if they were real silver, and therefore I buy them when I can light on

[1] See *ante*, May 1st, p. 386, note 2.

them. But here I am spending money when I have more need to make it. On Monday, the 26th, it shall be Northward ho!

Dined at Lady Georgiana and Mr. Agar Ellis's.[1] There were Lord and Lady Stafford there, and others to whom I am sincerely attached.

May 17.—A day of busy idleness. Richardson came and breakfasted with me like a good fellow. Then I went to Mr. Chantrey, and sat for an hour to finish the bust.[2] Thereafter, about twelve o'clock, I went to breakfast the second, at Lady Shelley's, where there was a great morning party. A young lady[3] begged a lock of my hair, which was not worth refusing. I stipulated for a kiss, which I was permitted to take. From this I went to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me some hints or rather details. Afterwards I drove out to Chiswick, where I had never been before. A numerous and gay party were assembled to walk and enjoy the beauties of that Palladian [dome?]; the place and highly ornamented gardens belonging to it resemble a picture of Watteau. There is some affectation in the picture, but in the *ensemble* the original looked very well. The Duke of Devonshire received every one with the best possible manners. The scene was dignified by the presence of an immense elephant, who, under charge of a groom, wandered up and down, giving an air of Asiatic pageantry to the entertainment. I was never before sensible of the dignity which largeness of size and freedom of movement give to this otherwise very ugly animal. As I was to dine at Holland House, I did not partake in the magnificent repast which was offered to us, and took myself off about five o'clock. I contrived to make a demi-toilette at Holland House rather than drive all the way to London. Rogers came to dinner, which was very entertaining. The Duke of Manchester was there, whom I remember having seen long ago. He had left a part of his brain in Jamaica by a terrible fracture, yet, notwithstanding the accident and the bad climate, was still a fine-looking man. Lady Holland[4] pressed me to stay all night, which I did accordingly.

May 18.—The freshness of the air, the singing of the birds, the beautiful aspect of nature, the size of the venerable trees, all gave me a delightful feeling this morning. It seemed there was pleasure even in living and breathing, without anything else. We (*i.e.* Rogers and I) wandered into a green lane bordered with fine trees, which might have been twenty miles from a town. It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down and give way to brick works and brick-houses. It is not that Holland House is fine as a building; on

[1] Mr. Ellis, afterwards created Baron Dover, was the author of *Historical Inquiries into the Character of Lord Clarendon*. 8vo, Lond. 1827.

[2] Sir F. Chantrey was at this time executing his *second* bust of Sir Walter—that ordered by Sir Robert Peel, and which is now at Drayton. —J. G. L.

[3] Lady Shelley of Maresfield Park. Mr. Lockhart says the young lady was Miss Shelley, who became in 1834 the Hon. Mrs. George Edgcumbe.

[4] Scott had dined at Holland House in 1806, but in consequence of some remarks by Lord Holland in the House of Lords in 1810, on Thomas Scott's affairs, there had apparently been no renewal of the acquaintanceship until now.

the contrary, it has a tumble-down look; and, although decorated with the bastard Gothic of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity;—though one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain. I called on Mr. Peel as I returned home, and after that on Lord Melville. The latter undertook for Allan Cunningham's son's cadetship, for which I am right glad.

Dined at Mr. and Lady Sarah Ponsonby's, who called on us last year at Abbotsford. The party was very pleasant, having Lord and Lady Gower, whom I like, Mr. and Lady Georgiana Ellis, and other persons of distinction. Saw Wordsworth too, and learned that Tom Moore was come to town.

May 19.—A morning of business. Breakfasted with Dumergue and one or two friends. Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold. I was presented to the little Princess Victoria,—I hope they will change her name,—the heir apparent to the Crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off and decayed into old age with so few descendants! Prince George of Cumberland is, they say, a fine boy about nine years old—a bit of a pickle, swears and romps like a brat that has been bred in a barrack yard. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess, that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are heir of England." I suspect if we could dissect the little head, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty. The Duchess herself is very pleasing and affable in her manners. I sat by Mr. Spring Rice, a very agreeable man. He is a great leader among the Pro-Catholics. I saw also Charles Wynn and his lady—and the evening, for a Court evening, went agreeably off. I am commanded for two days by Prince Leopold, but will send excuses.

May 20.—I set out for Brighton this morning in a light coach, which performed the distance in six hours—otherwise the journey was uncomfortable. Three women, the very specimens of womankind,—I mean trumpery,—a child who was sick, but afterwards looked and smiled, and was the only thing like company. The road is pleasant enough till it gets into the Wealds of Sussex, a huge succession of green downs which sweep along the sea-coast for many miles. Brighton seems grown twice as large since 1815. It is a city of loiterers and invalids—a Vanity Fair for pipers, dancing of bears, and for the feats of Mr. Punch. I found all my family well excepting the poor pale Johnnie; and he is really a thing to break one's heart by looking at—yet he is better. The rest are in high kelter.

My old friend Will Rose dined with us, also a Doctor Yates and

his wife—the Esculapius of Brighton, who seems a sensible man. I was entertained with the empire he exerted over him as protector of his health. I was very happy to find myself at Sophia's quiet table, and am only sorry that I must quit her so soon.

May 21.—This being a fine day, we made some visits in the morning, in the course of which I waited on Mrs. Davies, sister of Mrs. Charlotte Smith,[1] and herself the author of the *Peacock at Home*, one of the prettiest and liveliest *jeux d'esprit* in our language. She is a fine stately old lady—not a bit of a literary person,—I mean having none of the affectation of it, but like a lady of considerable rank. I am glad I have seen her. Renewed my acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Hamilton, *née* Lady Charlotte Hume, and talked over some stories thirty years old at least. We then took a fly, as they call the light carriages, and drove as far as the Devil's Ditch. A rampart it is of great strength and depth, enclosing, I presume, the precincts of a British town that must have held 30,000 men at least. I could not discover where they got water.

We got home at four, and dined at five, and smoked cigars till eight. Will Rose came in with his man Hinvaes,[2] who is as much a piece of Rose as Trim was of Uncle Toby. We laughed over tales "both old and new" till ten o'clock came, and then broke up.

May 22.—Left Brighton this morning with a heavy heart. Poor Johnnie looks so very poorly that I cannot but regard his case as desperate, and then God help the child's parents! Amen!

We took the whole of one of the post-coaches, and so came rapidly to town, Sophia coming along with us about a new servant. This enabled me to dine with Mr. Adolphus, the celebrated barrister, the father to my young friend who wrote so like a gentleman on my matters.[3] I met Mr. Gurney, Archdeacon Wrangham, and a lawyer or two besides. I may be partial, but the conversation of intelligent barristers amuses me more than that of other professional persons. There is more of real life in it, with which, in all its phases, people of business get so well acquainted. Mr. Adolphus is a man of varied

[1] See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. iv. p. 20.

[2] David Hinves, Mr. W. Stewart Rose's faithful and affectionate attendant, furnished Scott with some hints for his picture of Davie Gellatly in *Waverley*.

Mr. Lockhart tells us that Hinves was more than forty years in Mr. Rose's service; he had been a bookbinder by trade and a preacher among the Methodists.

"A sermon heard casually under a tree in the New Forest contained such touches of good feeling and broad humour that Rose promoted the preacher to be his valet on the spot. He was treated more like a friend than a servant by his master and by all his master's intimate friends. Scott presented him with all his works; and Coleridge gave him a corrected (or rather an altered) copy of *Christabel* with this inscription on the fly-leaf: 'Dear Hinves,—Till this book is concluded, and with it *Gundimore*, a poem by the same "author," accept of this *corrected* copy of *Christabel* as a *small* token of regard; yet such a testimonial as I would not pay to any one I did not esteem, though he were an emperor.

"Be assured I will send you for your private library every work I have published (if there be any to be had) and whatever I shall publish. Keep steady to the FAITH. If the fountainhead be always full, the stream cannot be long empty.—Yours sincerely, S. T. COLERIDGE.

"'11 *November*, 1816, *Mudford*.'"

—*Life*, vol. iv. pp. 397–8.

Hinves died in Mr. Rose's service *circa* 1838, and his master followed him on the 30th April, 1843, a few weeks after his friend Morritt.

[3] An analysis of these letters was published by Mr. Lockhart in the *Life*, vol. vi. pp. 346–386.

information, and very amusing. He told me a gipsy told him of the success he should have in life, and how it would be endangered by his own heat of temper, alluding, I believe, to a quarrel betwixt him and a brother barrister.

May 23.—I breakfasted with Chantrey, and met the celebrated Coke of Norfolk,[1] a very pleasing man, who gave me some account of his plantations. I understand from him that, like every wise man, he planted land that would not let for 5s. per acre, but which now produces £3000 a year in wood. He talked of the trees which he had planted as being so thick that a man could not fathom[2] them. Withers, he said, was never employed save upon one or two small jobs of about twenty acres on which every expense was bestowed with a view to early growth. So much for Withers. I shall have a rod in pickle for him if worth while.[3] After sitting to Chantrey for the last time, I called on Lady Shelley, P. P. C., and was sorry to find her worse than she had been. Dined with Lady Stafford, where I met the two Lochs, John and James. The former gave me his promise for a cadetship to Allan Cunningham's son; I have a similar promise from Lord Melville, and thus I am in the situation in which I have been at Gladdies Wiel,[4] where I have caught two trouts, one with the fly, the other with the bobber. I have landed both, and so I will now. Mr. Loch also promised me to get out Shortreed as a free mariner. Tom Grenville was at dinner.

May 24.—This day we dined at Richmond Park with Lord Sidmouth. Before dinner his Lordship showed me letters which passed between the great Lord Chatham and Dr. Addington, Lord Sidmouth's [father]. There was much of that familiar friendship which arises, and must arise, between an invalid, the head of an invalid family, and their medical adviser, supposing the last to be a wise and well-bred man. The character of Lord Chatham's handwriting is strong and bold, and his expressions short and manly. There are intimations of his partiality for William, whose health seems to have been precarious during boyhood. He talks of William imitating him in all he did, and calling for ale because his father was recommended to drink it. "If I should smoke," he said, "William would instantly call for a pipe;" and, he wisely infers, "I must take care what I do." The letters of the late William Pitt are of great curiosity, but as, like all real letters of business, they only *allude* to matters with which his correspondent is well acquainted, and do not enter into details, they would require an ample commentary. I hope Lord Sidmouth

[1] Created Earl of Leicester in 1837.

[2] It is worth noting that Sir Walter first wrote "grasp"—and then deleted the word in favour of the technical term—"fathom."

[3] W. Withers had just published a *Letter to Sir Walter Scott exposing certain fundamental errors in his late Essay on Planting.*—Holt: Norfolk, 1828.

[4] A deep pool in the Tweed, in which Scott had had a singular nocturnal adventure while "burning the water" in company with Hogg and Laidlaw. Hogg records that the crazy coble went to the bottom while Scott was shouting—

> "An' gin the boat were bottomless,
> An' seven miles to row."

The scene was not forgotten when he came to write the twenty-sixth chapter of *Guy Mannering.*

will supply this, and have urged it as much as I can. I think, though I hate letters and abominate interference, I will write to him on this subject.

I have bought a certain quantity of reprints from a bookseller in Chancery Lane, Pickering by name. I urged him to print the controversy between Greene and the Harveys. He wished me to write a third part to a fine edition of Cotton's *Angler*, for which I am quite incompetent.[1]

I met at Richmond my old and much esteemed friend Lord Stowell,[2] looking very frail and even comatose. *Quantum mutatus!* He was one of the pleasantest men I ever knew.

Respecting the letters, I picked up from those of Pitt that he was always extremely desirous of peace with France, and even reckoned upon it at a moment when he ought to have despaired. I suspect this false view of the state of France (for such it was), which induced the British Minister to look for peace when there was no chance of it, damped his ardour in maintaining the war. He wanted the lofty ideas of his father—you read it in his handwriting, great statesman as he was. I saw a letter or two of Burke's in which there is an *épanchement du cœur* not visible in those of Pitt, who writes like a Premier to his colleague. Burke was under the strange hallucination that his son, who predeceased him, was a man of greater talents than himself. On the contrary, he had little talent and no resolution. On moving some resolutions in favour of the Catholics, which were ill-received by the House of Commons, young Burke actually ran away, which an Orangeman compared to a cross-reading in the newspapers:—Yesterday the Catholic resolutions were moved, etc., but, the pistol missing fire, the villains ran off!

May 25.—After a morning of letter-writing, leave-taking, papers destroying, and God knows what trumpery, Sophia and I set out for Hampton Court, carrying with us the following lions and lionesses—Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Wordsworth, with wife and daughter. We were very kindly and properly received by Walter and his wife, and a very pleasant party.[3]

May 26.—An awful confusion with paying of bills, writing of cards, and all species of trumpery business. Southey, who is just come to town, breakfasted with us. He looks, I think, but poorly, but it may be owing to family misfortune. One is always tempted to compare Wordsworth and Southey. The latter is unquestionably the greater scholar—I mean possesses the most extensive stock of

[1] This refers to the splendid edition of Walton and Cotton, edited by Nicolas, and illustrated by Stothard and Inskipp, published in 1836 after nearly ten years' preparation, in two vols. large 8vo.

[2] Sir William Scott, Lord Stowell, died 28th January, 1836, aged ninety.

[3] Moore writes: "On our arrival at Hampton (where we found the Wordsworths), walked about,—the whole party in the gay walk where the band plays, to the infinite delight of the Hampton *blues*, who were all *eyes* after Scott. The other scribblers not coming in for a glance. The dinner odd; but being near Scott I found it agreeable, and was delighted to see him so happy, with his tall son, the Major," etc., etc. —*Diary*, vol. v. p. 287.

information, but there is a freshness, vivacity, and spring about Wordsworth's mind, which, if we may compare two men of uncommon powers, shows more originality. I say nothing of their poetry. Wordsworth has a system which disposes him to take the bull by the horns and offend public taste, which, right or wrong, will always be the taste of the public; yet he could be popular if he would,—witness the Feast at Brougham Castle,—Song of the Cliffords, I think, is the name.

I walked down to call, with Rogers, on Mrs. D'Arblay. She showed me some notes which she was making about her novels, which she induced me to believe had been recollected and jotted down in compliance with my suggestions on a former occasion. It is curious how she contrived to get *Evelina* printed and published without her father's knowledge. Her brother placed it in the hands of one Lowndes, who, after its success, bought it for £20!!! and had the magnanimity to add £10—the price, I think, of *Paradise Lost.* One of her sisters betrayed the secret to her father, who then eagerly lent his ears to hear what was said of the new novel, and the first opinion which saluted his delighted ears was the voice of Johnson energetically recommending it to the perusal of Mrs. Thrale.[1]

At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like Rogers, and have always found him most friendly. After many petty delays we set off at last and reached Bushy Grove to dine with my kind and worthy family friend and relative, David Haliburton. I am delighted to find him in all the enjoyment of life, with the vivacity of youth in his sentiments and enjoyments. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Marjoribanks are the only company here, with Miss Parker.

May 27.—Well, my retreat from London is now accomplished, and I may fairly balance the advantage and loss of this London trip. It has cost me a good deal of money, and Johnnie's illness has taken away much of the pleasure I had promised myself. But if I can judge from the reception I have met with, I have the pleasure to know that I stand as fair with the public, and as high with my personal friends, as in any period of my life. And this has enabled me to forward the following objects to myself and others:—

1st. I have been able to place Lockart on the right footing in the right quarter, leaving the improvement of his place of vantage to himself as circumstances should occur.

2d. I have put the Chancery suit in the right train, which without me could not have been done.[2]

[1] The author of *Evelina* died at Bath in 1840, at the age of eighty-eight. Subsequent to this meeting with Scott she published memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney (in 1832). It is stated that for her novel *Camilla*, published in 1796, she received a subscription of 3000 guineas, and for the *Wanderer*, in 1814, £1500 for the copyright. This was the year in which *Waverley* appeared, for the copyright of which Constable did not see his way to offer more than £700.

[2] This item refers to money which had belonged to Lady Scott's parents.

3d. I picked up some knowledge of the state of existing matters, which is interesting and may be useful.

4th. I have succeeded in helping to get a commission for James Skene.

5th. I have got two cadetships for the sons of Allan Cunningham.

6th. I have got leave to Andrew Shortreed to go out to India.

7th. I have put John Eckford into correspondence with Mr. Loch, who thinks he can do something for his claim.

8th. I have been of material assistance to poor Terry in his affairs.

9th. I have effectually protected my Darnick neighbours and myself against the New Road Bill.

Other advantages there are, besides the great one of scouring up one's own mind a little and renewing intercourse with old friends, bringing one's-self nearer in short to the currency of the time.

All this may weigh against the expenditure of £200 or £250, when money is fortunately not very scarce with me.

We went out for a most agreeable drive through the Hertfordshire Lanes—a strange intricate combination of narrow roads passing through the country, winding and turning among oaks and other large timber, just like path-ways cut through a forest. They wind and turn in so singular a manner, and resemble each other so much, that a stranger would have difficulty to make way amongst them. We visited Moor Park (not the house of Sir William Temple, but that where the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth lived). Having rather a commanding situation, you look down on the valley, which, being divided into small enclosures bordered with wood, resembles a forest when so looked down on. The house has a handsome entrance-hall, painted by Sir James Thornhill, in a very French taste, yet handsome. He was Hogarth's father-in-law, and not easily reconciled to the match. Thornhill's paintings are certainly not of the first class, yet the practice of painting the walls and roof of a dwelling-house gives, in my eyes, a warm and rich air to the apartments. Lord Grosvenor has now bought this fine place, once Lord Anson's—hence the Moor Park apricot is also called Ansoniana. After seeing Moor Park we went to the Grove, the Earl of Clarendon's country-seat. The house looks small and of little consequence, but contains many good portraits, as I was told, of the Hyde family.[1] The park has fine views and magnificent trees.

We went to Cashiobury, belonging to the Earl of Essex, an old mansion, apparently, with a fine park. The Colne runs through the grounds, or rather creeps through them.

> "For the Colne
> Is black and swollen,
> Snake-like, he winds his way,

[1] It contains half of Chancellor Clarendon's famous collection—the other half is at Bothwell Castle.

Unlike the burns
From Highland urns
That dance by crag and brae."

Borthwick-brae[1] came to dinner from town, and we had a very pleasant evening. My excellent old friend reminded me of the old and bitter feud between the Scotts and the Haliburtons, and observed it was curious I should have united the blood of two hostile clans.

May 28.—We took leave of our kind old host after breakfast, and set out for our own land. Our elegant researches carried us out of the high-road and through a labyrinth of intricate lanes,—which seem made on purpose to afford strangers the full benefit of a dark night and a drunk driver,—in order to visit Gill's Hill, famous for the murder of Mr. Weare.

The place has the strongest title to the description of Wordsworth:—

"A merry spot, 'tis said, in days of yore,
But something ails it now—the place is cursed."

The principal part of the house has been destroyed, and only the kitchen remains standing. The garden has been dismantled, though a few laurels and garden shrubs, run wild, continue to mark the spot. The fatal pond is now only a green swamp, but so near the house that one cannot conceive how it was ever chosen as a place of temporary concealment of the murdered body. Indeed the whole history of the murder, and the scenes which ensued, are strange pictures of desperate and short-sighted wickedness. The feasting—the singing—the murderer with his hands still bloody hanging round the neck of one of the females—the watch-chain of the murdered man, argue the utmost apathy. Even Probert, the most frightened of the party, fled no further for relief than to the brandy bottle, and is found in the very lane, and at the spot of the murder, seeking for the murderous weapon, and exposing himself to the view of the passengers. Another singular mark of stupid audacity was their venturing to wear the clothes of their victim. There was a want of foresight in the whole arrangement of the deed, and the attempts to conceal it, which argued strange inconsideration, which a professed robber would not have exhibited. There was just one single shade of redeeming character about a business so brutal, perpetrated by men above the very lowest rank of life—it was the mixture of revenge which afforded some relief to the circumstances of treachery and premeditation which accompanied it. But Weare was a cheat, and had no doubt pillaged Thurtell, who therefore deemed he might take greater liberties with him than with others.

The dirt of the present habitation equalled its wretched desola-

[1] William Elliot Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwick-brae, long M.P. for Selkirkshire.

tion, and a truculent-looking hag, who showed us the place, and received half-a-crown, looked not unlike the natural inmate of such a mansion. She indicated as much herself, saying the landlord had dismantled the place because no respectable person would live there. She seems to live entirely alone, and fears no ghosts, she says.

One thing about this mysterious tragedy was never explained. It is said that Weare, as is the habit of such men, always carried about his person, and between his flannel waistcoat and shirt, a sum of ready money, equal to £1500 or £2000. No such money was ever recovered, and as the sum divided by Thurtell among his accomplices was only about £20, he must, in slang phrase, have *bucketed his pals.*[1]

We came on as far as Alconbury, where we slept comfortably.

May 29.—We travelled from Alconbury Hill to Ferry Bridge, upwards of a hundred miles, amid all the beauties of "flourish" and verdure which spring awakens at her first approach in the midland counties of England, but without any variety save those of the season's making. I do believe this great north road is the dullest in the world, as well as the most convenient for the traveller. Nothing seems to me to have been altered within twenty or thirty years, save the noses of the landlords, which have bloomed and given place to another set of proboscises as germane as the old ones to the *very welcome,—please to light—'Orses forward*, and *ready out.* The skeleton at Barnby Moor has deserted his gibbet, and that is the only change I recollect.

I have amused myself to-day with reading Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, which is very well written—in fact, an admirable thing. He has judiciously slurred over his vices and follies; for although Currie, I myself, and others, have not said a word more on that subject than is true, yet as the dead corpse is straightened, swathed, and made decent, so ought the character of such an inimitable genius as Burns to be tenderly handled after death. The knowledge of his vicious weaknesses or vices is only a subject of sorrow to the well-disposed, and of triumph to the profligate.

May 30.—We left Ferry Bridge at seven, and turning westwards, or rather northwestward, at Borough Bridge, we reach Rokeby at past three. A mile from the house we met Morritt looking for us. I had great pleasure at finding myself at Rokeby, and recollecting a hundred passages of past time. Morritt looks well and easy in his mind, which I am delighted to see. He is now one of my oldest, and, I believe, one of my most sincere, friends, a man unequalled in the mixture of sound good sense, high literary cultivation, and the kindest and sweetest temper that ever graced a human bosom. His nieces are much attached to him, and are deserving and elegant, as well as beautiful young women. What there is in our partiality to

[1] Weare, Thurtell, and the rest were professed gamblers. See *ante*, July 16, 1826, and *Life*, vol. viii. p. 381.

female beauty that commands a species of temperate homage from the aged, as well as ecstatic admiration from the young, I cannot conceive, but it is certain that a very large proportion of some other amiable quality is too little to counterbalance the absolute want of this advantage. I, to whom beauty is and shall henceforth be a picture, still look upon it with the quiet devotion of an old worshipper, who no longer offers incense on the shrine, but peaceably presents his inch of taper, taking special care in doing so not to burn his own fingers. Nothing in life can be more ludicrous or contemptible than an old man aping the passions of his youth.

Talking of youth, there was a certain professor at Cambridge who used to keep sketches of all the youths who, from their conduct at college, seemed to bid fair for distinction in life. He showed them, one day, to an old shrewd sarcastic Master of Arts, who looked over the collection, and then observed, "A promising nest of eggs; what a pity the great part will turn out addle!" And so they do; looking round amongst the young men, one sees to all appearance fine flourish—but it ripens not.

May 31.—I have finished Napier's *War in the Peninsula*.[1] It is written in the spirit of a Liberal, but the narrative is distinct and clear, and I should suppose accurate. He has, however, given a bad sample of accuracy in the case of Lord Strangford, where his pointed affirmation has been as pointedly repelled. It is evident he would require probing. His defence of Moore is spirited and well argued, though it is evident he defends the statesman as much as the general. As a Liberal and a military man, Colonel Napier finds it difficult to steer his course. The former character calls on him to plead for the insurgent Spaniards; the latter induces him to palliate the cruelties of the French. Good-even to him until next volume, which I shall long to see. This was a day of pleasure and nothing else. After breakfast I walked with Morritt in the new path he has made up the Tees. When last here, his poor nephew was of the party. It hangs on my mind, and perhaps on Morritt's. When we returned we took a short drive as far as Barnard Castle; and the business of eating and drinking took up the remainder of the evening, excepting a dip into the Greta Walk.

[1] The first volume had just been published in 1828. The book was completed in 6 vols. in 1840.

JUNE

June 1.—We took leave of our friends at Rokeby after breakfast, and pursued our well-known path over Stanmore to Brough, Appleby, Penrith, and Carlisle. As I have this road by heart, I have little amusement save the melancholy task of recalling the sensations with which I have traced it in former times, all of which refer to decay of animal strength, and abatement if not of mental powers, at least of mental energy. The *non est tanti* grows fast at my time of life. We reached Carlisle at seven o'clock, and were housed for the night. My books being exhausted, I lighted on an odd volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a work in which, as in a pawnbroker's shop, much of real curiosity and value are stowed away and concealed amid the frippery and trumpery of those reverend old gentlewomen who were the regular correspondents of the work.

June 2.—We intended to walk to the Castle, but were baffled by rainy weather. I was obliged to wait for a certificate from the parish register—*Hei mihi!!* I cannot have it till ten o'clock, or rather, as it chanced, till past eleven, when I got the paper for which I waited.[1] We lunched at Hawick, and concluded our pilgrimage at Abbotsford about nine at night, where the joyful barking of the dogs, with the sight of the kind familiar faces of our domestics, gave us welcome, and I enjoyed a sound repose on my own bed. I remark that in this journey I have never once experienced depression of spirits, or the *tremor cordis* of which I have sometimes such unpleasant visits. Dissipation, and a succession of trifling engagements, prevent the mind from throwing itself out in the manner calculated to exhaust the owner, and to entertain other people. There is a lesson in this.

June 3, [*Abbotsford*].—This was a very idle day. I waked to walk about my beautiful young woods with old Tom and the dogs. The sun shone bright, and the wind fanned my cheek as if it were a welcoming. I did not do the least right thing, except packing a few books necessary for writing the continuation of the Tales. In this merry mood I wandered as far as Huntly Burn, where I found the

[1] About this time Miss Anne Scott wrote to Mrs. Lockhart: "Early in the morning, before we started, papa took me with him to the Cathedral. This he had done often before; but he said he must stand once more on the spot where he married poor mamma. After that we went to the Castle, where a new showman went through the old trick of pointing out Fergus MacIvor's *very* dungeon. Peveril said, 'Indeed, are you quite sure, sir?' And on being told there could be no doubt, was troubled with a fit of coughing, which ended in a laugh. The man seemed exceeding indignant; so, when papa moved on, I whispered who it was. I wish you had seen the man's start, and how he stared and bowed as he parted from us; and then rammed his keys into his pocket and went off at a hand-gallop to warn the rest of the garrison. But the carriage was ready, and we escaped a row."—*Life*, vol. ix. pp. 256–7.

Miss Fergusons well and happy; then I sauntered back to Abbotsford, sitting on every bench by the way, and thus

"It grew to dinner in conclusion."

A good appetite made my simple meal relish better than the magnificent cheer which I have lately partaken of. I smoked a cigar, slept away an hour, and read Mure of Auchendrane's trial, and thus ended the day. I cannot afford to spend many such, nor would they seem so pleasant.

June 4, [*Edinburgh*].—The former part of this day was employed much as yesterday, but some packing was inevitable. Will Laidlaw came to dinner, of which we partook at three o'clock. Started at half-past four, and arrived at home, if we must call it so, at nine o'clock in the evening. I employed my leisure in the chaise to peruse Mure of Auchendrane's trial, out of which something might be coopered up for the public.[1] It is one of the wildest stories I ever read. Something might surely be twisted out of it.

June 5.—Cadell breakfasted; in great spirits with the success of the *Fair Maid of Perth*. A disappointment being always to be apprehended, I too am greatly pleased that the evil day is adjourned, for the time must come—and yet I can spin a tough yarn still with any one now going.

I was much distressed to find that the last of the Macdonald Buchanans, a fine lad of about twenty-one, is now decidedly infected by the same pulmonary complaint which carried off his four brothers in succession. This is indeed a cruel stroke, and it is melancholy to witness the undaunted Highland courage of the father.

I went to Court, and when I returned did some work upon the Tales.

"And now again, boys, to the oar."

June 6.—I have determined to work sans intermission for lost time, and to make up at least my task every day. J. Gibson called on me with good hopes that the trustees will authorise the *grand opus* to be set afloat.[2] They are scrupulous a little about the expense of engravings, but I fear the taste of the town will not be satisfied without them. It is time these things were settled. I wrought both before and after dinner, and finished five pages, which is two above bargain.

June 7.—Saturday was another working day, and nothing occurred to disturb me.

June 8.—I finished five sheets this day. Will Clerk and Francis Scott of Harden came to dinner, and we spent a pleasant evening.

[1] See *The Doom of Devorgoil: A Melo-Drama. Auchendrane: or the Ayrshire Tragedy.* Published by Cadell in 8vo, 1830.

[2] Referring to the uniform edition of the Waverley Novels in 48 vols., which began to be issued in June, 1829. The great cost of the publication naturally caused the Trustees much anxiety at this period.

June 9.—I laboured till about one, and was then obliged to go to attend a meeting of the Oil Gas Company,—as I devoutly hope for the last time.

After that I was obliged to go to sit to Colvin Smith, which is an atrocious bore, but cannot be helped.[1]

Cadell rendered me report of accounts paid for me with vouchers, which very nearly puts me out of all shop debts. God grant me grace to keep so!

June 10–14.—During these five days almost nothing occurred to diversify the ordinary task of the day, which, I must own, was dull enough. I rose to my task by seven, and, less or more, wrought it out in the course of the day, far exceeding the ordinary average of three leaves per day. I have attended the Parliament House with the most strict regularity, and returned to dine alone with Anne. Also, I gave three sittings to Mr. Colvin Smith, who I think has improved since I saw him.

Of important intelligence nothing occurs save the termination of all suspense on the subject of poor James Macdonald Buchanan. He died at Malta. The celebrated Dugald Stewart is also dead, famous for his intimate acquaintance with the history and philosophy of the human mind. There is much of water-painting in all metaphysics, which consist rather of words than ideas. But Stewart was most impressive and eloquent. In former days I was frequently with him, but not for many years. Latterly, I am told, he had lost not the power of thinking, but the power of expressing his thoughts by speech. This is like the Metamorphosis of Ovid, the bark binding in and hardening the living flesh.

June 15.—W. Clerk, Francis Scott, and Charles Sharpe dined with me, but my task had been concluded before dinner.

June 16.—Dined at Dalmahoy, with the young Earl and Countess of Morton. I like these young noble folks particularly well. Their manners and style of living are easy and unaffected, and I should like to see them often. Came home at night. The task finished to-day. I should mention that the plan about the new edition of the novels was considered at a meeting of trustees, and finally approved of. I trust it will answer; yet, who can warrant the continuance of popularity? Old Corri,[2] who entered into many projects, and could never set the sails of a wind-mill so as to catch the *aura popularis*, used to say that he believed that were he to turn baker, it would put bread out of fashion. I have had the better luck to dress my sails to every wind; and so blow on, good wind, and spin round, whirligig.

June 17.—Violent rheumatic headache all day. Wrought, however. But what difference this troublesome addition may make on

[1] *Ante*, p. 351, February 2d.

[2] Natali Corri, born in Italy, but settled in Edinburgh, where, among other schemes, he tried to set up an Italian opera. In conjunction with a brother he published several musical works. He died at Trieste in 1823.

the quality of the stuff produced, truly I do not know. I finished five leaves.

June 18.—Some Italian gentlemen landed here, under the conveyance of the Misses Haig of Bemerside. They were gentlemanlike men; but as I did not dare to speak bad French, I had not much to say to foreigners. Gave them and their pretty guides a good breakfast, however. The scene seemed to me to resemble Sheridan's scene in the *Critic*.[1] There are a number of very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I do not know which is the interpreter. After all, it is not my fault. They who wish to see me should be able to speak my language. I called on Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie. She received me with all the kindness of former days, and I was delighted to see her. I sat about an hour with her. My head aches, for all that, and I have heavy fits of drowsiness. Well, I have finished my task, and have a right to sleep if I have a mind. I dine to day with Lord Mackenzie, where I hope to meet Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie again, for I love her warm heart and lively fancy. Accordingly I enjoyed this pleasure.[2]

June 19.—Scribbled away lustily. Went to the P. H. Wrote when I came home, both before and after dinner—that's all, I think. I am become a sort of writing automaton, and truly the joints of my knees, especially the left, are so stiff and painful in rising and sitting down, that I can hardly help screaming—I that was so robust and active; I get into a carriage with great difficulty. My head, too, is bothered with rheumatic headaches. Why not? I got headaches by my folly when I was young, and now I am old they come uncalled. Infirmity gives what indiscretion bought.

June 20.—My course is still the same. But I have a painful letter from Lockhart, which takes away the last hope of poor Johnnie's recovery. It is no surprise to me. The poor child, so amiable in its disposition, and so promising from its talents, was not formed to be long with us, and I have long expected that it must needs come to this. I hope I shall not outlive my children in other cases, and I think there is little chance of it. My father did not long survive the threescore and ten; it will be wonderful if I reach that goal of ordinary mortality. God send it may find me prepared; and, whatever I may have been formerly, high spirits are not now like to carry me away.

June 21.—At Court, and called on Ballantyne on my return. I

[1] See Act II. Sc. 2. The Italian family's morning call.

[2] "And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear to thy grief
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons, in six changes have left
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft;
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail
That salutes thee, the heir of the line of Kintail."
Poetical Works, vol. viii. p. 394.

Mary, daughter of Francis, Lord Seaforth, was born in Ross-shire in 1784, married, at Barbadoes in 1804, Sir Samuel Hood, and left a widow in 1814. She married again, in 1817, Mr. J. A. Stewart, who assumed the name of Mackenzie. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie died at Brahan Castle in 1862; her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the North.

was obliged to go to the Register Office at one, where I waited nearly an hour without meeting my brethren. But I wrote a letter to Lockhart in the meantime. My niece Ann arrived, to my great satisfaction. I am glad that Anne, my daughter, has such a sensible and clever companion. Dined at Baron Hume's.

June 22.—Wrought. Had a note from Ballantyne complaining of my manuscript, and requesting me to read it over. I would give £1000 if I could; but it would take me longer to read than to write. I cannot trace my *pieds de mouche* but with great labour and trouble; so e'en take your own share of the burden, my old friend; and, since I cannot read, be thankful I can write. I will look at his proof, however, and then be quiet and idle for the rest of the evening. I am come to Charles the First's trial, and though I have it by heart, I must refresh myself with a reading of Clarendon. Charles Sharpe and Francis Scott came in the evening.

June 23.—This morning the two Annes and I went to Sir Robert Liston at Milburn Tower—a beautiful retreat. The travels of the venerable diplomatist are indicated by the various articles of curiosity which he has picked up in different corners of the world, and put together with much taste. The conservatory and gardens are very fine, and contain, I suppose, very curious plants;—I am sure, hard names enough. But then the little Gothic tower, embowered amid trees and bushes, surrounded by these pleasant gardens, offering many a sunny walk for winter, many a shade for summer, are inexpressibly pleasing. The good old knight and his lady are worthy of it, for they enjoy it. The artificial piece of water is a failure, like most things of the kind. The offices, without being on an extravagant scale, are most substantial; the piggery, in particular, is quite a palace, and the animals clean and comfortable. I think I have caught from them a fit of piggish obstinacy. I came at one, and cannot prevail upon myself to go to work. I answer the calls of duty as Caliban does those of Prospero, "There's wood enough within." To be sure, I have not got the Clarendon.

June 24.—It was my father's own son, as John Hielandman said, who did little both yesterday and to-day—I mean little in the way of literary work, for, as to positive work, I have been writing letters about Chancery business till I am sick of it. There was a long *hearing*, and while Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in the Inner House, I plied my eloquence *de billet* in the Library. So, on the whole, I am no bad boy. Besides, the day is not yet over.

June 25.—I was surprised to hear that our Academy Rector, Williams, has renounced the chair of Roman learning in the new London University. His alarm was excited by the interest taken by the prelates in opposing a High Church institution to that desired by Mr. Brougham. Both the Bishops and Williams have been unwise. The former have manœuvred ill. They should, in the outset, have taken the establishment out of the hands of the Whigs, without suffering

them to reinforce themselves by support from [others]. And Williams was equally precipitate in joining an institution which a small degree of foresight might have assured him would be opposed by his spiritual superiors. However, there he stands, deprived of his professorship by his resignation, and of his rectorship by our having engaged with a successor. I think it very doubtful whether the Bishops will now [admit] him into their alliance. He has in that case offended both parties. But if they are wise, they will be glad to pick up the best schoolmaster in Europe, though he comes for the present *Graiâ ex urbe*. I accomplished more than my task to-day.

June 26.—Wrote a long letter to Lockhart about Williams' situation, saying how, by sitting betwixt two stools, he

> "——Had fallen with heavy thump
> Upon his reverential rump,"

and how the Bishops should pick him up if they wanted their establishment to succeed. It is an awkward position in which Williams has placed himself. He loses the Whig chair, and has perhaps no chance of favour from the High Church for having been willing to accept it. Even if they now give him promotion, there will be a great outcry on his having left one institution to join another. He would be thick-skinned if he stands the clamour. Yet he has to all appearance rather sacrificed than advanced his interest. However, I say again, the Bishops ought not to omit securing him.

Mr. Macintosh Mackay breakfasted with me, modest, intelligent, and gentle. I did my duty and more in the course of the day.

I am vexed about Mackay missing the church of Cupar in Angus. It is in the Crown's gift, and Peel, finding that two parties in the town recommended two opposite candidates, very wisely chose to disappoint them both, and was desirous of bestowing the presentation on public grounds. I heard of this, and applied to Mr. Peel for Macintosh Mackay, whose quiet patience and learning are accompanied by a most excellent character as a preacher and a clergyman, but unhappily Mr. Peel had previously put himself into the hands of Sir George Murray, who applied to Sir Peter his brother, who naturally applied to certain leaders of the Church at Edinburgh, and these reverend gentlemen have recommended that the church which the minister desired to fill up on public grounds should be bestowed on a boy,[1] the nephew of one of their number, of whom the best that can be said is that nothing is known, since he has only been a few months in orders. This comes of kith, kin, and ally, but Peel shall know of it, and may perhaps judge for himself another time.

June 27.—I came out after Court to Blair Adam, with our excellent friend the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston, so modest and so accomplished;—delightful drive and passage at the ferry. We

[1] Patrick James Stevenson was licensed in 1825, and ordained in 1828.—Scott's *Fasti*, vol. vi. p. 746.

found at Blair Adam the C. C. and family, Admiral Adam and lady, James Thomson of Charlton, and Miss T., Will Clerk, and last, not least, Lord Chief-Baron Shepherd—all in high spirits for our excursions.

Thomson described to me a fine dungeon in the old tower at Cassillis in Ayrshire. There is an outer and inner vaulted [chamber], each secured with iron doors. At the upper end of the innermost are two great stones or blocks to which the staples and chains used in securing the prisoners are still attached. Between these stone seats is an opening like the mouth of a still deeper dungeon. The entrance descends like the mouth of a draw-well or shaft of a mine, and deep below is heard the sullen roar of the river Doon, one branch of which, passing through the bottom of the shaft, has probably swept away the body of many a captive, whose body after death may have been thus summarily disposed of. I may find use for such a place—Story of [*Kittleclarkie*?]

June 28.—Off we go to Castle Campbell after breakfast, *i.e.* Will Clerk, Admiral Adam, J. Thomson, and myself. Tremendous hot is the day, and the steep ascent of the Castle, which rises for two miles up a rugged and broken path, was fatiguing enough, yet not so much so as the streets in London. Castle Campbell is unaltered; the window, of which the disjointed stone projects at an angle from the wall, and seems at the point of falling, has still found power to resist the laws of gravitation. Whoever built that tottering piece of masonry has been long in a forgotten grave, and yet what he has made seems to survive in spite of nature itself. The curious cleft called Kemp's Score, which gave the garrison access to the water in case of siege, is obviously natural, but had been improved by steps, now choked up. A girl who came with us recollected she had shown me the way down to the bottom of this terrible gulf seven years ago. I am not able for it now.

"Wont to do 's awa frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree."[1]

June 29.—Being Sunday we kept about the doors, and after two took the drosky and drove over the hill and round by the Kiery Craigs. I should have said Williams came out in the morning to ask my advice about staying another year in Edinburgh. I advised him if possible to gain a few days' time till I should hear from Lockhart. He has made a pretty mess for himself, but if the Bishops are wise, they may profit by it. The sound, practical advice of Williams at the first concoction would be of the last consequence. I suspect their systems of eating-houses are the most objectionable part of the college discipline. When their attentions are to be given to the departments of the cook and the butler, all zeal in the nobler paths of education is apt to decay.

[1] Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* (1795), vol. i. p. 125.

Well, to return to the woods. I think, notwithstanding Lord Chief-Commissioner's assiduity, they are in some places too thick. I saw a fine larch, felled seventy-two years old, value about five pounds.

Hereditary descent in the Highlands. A clergyman showed J. T. the island of Inch Mahome in the Port of Monteith, and pointed out the boatman as a remarkable person, the representative of the hereditary gardeners of the Earls of Monteith, while these Earls existed. His son, a priggish boy, follows up the theme—"Feyther, when Donald MacCorkindale dees will not the family be extinct?" Father—"No; I believe there is a man in Balquhidder who takes up the *succession.*"

June 30.—We made our pleasant excursion to-day round the hill of Bennarty *par terre*, and returned *par mer*. Our route by land led us past Lochore, where we made a pause for a few moments. Then proceeded to Ballingray or Bingray, and so by Kirkness, where late ravages are supplied by the force of vegetation down to the shores of Lochleven. We embarked and went upon Saint Serf's Island, supposed to have been anciently a cell of the Culdees. An old pinfold, or rather a modern pinfold, constructed out of the ancient chapel, is all that attests its former sanctity. We landed on Queen Mary's Island, a miserable scene, considering the purpose for which the Castle was appointed. And yet the captivity and surrender of the Percy was even a worse tale, since it was an eternal blight on the name of Douglas. Well, we got to Blair Adam in due time, and our fine company began to separate, Lord Chief-Baron going off after dinner. We had wine and wassail, and John Thomson's delightful flute to help us through the evening.

Thus end the delectations of the Blair Adam Club for this year. Mrs. Thomson of Charlton talks of Beaton's House, and other Fife wonders for the next year, but who knows what one year may bring forth? Our Club has been hitherto fortunate. It has subsisted twelve years.

JULY

"Up in the morning 's no for me."[1]

Yet here I am up at five—no horses come from the North Ferry yet.

"O Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Mitchell,
Your promises and time keep stitch ill."

July 1, [*Edinburgh*].—Got home, however, by nine, and went to the Parliament House, where we were detained till four o'clock. Miss —— dined with us, a professed lion-huntress, who travels the country to rouse the peaceful beasts out of their lair, and insists on being hand and glove with all the leonine race. She is very plain, besides frightfully red-haired, and out-Lydia-ing even my poor friend Lydia White. An awful visitation! I think I see her with javelin raised and buskined foot, a second Diana, roaming the hills of Westmoreland in quest of the lakers. Would to God she were there or anywhere but here! Affectation is a painful thing to witness, and this poor woman has the bad taste to think direct flattery is the way to make her advances to friendship and intimacy.

July 2.—I believe I was cross yesterday. I am at any rate very ill to-day with a rheumatic headache, and a still more vile hypochondriacal affection, which fills my head with pain, my heart with sadness, and my eyes with tears. I do not wonder at the awful feelings which visited men less educated and less firm than I may call myself. It is a most hang-dog cast of feeling, but it may be chased away by study or by exercise. The last I have always found most successful, but the first is most convenient. I wrought therefore, and endured all this forenoon, being a Teind Wednesday. I am now in such a state that I would hardly be surprised at the worst news which could be brought to me. And all this without any rational cause why to-day should be sadder than yesterday.

Two things to lighten my spirits—First, Cadell comes to assure me that the stock of 12mo novels is diminished from 3800, which was the quantity in the publishers' hands in March 1827, to 600 or 700. This argues gallant room for the publication of the New Series. Second, said Cadell is setting off straight for London to set affairs a-going. If I have success in this, it will greatly assist in extricating my affairs.

[1] Burns's Song.

My aches of the heart terminated in a cruel aching of the head—rheumatic, I suppose. But Sir Adam and Clerk came to dinner, and laughed and talked the sense of pain and oppression away. We cannot at times work ourselves into a gay humour, any more than we can tickle ourselves into a fit of laughter; foreign agency is necessary. My huntress of lions again dined with us. I have subscribed to her Album, and done what was civil.

July 3.—Corrected proofs in the morning, and wrote a little. I was forced to crop vol. i. as thirty pages too long; there is the less to write behind. We were kept late at the Court, and when I came out I bethought me, like Christian in the Castle of Giant Despair, "Wherefore should I walk along the broiling and stifling streets when I have a little key in my bosom which can open any lock in Princes Street Walks, and be thus on the Castle banks, rocks, and trees in a few minutes?" I made use of my key accordingly, and walked from the Castle Hill down to Wallace's Tower,[1] and thence to the west end of Princes Street, through a scene of grandeur and beauty perhaps unequalled, whether the foreground or distant view is considered—all down hill, too. Foolish never to think of this before. I chatted with the girls a good while after dinner, but wrote a trifle when we had tea.

July 4.—The two Annes set off to Abbotsford, though the weather was somewhat lowering for an open carriage, but the day cleared up finely. Hamilton is unwell, so we had a long hearing of his on our hands. It was four ere I got home, but I had taken my newly discovered path by rock, bush, and ruin. I question if Europe has such another path. We owe this to the taste of James Skene. But I must dress to go to Dr. Hope's, who makes *chère exquise*, and does not understand being kept late.

July 5.—Saturday, corrected proofs and wrought hard. Went out to dinner at Oxenfoord Castle, and returned in the company of Lord Alloway, Chief Baron, Clerk, etc., and Mr. Bouverie, the English Commissioner.

July 6.—A day of hard work. The second volume is now well advanced—wellnigh one half. Dined alone, and pursued my course after dinner. Seven pages were finished. Solitude 's a fine thing for work, but then you must lie by like a spider, till you collect materials to continue your web. Began Simond's Switzerland—clever and intelligent, but rather conceited, as the manner of an American Frenchman. I hope to knock something out of him though.

July 7.—Williams seems in uncertainty again, and I can't guess what he will be at. Surely it is a misery to be so indecisive; he will certainly gain the ill word of both parties and might have had the good word of all; and, indeed, deserves it. We received his res-

[1] Now called Wellhouse Tower.

ignation to-day, but if the King's College are disposed to thrive, they will keep eyes on this very able man.

July 8.—Hard work in the Court, the sederunts turn long and burthensome. I fear they will require some abridgment of vacation.

[*From July* 8, 1828, *to January* 10, 1829, *there are no entries in the Journal.*]

1829.—JANUARY

Having omitted to carry on my Diary for two or three days, I lost heart to make it up, and left it unfilled for many a month and day. During this period nothing has happened worth particular notice. The same occupations, the same amusements, the same occasional alternations of spirits, gay or depressed, the same absence of all sensible or rational cause for the one or the other. I half grieve to take up my pen, and doubt if it is worth while to record such an infinite quantity of nothing, but hang it! I hate to be beat, so here goes for better behaviour.

January 10.—I resume my task at Abbotsford. We are here alone, except Lockhart, on a flying visit. Morritt, his niece, Sir James Stuart, Skene, and an occasional friend or two, have been my guests since 31st December. I cannot say I have been happy, for the feeling of increasing weakness in my lame leg is a great affliction. I walk now with pain and difficulty at all times, and it sinks my soul to think how soon I may be altogether a disabled cripple. I am tedious to my friends, and I doubt the sense of it makes me fretful.

Everything else goes off well enough. My cash affairs are clearing, and though last year was an expensive one, I have been paying debt. Yet I have a dull contest before me which will probably outlast my life. If well maintained, however, it will be an honourable one, and if the *Magnum Opus* succeed, it will afford me some repose.

January 11.—I did not write above a page yesterday; most weary, stale, and unprofitable have been my labours. Received a letter I suppose from Mad. T. ——, proposing a string of historical subjects not proper for my purpose. People will not consider that a thing may already be so well told in history, that romance ought not in prudence to meddle with it.

The ground covered with snow, which, by slipperiness and the pain occasioned by my lameness, renders walking unpleasant.

January 12.—This is the third day I have not walked out, pain and lameness being the cause. This bodes very ill for my future life. I made a search yesterday and to-day for letters of Lord Byron to send to Tom Moore, but I could only find two. I had several others, and am shocked at missing them. The one which he sent me with a silver cup I regret particularly. It was stolen out of the cup itself by some vile inhospitable scoundrel, for a servant would not have thought such a theft worth while.

My spirits are low, yet I wot not why. I have been writing to my sons. Walter's majority was like to be reduced, but is spared for the present. Charles is going on well I trust at the Foreign Office, so I hope all is well.

Loitered out a useless day, half arranging half disarranging books and papers, and packing the things I shall want. *Der Abschiedstag ist da.*

January 13.—The day of return to Edinburgh is come. I don't know why, but I am more happy at the change than usual. I am not working hard, and it is what I ought to do, and must do. Every hour of laziness cries fie upon me. But there is a perplexing sinking of the heart which one cannot always overcome. At such times I have wished myself a clerk, quill-driving for twopence per page. You have at least application, and that is all that is necessary, whereas unless your lively faculties are awake and propitious, your application will do you as little good as if you strained your sinews to lift Arthur's Seat.

January 14, [*Edinburgh*].—Got home last night after a freezing journey. This morning I got back some of the last copy, and tugged as hard as ever did soutar to make ends meet. Then I will be reconciled to my task, which at present disgusts me. Visited Lady Jane, then called on Mr. Robison and instructed him to call a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society, as Mr. Knox proposes to read an essay on some dissections. A bold proposal truly from one who has had so lately the boldness of trading so deep in human flesh! I will oppose his reading in the present circumstances if I should stand alone, but I hope he will be wrought upon to withdraw his essay or postpone it at least. It is very bad taste to push himself forward just now. Lockhart dined with us, which made the evening a pleasant but an idle one. Well! I must rouse myself.

"Awake! Arise, or be for ever fallen."[1]

January 15.—Day began with beggars as usual, and John Nicolson has not sense to keep them out. I never yield, however, to this importunity, thinking it wrong that what I can spare to meritorious poverty, of which I hear and see too much, should be diverted by impudent importunity. I was detained at the Parliament House till nearly three by the great case concerning prescription, Maule *v.* Maule.[2] This was made up to me by hearing an excellent opinion from Lord Corehouse, with a curious discussion *in apicibus juris.* I disappointed Graham[3] of a sitting for my picture. I went to the Council of the

[1] Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I.

[2] See Cases in Court of Session, vol. vii. S. p. 527.

[3] John Graham, who afterwards assumed the name of Gilbert; born 1794, died 1866. He was at this time painting Sir Walter for the Royal Society of Edinburgh. When the portrait was finished it was placed in the rooms of the Society, where it still hangs. The artist retained in his own collection a duplicate, with some slight variations, which his widow presented to the National Portrait Gallery, London, in 1867.

Royal Society, which was convened at my request, to consider whether we ought to hear a paper on anatomical subjects read by Mr. Knox, whose name has of late been deeply implicated in a criminal prosecution against certain wretches, who had murdered many persons and sold their bodies to professors of the anatomical science. Some thought that our declining to receive the paper would be a declaration unfavourable to Dr. Knox. I think hearing it before Mr. Knox has made any defence (as he is stated to have in view) would be an intimation of our preference of the cause of science to those of morality and common humanity. Mr. Knox's friends undertook to deal with him about suffering the paper to be omitted for the present, while *adhuc coram judice lis est.*[1]

January 16.—Nothing on the roll to-day, so I did not go to the Parliament House, but fagged at my desk till two. Dr. Ross called to relieve me of a corn, which, though my lameness needs no addition, had tormented me vilely. I again met the Royal Society Council. Dr. Knox consents to withdraw his paper, or rather suffers the reading to be postponed. There is some great error in the law on the subject. If it was left to itself many bodies would be imported from France and Ireland, and doubtless many would be found in our hospitals for the service of the anatomical science. But the total and severe exclusion of foreign supplies of this kind raises the price of the "subjects," as they are called technically, to such a height, that wretches are found willing to break into "the bloody house of life,"[2] merely to supply the anatomists' table. The law which, as a deeper sentence on the guilt of murder, declares that the body of the convicted criminal should be given up to anatomy, is certainly not without effect, for criminals have been known to shrink from that part of the sentence which seems to affect them more than the doom of death itself, with all its terrors here and hereafter. On the other hand, while this idea of the infamy attending the exposition of the person is thus recognised by the law, it is impossible to adopt regulations which would effectually prevent such horrid crimes as the murder of

[1] Sir Walter, in common with the majority of his contemporaries, evidently believed that Dr. Robert Knox was partly responsible for the West Port atrocities, but it is only just to the memory of the talented anatomist to say that an independent and influential committee, after a careful examination, reported on March 13th, 1829, that there was no evidence showing that he or his assistants knew that murder had been committed, but the committee thought that more care should have been exercised in the reception of the bodies at the Anatomical Class-room.

Lord Cockburn, who was one of the counsel at the trial of Burke, in writing of these events, remarks: "All our anatomists incurred a most unjust and very alarming, though not an unnatural, odium; Dr. Knox in particular, against whom not only the anger of the populace, but the condemnation of more intelligent persons, was specially directed. But, tried in reference to the invariable and the necessary practice of the profession, our anatomists were spotlessly correct, and Knox the most correct of them all."

At this date Dr. Knox was the most popular teacher in the Medical School at Edinburgh, and as his class-room could not contain more than a third of his students, he had to deliver his lectures twice or thrice daily. The odium attached to his name might have been removed in time had his personal character stood as high as his professional ability, but though he remained in Edinburgh until 1841 he never recovered his position there, and for the last twenty years of his life this once brilliant teacher subsisted as best he could in London by his pen, and as an itinerant lecturer. He died in 1862.

[2] *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

vagrant wretches who can be snatched from society without their being missed, as in the case of the late conspiracy. For instance, if it was now to be enacted, as seems reasonable, that persons dying in hospitals and almshouses, who die without their friends claiming their remains, should be given up to the men of science, this would be subjecting poverty to the penalty of these atrocious criminals whom law distinguishes by the heaviest posthumous disgrace which it can inflict. Even cultivated minds revolt from the exposure on an anatomical table, when the case is supposed to be that of one who is dear to them. I should, I am conscious, be willing that I myself should be dissected in public, if doing so could produce any advantage to society, but when I think on relations and friends being rent from the grave the case is very different, and I would fight knee-deep to prevent or punish such an exposure. So inconsistent we are all upon matters of this nature.

I dined quietly at home with the girls, and wrote after dinner.

January 17.—Nothing in the roll; corrected proofs, and went off at 12 o'clock in the Hamilton stage to William Lockhart's at Auchinrath. My companions, Mr. Livingstone, the clergyman of Camnethan, a Bailie Hamilton, the king of trumps, I am told, in the Burgh of Hamilton, and a Mr. Davie Martin *qui gaudet equis et canibus*. Got to Auchinrath by six, and met Lord Douglas,[1] his brother, Captain Douglas, R.N., John G. Lockhart also, who had a large communication from Duke of W. upon the subject of the bullion. The Duke scouts the economist's ideas about paper credit, after the proposition that all men shall be entitled to require gold.

January 18.—We went, the two Lockharts and I, to William's new purchase of Milton. We found on his ground a cottage, where a man called Greenshields,[2] a sensible, powerful-minded person, had at twenty-eight (rather too late a week)[3] taken up the art of sculpture. He had disposed of the person of the King most admirably, according to my poor thoughts, and had attained a wonderful expression of ease and majesty at the same time. He was desirous of engaging on Burns' Jolly Beggars, which I dissuaded. Caricature is not the object of sculpture.

We went to Milton on as fine a day as could consist with snow on the ground. The situation is eminently beautiful; a fine promontory round which the Clyde makes a magnificent bend. We fixed on a situation where the sitting-room should command the upper view, and, with an ornamental garden, I think it may be made the prettiest place in Scotland.

January 19.—Posted to Edinburgh with John Lockhart. We stopped at Allanton to see a tree transplanted, which was performed with great ease. Sir Henry is a sad coxcomb, and lifted beyond the

[1] Archibald, second Lord Douglas, who died in 1844.

[2] John Greenshields, self-taught sculptor See *Life*, vol. ix. p. 281–288. He died at the age of forty in 1835.

[3] *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 3.

solid earth by the effect of his book's success. But the book well deserves it.[1] He is in practice particularly anxious to keep the roots of the tree near the surface, and only covers them with about a foot of earth.

Note.—Lime rubbish dug in among the roots of ivy encourages it much.

The operation delayed us three hours, so it was seven o'clock before we reached our dinner and a good fire in Shandwick Place, and we were wellnigh frozen to death. During this excursion I walked very ill—with more pain, in fact, than I ever remember to have felt—and, even leaning on John Lockhart, could hardly get on. *Baad that, vara baad*—it might be the severe weather though, and the numbing effect of the sitting in the carriage. Be it what it will, I can't help myself.

January 20.—I had little to do at the Court, and returned home soon. Honest old Mr. Ferrier is dead, at extreme old age. I confess I should not wish to live so long. He was a man with strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments at the same time. We used to call him Uncle Adam, after that character in his gifted daughter's novel of the *Heiress* [Inheritance]. I wrote a long letter after I came home to my Lord Elgin about Greenshields, the sculptor.[2] I am afraid he is going into the burlesque line, to which sculpture is peculiarly ill adapted. So I have expressed my veto to his patron, *valeat quantum.* Also a letter to Mrs. Professor Sandford at Glasgow about reprinting Macaulay's *History of St. Kilda*,[3] advising them to insert the history of Lady Grange who was kidnapped and banished thither.

I corrected my proofs, moreover, and prepared to dine. After dinner we go to Euphemia Erskine's marriage. Mr. Dallas came in and presented me with an old pedigree of the M'Intoshes. The wedding took place with the usual April weather of smiles and tears. The bridegroom's name is Dawson. As he, as well as the bride, is very tall, they have every chance of bringing up a family of giants. The bridegroom has an excellent character. He is only a captain, but economy does wonders in the army, where there are many facilities for practising it. I sincerely wish them happiness.

January 21.—Went out to Dalkeith House to dine and stay all night. Found Marquis of Lothian and a family party. I liked the sense and spirit displayed by this young nobleman, who reminds me strongly of his parents, whom I valued so highly.

January 22.—Left Dalkeith after breakfast, and gained the Parliament House, where there was almost nothing to do, at eleven o'clock. Afterwards sat to Graham, who is making a good thing of

[1] Sir Henry Seton Steuart's work on *Planting* was reviewed by Scott in the *Quarterly*.—See *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xxi. Sir H. Steuart died in March, 1836.

[2] See letter in *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 281–287.

[3] Originally published in London in 8vo, 1764. This contemplated edition does not appear to have been printed.

it. Mr. Colvin Smith has made a better in one sense, having sold ten or twelve copies of the portrait to different friends.[1] The Solicitor came to dine with me—we drank a bottle of champagne, and two bottles of claret, which, in former days, I should have thought a very sober allowance, since, Lockhart included, there were three persons to drink it. But I felt I had drunk too much, and was uncomfortable. The young men stood it like young men. Skene and his wife and daughter looked in in the evening. I suppose I am turning to my second childhood, for not only am I filled drunk, or made stupid at least, with one bottle of wine, but I am disabled from writing by chilblains on my fingers—a most babyish complaint. They say that the character is indicated by the handwriting; if so, mine is crabbed enough.

January 23.—Still severe frost, annoying to sore fingers. Nothing on the roll. I sat at home and wrote letters to Wilkie, Landseer, Mrs. Hughes, Charles, etc. Went out to old Mr. Ferrier's funeral, and saw the last duty rendered to my old friend, whose age was

——"Like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly,"[2]

I mean in a moral as well as a physical sense. I then went to Cadell's for some few minutes.

I carried out Lockhart to Dalkeith, where we dined, supped, and returned through a clinking frost, with snow on the ground. Lord Ramsay and the Miss Kerrs were at Dalkeith. The Duke shows, for so young a man, a great deal of character, and seems to have a proper feeling of the part he has to play. The evening was pleasant, but the thought that I was now the visitor and friend of the family in the third generation lay somewhat heavy on me. Everything around me seemed to say that beauty, power, wealth, honour were but things of a day.

January 24.—Heavy fall of snow. Lockhart is off in the mail. I hope he will not be blockaded. The day bitter cold. I went to the Court, and with great difficulty returned along the slippery street. I ought to have taken the carriage, but I have a superstitious dread of giving up the habit of walking, and would willingly stick to the last by my old hardy customs.

Little but trifles to do at the Court. My hands are so covered with chilblains that I can hardly use a pen—my feet ditto.

We bowled away at six o'clock to Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay's. Found we were a week too early, and went back as if our noses had been bleeding.

January 25.—Worked seriously all morning, expecting the Fergusons to dinner. Alas! instead of that, I learn that my poor innocent friend Mary is no more. She was a person of some odd and

[1] *Ante*, p. 351 *n*.

[2] *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 3.

peculiar habits, wore a singular dress, and affected wild and solitary haunts, but she was, at the same time, a woman of talent, and even genius. She used often to take long walks with me up through the glens; and I believe her sincere good wishes attended me, as I was always glad of an opportunity to show her kindness. I shall long think of her when at Abbotsford. This sad event breaks up our little party. Will Clerk came, however, and his *tête-à-tête* was, of course, interesting and amusing in the highest degree. We drank some whisky and water, and smoked a cigar or two, till nine at night.

"No after friendships ere can raise
The endearments of our early days."

January 26.—I muzzed on—I can call it little better—with *Anne of Geierstein*. The materials are excellent, but the power of using them is failing. Yet I wrote out about three pages, sleeping at intervals.

January 27.—A great and general thaw, the streets afloat, the snow descending on one's head from the roofs. Went to the Court. There was little to do. Left about twelve, and took a sitting with Graham, who begs for another. Sir James Stuart stood bottle-holder on this occasion. Had rather an unfavourable account of the pictures of James Stuart of Dunearn, which are to be sold. I had promised to pick up one or two for the Duke of Buccleuch. Came home and wrote a leaf or two. I shall be soon done with the second volume of *Anne of Geierstein*. I cannot persuade myself to the obvious risk of satisfying the public, although I cannot so well satisfy myself. I am like Beaumont and Fletcher's old Merrythought who could not be persuaded that there was a chance of his wanting meat. I never came into my parlour, said he, but I found the cloth laid and dinner ready; surely it will be always thus. Use makes perfectness.[1]

My reflections are of the same kind; and if they are unlogical they are perhaps not the less comfortable. Fretting and struggling does no good. Wrote to Miss Margaret Ferguson a letter of condolence.

January 28.—Breakfasted, for a wonder, abroad with Hay Drummond, whose wife appears a pretty and agreeable little woman. We worshipped his tutelar deity, the Hercules, and saw a good model of the Hercules Bibax, or the drunken Hercules. Graham and Sir James Stuart were there. Home-baked bread and soldier's coffee were the treat. I came home; and Sir Robert Dundas having taken my duty at the Court, I wrote for some time, but not much. Burke the murderer hanged this morning. The mob, which was immense, demanded Knox and Hare, but though greedy for more victims, received with shouts the solitary wretch who found his way to the gallows out of

[1] See Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act I. Sc. 3.

five or six who seem not less guilty than he. But the story begins to be stale, although I believe a doggerel ballad upon it would be popular, how brutal soever the wit. This is the progress of human passions. We ejaculate, exclaim, hold up to Heaven our hand, like the rustic Phidyle'—next morning the mood changes, and we dance a jig to the tune which moved us to tears. Mr. Bell sends me a specimen of a historical novel, but he goes not the way to write it; he is too general, and not sufficiently minute. It is not easy to convey this to an author, with the necessary attention to his feelings; and yet, in good faith and sincerity, it must be done.

January 29.—I had a vacant day once more by the kindness of Sir Robert, unasked, but most kindly afforded. I have not employed it to much purpose. I wrote six pages to Croker,[2] who is busied with a new edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, to which most entertaining book he hopes to make large additions from Mrs. Piozzi, Hawkins and other sources. I am bound by many obligations to do as much for him as I can, which can only respect the Scottish Tour. I wrote only two or three pages of *Anne*. I am

"——as one who in a darksome way
Doth walk with fear and dread."

But walk I must, and walk forward too, or I shall be benighted with a vengeance. After dinner, to compromise matters with my conscience, I wrote letters to Mr. Bell, Mrs. Hughes, and so forth; thus I concluded the day with a sort of busy idleness. This will not do. By cock and pye it will not.

January 30.—Mr. Stuart breakfasted with me, a grand-nephew of Lady Louisa's, a very pleasing young gentleman. The coach surprised me by not calling. *Will* it be for the Martyrdom? I trow it will, yet, strange to say, I cannot recollect if it is a regular holiday or not.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And use it as ye may."

I wrote in the morning, and went at one o'clock to a meeting of country gentlemen, about bringing the direct road from London down by Jedburgh, said to be the nearest line by fifty miles. It is proposed the pleasant men of Teviotdale should pay, not only their own share,—that is, the expense of making the road through our own country, but also the expense of making the road under the Ellsdon Trust in Northumberland, where the English would positively do nothing. I stated this to the meeting as an act of Quixotry. If it be an advantage, which, unless to individuals, may be doubted, it is equally one to Northumberland as to Roxburgh, therefore I am clear that we should go "acquals."

[1] Coelo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente luna, rustica Phidyle, etc.
Hor. Lib. iii. *Od.* 23.—J. G. L.

[2] This letter, brimful of anecdote, is printed in Croker's *Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 28–34.

I think I have maybe put a spoke in the wheel. The raising the statute labour of Roxburgh to an oppressive extent, to make roads in England, is, I think, jimp legal, and will be much complained of by the poorer heritors. Henry of Harden dines with me *tête-à-tête*, excepting the girls.

January 31.—I thought I had opened a vein this morning and that it came freely, but the demands of art have been more than I can bear. I corrected proofs before breakfast, went to Court after that meal; was busy till near one o'clock. Then I went to Cadell's, where they are preparing to circulate the prospectus of the magnum, which will have all the effect of surprise on most people. I sat to Mr. Graham till I was quite tired, then went to Lady Jane, who is getting better. Then here at four, but fit for nothing but to bring up this silly Diary.

The corpse of the murderer Burke is now lying in state at the College, in the anatomical class, and all the world flock to see him. Who is he that says that we are not ill to please in our objects of curiosity? The strange means by which the wretch made money are scarce more disgusting than the eager curiosity with which the public have licked up all the carrion details of this business.

I trifled with my work. I wonder how Johnson set himself doggedly to it—to a work of imagination it seems quite impossible, and one's brain is at times fairly addled. And yet I have felt times when sudden and strong exertion would throw off all this mistiness of mind, as a north wind would disperse it.

"Blow, blow, thou northern wind."[1]

Nothing more than about two or three pages. I went to the Parliament House to-day, but had little to do. I sat to Mr. Graham the last time, Heaven be praised! If I be not known in another age, it will not be for want of pictures. We dined with Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay and Lady Anne—a fine family. There was little done in the way of work except correcting proofs. The bile affects me, and makes me vilely drowsy when I should be most awake. Met at Mr. Wardlaw's several people I did not know. Looked over Cumnor Hall by Mr. Usher Tighe of Oxford. I see from the inscription on Tony Foster's tomb that he was a skilful planter, amongst other fashionable accomplishments.

[1] *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—*Domum mansi, lanam feci,*—stayed at home *videlicet*, and laboured without interruption except from intolerable drowsiness; finished eight leaves, however, the best day's work I have made this long time. No interruption, and I got pleased with my work, which ends the second volume of *Anne of Geierstein*. After dinner had a letter from Lockhart, with happy tidings about the probability of the commission on the Stewart papers being dissolved. The Duke of W. says commissions never either did or will do any good. John will in that case be sole editor of these papers with an apartment at St. James's *cum plurimis aliis*. It will be a grand coup if it takes place.

February 2.—Sent off yesterday's work with proofs. Could I do as toughly for a week—and many a day I have done more—I should be soon out of the scrape. I wrote letters, and put over the day till one, when I went down with Sir James Stuart to see Stuart of Dunearn's pictures now on sale. I did not see much which my poor taste covets; a Hobbema much admired is, I think, as tame a piece of work as I ever saw. I promised to try to get a good picture or two for the young Duke.

Dined with the old Club, instituted forty years ago. There were present Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Advocate, Sir Peter Murray, John Irving, William Clerk, and I. It was a party such as the meeting of fellow scholars and fellow students alone could occasion. We told old stories; laughed and quaffed, and resolved, rashly perhaps, that we would hold the Club at least once a year, if possible twice. We will see how this will fudge. Our mirth was more unexpected as Sir Adam, our first fiddle, was wanting, owing to his family loss.

February 3.—Rose at eight—felt my revel a little in my head. The Court business light, returned by Cadell, and made one or two calls, at Skene's especially. Dinner and evening at home; laboriously employed.

February 4.—To-day I was free from duty, and made good use of my leisure at home, finishing the second volume of *Anne*, and writing several letters, one to recommend Captain Pringle to Lord Beresford, which I send to-morrow through Morritt. "My mother whips me and I whip the top." The girls went to the play.

February 5.—Attended the Court as usual, got dismissed about one. Finished and sent off volume ii. of *Anne*. Dined with Robert Rutherford, my cousin, and the whole clan of Swinton.

February 6.—Corrected proofs in the morning, then to the Court; thence to Cadell's, where I found some business cut out for me, in the way of notes, which delayed me. Walked home, the weary way giving my feet the ancient twinges of agony: such a journey is as severe a penance as if I had walked the same length with peas in my shoes to atone for some horrible crime by beating my toes into a jelly. I wrote some and corrected a good deal. We dined alone, and I partly wrought partly slept in the evening. It 's now pretty clear that the Duke of W. intends to have a Catholic Bill.[1] He probably expects to neutralise and divide the Catholic body by bringing a few into Parliament, where they will probably be tractable enough, rather than a large proportion of them rioting in Ireland, where they will be to a certain degree unanimous.

February 7.—Up and wrought a little. I had at breakfast a son of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a very quick, smart-looking young fellow, who is on his way to the Continent with a tutor. Dined at Mrs. George Swinton's with the whole clan.

February 8.—I wrought the whole day and finished about six pages of manuscript of vol. iii. [*Anne of Geierstein*]. *Sat cito si sat bene.* The Skenes came in to supper like the olden world.

February 9.—Was up in good time (say half-past seven), and employed the morning in correcting proofs. At twelve I went to Stuart of Dunearn's sale of pictures. This poor man fell, like myself, a

[1] Sir Walter had written to Mr. Lockhart on October 26th, 1828, on hearing of an impending article in the *Quarterly*, the following letter:—

"I cannot repress the strong desire I have to express my regret at some parts of your kind letter just received. I shall lament most truly a *purple* article at this moment, when a strong, plain, moderate statement, not railing at Catholics and their religion, but reprobating the conduct of the Irish Catholics, and pointing out the necessary effects which that conduct must have on the Catholic Question, would have a powerful effect, and might really serve king and country. Nothing the agitators desire so much as to render the broil general, as a quarrel between Catholic and Protestant; nothing so essential to the Protestant cause as to confine it to its real causes. Southey, as much a fanatic as e'er a Catholic of them all, will, I fear, pass this most necessary landmark of debate. I like his person, admire his genius, and respect his immense erudition, but—*non omnia*. In point of reasoning and political judgment he is a perfect Harpado—nothing better than a wild bull. The circumstances require the interference of *vir gravis pietate et moribus*, and you bring it a Highland piper to blow a Highland charge, the more mischievous that it possesses much wild power of inflaming the passions.

"Your idea that you must give Southey his swing in this matter or he will quit the *Review*,—this is just a pilot saying, If I do not give the helm to such a passenger he will quit the ship. Let him quit and be d—d.

"My own confidence is, you know, entirely in the D. As Bruce said to the Lord of the Isles at Bannockburn, 'My faith is constant in thee.' Now a hurly-burly charge may derange his line of battle, and therein be of the most fatal consequence. For God's sake avail yourself of the communication I opened while in town, and do not act without it. Send this to the D. of W. If you will, he will appreciate the motives that dictate it. If he approves of a calm, moderate, but firm statement, stating the unreasonable course pursued by the Catholics as the great impediment to their own wishes, write such an article *yourself*; no one can make a more impressive appeal to common sense than you can.

"The circumstances of the times are—*must* be—an apology for disappointing Southey. But nothing can be an apology for indulging him at the expense of aggravating public disturbance, which, for one, I see with great apprehension.

"It has not yet come our length; those [to] whom you allude ought certainly to be served, but the D. is best judge how they may be *best* served. If the D. says nothing on the subject you can slip your Derwentwater greyhound if you like. I write hastily, but most anxiously. . . . I repeat that I think it possible to put the Catholic Question as it now stands in a light which the most zealous of their supporters in this country cannot but consider as fair, while the result would be that the Question should not be granted at all under such guarantees; but I think this is scarce to be done by inflaming the topic with all mutual virulence of polemical discussion."

victim to speculation. And though I had no knowledge of him personally, and disliked him as the cause of poor Sir Alexander Boswell's death, yet "had he been slaughterman to all my kin,"[1] I could but pity the miserable sight of his splendid establishment broken up, and his treasures of art exposed to public and unsparing sale. I wanted a picture of the Earl of Rothes for the Duke of Buccleuch, a fine Sir Joshua, but Balfour of Balbirnie fancied it also, and followed it to 160 guineas. Charles Sharpe's account is, that I may think myself in luck, for the face has been repainted. There is, he says, a print taken from the picture at Leslie House which has quite a different countenance from the present.

This job, however, took me up the whole morning to little purpose. Captain and Mrs. Hall dined with us, also Sir James Stuart, Charles Sharpe, John Scott of Gala, etc.

February 10.—I was up at seven this morning, and will continue the practice, but the shoal of proofs took up all my leisure. I will not, I think, go after these second-rate pictures again to-day. If I could get a quiet day or two I would make a deep dint in the third volume; but hashed and smashed as my time is, who can make anything of it? I read over Henry's History of Henry VI. and Edward IV.; he is but a stupid historian after all. This took me up the whole day.

February 11.—Up as usual and wrought at proofs. Mr. Hay Drummond and Macintosh Mackay dined. The last brought me his history of the *Blara Leine* or White Battle (battle of the shirts). To the Court, and remained there till two, when we had some awkward business in the Council of the Royal Society.

February 12.—W. Lockhart came to breakfast, full of plans for his house, which will make a pretty and romantic habitation. After breakfast the Court claimed its vassal.

As I came out Mr. Chambers introduced a pretty little romantic girl to me who possessed a laudable zeal to know a live poet. I went with my fair admirer as far as the new rooms on the Mound, where I looked into the Royal Society's Rooms, then into the Exhibition, in mere unwillingness to work and desire to dawdle away time. Learned that Lord Haddington had bought the Sir Joshua. I wrought hard to-day and made out five pages.

February 13.—This morning Col. Hunter Blair breakfasted here with his wife, a very pretty woman, with a good deal of pleasant conversation. She had been in India, and had looked about her to purpose. I wrote for several hours in the forenoon, but was nervous and drumlie; also I bothered myself about geography; in short, there was trouble, as miners say when the vein of metal is interrupted. Went out at two, and walked, thank God, better than in the winter, which gives me hopes that the failure of the unfortunate limb is only tem-

[1] *Henry VI.*, Act I. Sc. 4.

porary, owing to severe weather. We dined at John Murray's with the Mansfield family. Lady Caroline Murray possesses, I think, the most pleasing taste for music, and is the best singer I ever heard. No temptation to display a very brilliant voice ever leads her aside from truth and simplicity, and besides, she looks beautiful when she sings.

February 14.—Wrote in the morning, which begins to be a regular act of duty. It was late ere I got home, and I did not do much. The letters I received were numerous and craved answers, yet the third volume is getting on hooly and fairly. I am twenty leaves before the printers; but Ballantyne's wife is ill, and it is his nature to indulge apprehensions of the worst, which incapacitates him for labour. I cannot help regarding this amiable weakness of the mind with something too nearly allied to contempt. I keep the press behind me at a good distance, and I, like the

> "Postboy's horse, am glad to miss
> The lumber of the wheels." [1]

February 15.—I wrought to-day, but not much—rather dawdled, and took to reading Chambers's Beauties of Scotland,[2] which would be admirable if they were more accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself I know, and I know, too, it is time I were making it. Unhappily there is such a thing as more haste and less speed. I can very seldom think to purpose by lying perfectly idle, but when I take an idle book, or a walk, my mind strays back to its task out of contradiction as it were; the things I read become mingled with those I have been writing, and something is concocted. I cannot compare this process of the mind to anything save that of a woman to whom the mechanical operation of spinning serves as a running bass to the songs she sings, or the course of ideas she pursues. The phrase *Hoc age*, often quoted by my father, does not jump with my humour. I cannot nail my mind to one subject of contemplation, and it is by nourishing two trains of ideas that I can bring one into order.

Colin Mackenzie came in to see me, poor fellow. He looks well in his retirement. Partly I envy him—partly I am better pleased as it is.

February 16.—Stayed at home and laboured all the forenoon. Young Invernahyle called to bid me interest myself about getting a lad of the house of Scott a commission—how is this possible? The last I tried for, there was about 3000 on the list—and they say the boy is too old, being twenty-four. I scribbled three or four pages, forbore smoking and whisky and water, and went to the Royal Society. There Sir William Hamilton read an essay, the result of some

[1] *John Gilpin.*

[2] The *Picture of Scotland* by Robert Chambers, author of *Traditions of Edinburgh*, etc., 8vo, 1829.

anatomical investigations, which contained a masked battery against the phrenologists.

February 17.—In the morning I sent off copy and proof. I received the melancholy news that James Ballantyne has lost his wife. With his domestic habits the blow is irretrievable. What can he do, poor fellow, at the head of such a family of children! I should not be surprised if he were to give way to despair.

I was at the Court, where there was little to do, but it diddled away my time till two. I went to the library, but not a book could I get to look at. It is, I think, a wrong system the lending books to private houses at all, and leads to immense annual losses. I called on Skene, and borrowed a volume of his Journal, to get some information about Burgundy and Provence. Something may be made out of King René, but I wish I had thought of him sooner.[1] Dined alone with the girls.

February 18.—This being Teind Wednesday I had a holiday. Worked the whole day, interrupted by calls from Dr. Ross, Sir Hugh Palliser, Sir David Hunter Blair, and Colonel Blair. I made out about six pages before dinner, and go to Lord Gillies's to dine with a good conscience. Hay Drummond came in, and discharged a volley at me which Mons Meg could hardly have equalled. I will go to work with Skene's Journal. My head aches violently, and has done so several days. It is cold, I think.

At Lord Gillies's we found Sir John Dalrymple, Lady Dalrymple, and Miss Ferguson, Mr. Hope Vere of Craigiehall, and Lady Elizabeth, a sister of Lord Tweeddale, Sir Robert O'Callaghan, Captain Cathcart, and others—a gay party.

February 19.—An execrable day—half frost, half fresh, half sleet, half rain, and wholly abominable. Having made up my packet for the printing-house, and performed my duty at the Court, I had the firmness to walk round by the North Bridge, and face the weather for two miles, by way of exercise. Called on Skene, and saw some of his drawings of Aix. It was near two before I got home, and now I hear three strike; part of this hour has been consumed in a sound sleep by the fireside after putting on dry things. I met Baron Hume,[2]

[1] Mr. Skene remarks that at this time "Sir Walter was engaged in the composition of the Novel of *Anne of Geierstein*, for which purpose he wished to see a paper which I had some time before contributed to the Memoirs of the Society of Antiquaries on the subject of the Secret Tribunals of Germany, and upon which, accordingly, he grounded the scene in the novel. Upon his describing to me the scheme which he had formed for that work, I suggested to him that he might with advantage connect the history of René, king of Provence, which would lead to many interesting topographical details which my residence in that country would enable me to supply, besides the opportunity of illustrating so eccentric a character as '*le bon roi René*,' full of traits which were admirably suited to Sir Walter's graphic style of illustration, and that he could besides introduce the ceremonies of the *Fête Dieu* with great advantage, as I had fortunately seen its revival the first time it was celebrated after the interruption of the revolution. He liked the idea much, and, accordingly, a Journal which I had written during my residence in Provence, with a volume of accompanying drawings and Papon's History of Provence was forthwith sent for, and the whole *dénouement* of the story of *Anne of Geierstein* was changed, and the Provence part woven into it, in the form in which it ultimately came forth.—*Reminiscences.*

[2] This learned gentleman died in his house, 34 Moray Place, Edinburgh, on the 30th Au-

and we praised each other's hardihood for daring to take exercise in such weather, agreeing that if a man relax the custom of his exercise in Scotland for a bad day he is not likely to resume it in a hurry. The other moiety of the time was employed in looking over the *Mémoires de Fauche-Borel*.[1]

February 20.—The Court duly took me up from eleven till about three, but left some time for labour, which I employed to purpose, at least I hope so. I declined going to the exhibition of paintings to-night; neither the beauties of art nor of nature have their former charms for me. I finished, however, about seven pages of manuscript, which is a fair half of volume iii. I wish I could command a little more time and I would soon find you something or other, but the plague is that time is wanting when I feel an aptitude to work, and when time abounds, the will, at least the real efficient power of the faculties, is awanting. Still, however, we make way by degrees. I glanced over some metrical romances published by Hartshorne, several of which have not seen the light. They are considerably curious, but I was surprised to see them mingled with *Blanchefleur* and *Florês* and one or two others which might have been spared. There is no great display of notes or prolegomena, and there is, moreover, no glossary. But the work is well edited.[2]

February 21.—Colonel Ferguson breakfasted with us. I was detained at the Parliament House till the hour of poor Mrs. Ballantyne's funeral, then attended that melancholy ceremony. The husband was unable to appear; the sight of the poor children was piteous enough. James Ballantyne has taken his brother Sandy into the house, I mean the firm, about which there had formerly been some misunderstanding.

I attended the Bannatyne Club. We made a very good election, bringing in Lord Dalhousie and the Lord Clerk Register.[3] Our dinner went pretty well off, but I have seen it merrier. To be sure old Dr. J., like an immense feather-bed, was *burking* me, as the phrase now goes, during the whole time. I am sure that word will stick in the language for one while.

February 22.—Very rheumatic. I e'en turned my table to the fire and feagued it away, as Bayes says. Neither did I so much as cast my eyes round to see what sort of a day it was—the splashing on the windows gave all information that was necessary. Yet, with

gust, 1838, aged eighty-two. He had filled various important situations with great ability during his long life:—Sheriff of Berwick and West Lothian, Professor of Scots Law in the University, and afterwards a Baron of Exchequer, which latter office he held till the abolition of the court in 1830. He is best remembered by his work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, published in 1797. He bequeathed his uncle the historian's correspondence with Rousseau and other distinguished foreigners to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

[1] Published in four volumes, 8vo, 1829. Fauche-Borel, an agent of the Bourbons, had just died. The book is still in the Abbotsford library.

[2] *Ancient Metrical Tales*, edited by Rev. C. H. Hartshorne. 8vo, London, 1829.

[3] The Right Hon. William Dundas, born 1762, died 1845; appointed Lord Clerk Register in 1821.

all my leisure, during the whole day I finished only four leaves of copy—somewhat of the least, master Matthew.[1]

There was no interruption during the whole day, though the above is a poor account of it.

February 23.—Up and at it. After breakfast Mr. Hay Drummond came in enchanted about Mons Meg,[2] and roaring as loud as she could have done for her life when she was in perfect voice.

James Ballantyne came in, to my surprise, about twelve o'clock. He was very serious, and spoke as if he had some idea of sudden and speedy death. He mentioned that he had named Cadell, Cowan, young Hughes, and his brother to be his trustees with myself. He has settled to go to the country, poor fellow, to Timpendean, as I think.

We dined at Skene's, where we met Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Colonel and Mrs. Blair, George Bell, etc. The party was a pleasant one. Colonel Blair said, that during the Battle of Waterloo there was at the commencement some trouble necessary to prevent the men from breaking their ranks. He expostulated with one man: "Why, my good fellow, you cannot propose to beat the French alone? —better keep your ranks." The man, who was one of the 71st, returned to his ranks, saying, "I believe you are very right, sir, but I am a man of very *hot temper*." There was much *bonhomie* in the reply.

February 24.—Snowy miserable morning. I corrected my proofs, but had no time to write anything. We, *i.e.* myself and the two Annes, went to breakfast with Mr. Drummond Hay, where we again met Colonel and Mrs. Blair, with Thomas Thomson. We looked over some most beautiful drawings[3] which Mrs. Blair had made in different parts of India, exhibiting a species of architecture so gorgeous, and on a scale so extensive, as to put to shame the magnificence of Europe. And yet, in most cases, as little is known of the people who wrought these wonders as of the kings who built the Pyramids. Fame depends on literature, not on architecture. We are more eager to see a broken column of Cicero's villa, than all those mighty labours of barbaric power. Mrs. Blair is full of enthusiasm. She told me that when she worked with her pencil she was glad to have some one to read to her as a sort of sedative, otherwise her excitement made her tremble, and burst out a-crying. I can understand this very well, having often found the necessity of doing two things at once. She is a very pretty, dark woman too, and has been compared to Rebecca, daughter of the Jew, Isaac of York.

Detained in the Court till half-past two bothering about Lady Essex Kerr's will without coming to a conclusion. I then got home too late to do anything, as I must prepare to go to Dalmahoy. Mr. Gibson came in for a little while; no news.

[1] Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. Sc. 4.

[2] For notices of this gigantic cannon, see *ante*, p. 28, and *post*, p. 436; also *Life*, vol. vii. pp. 86, 87.

[3] Some of these fine drawings have been engraved for Colonel Tod's *Travels in Western India*. Lond. 4to, 1839.—J. G. L.

I went to Dalmahoy, where we were most kindly received. It is a point of friendship, however, to go eight miles to dinner and return in the evening; and my day has been cut up without a brush of work. Smoked a cigar on my return, being very cold.

February 25.—This morning I corrected my proofs. We get on, as John Ferguson said when they put him on a hunter. I fear there is too much historical detail, and the catastrophe will be vilely huddled up. "And who can help it, Dick?" Visited James Ballantyne, and found him bearing his distress sensibly and like a man. I called in at Cadell's, and also inquired after Lady Jane Stuart, who is complaining. Three o'clock placed me at home, and from that hour till ten, deduct two hours for dinner, I was feaguing it away.

February 26.—Sent off ten pages this morning, with a revise; we spy land, but how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it—

> "It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,
> Or rather indeed like an obstinate bolster,
> Which I think I have seen you attempting, my dear,
> In vain to cram into a small pillowbeer."

There is no help for it—I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time and space. Dined at home; nevertheless made small progress. But I must prepare my dough before I can light my oven. I would fain think I am in the right road.

February 27.—The last post brought a letter from Mr. Heath, proposing to set off his engravings for the *Magnum Opus* against my contributions for the *Keepsake*. A pretty mode of accounting that would be; he be ——. I wrote him declining his proposal; and, as he says I am still in his debt, I will send him the old drama of the *House of Aspen*, which I wrote some thirty years ago, and offered to the stage. This will make up my contribution, and a good deal more, if, as I recollect, there are five acts. Besides, it will save me further trouble about Heath and his Annual. Secondly, There are several manuscript copies of the play abroad, and some of them will be popping out one of these days in a contraband manner. Thirdly, If I am right as to the length of the piece, there is £100 extra work at least which will not be inconvenient at all.

Dined at Sir John Hay's with Ramsay of Barnton and his young bride, Sir David and Lady Hunter Blair, etc.

I should mention that Cadell breakfasted with me, and entirely approved of my rejecting Heath's letter. There was one funny part of it, in which he assured me that the success of the new edition of the *Waverley Novels* depended entirely on the excellence of the illustrations—*vous êtes joaillier, Mons. Josse.*[1] He touches a point which alarms me; he greatly undervalues the portrait which Wilkie has

[1] Molière, *L'Amour Médecin*, Act I. Sc. 1 (*joaillier* for *orfèvre*).

prepared to give me for this edition. If it is as little of a likeness as he says, it is a scrape. But a scrape be it. Wilkie behaved in the kindest way, considering his very bad health, in agreeing to work for me at all, and I will treat him with due delicacy, and not wound his feelings by rejecting what he has given in such kindness.[1] And so farewell to Mr. Heath, and the conceited vulgar Cockney his Editor.

February 28.—Finished my proofs this morning, and read part of a curious work, called *Memoirs of Vidocq*; a fellow who was at the head of Bonaparte's police. It is a pickaresque tale; in other words, a romance of roguery. The whole seems much exaggerated, and got up; but I suppose there is truth *au fond*. I came home about two o'clock, and wrought hard and fast till night.

[1] The following extract from a letter by Wilkie shows how willingly he had responded to Scott's request:—

7 Terrace, Kensington,
London, *Jan.* 1829.

"Dear Sir Walter,—I pass over all those disastrous events that have arrived to us both since our last, as you justly call it, melancholy parting, to assure you how delighted I shall be if I can in the most inconsiderable degree assist in the illustrations of the great work, which we all hope may lighten or remove that load of troubles by which your noble spirit is at this time beset; considering it as only repaying a debt of obligation which you yourself have laid upon me when, with an unseen hand in the *Antiquary*, you took me up and claimed me, the humble painter of domestic sorrow, as your countryman."

MARCH

March 1.—I laboured hard the whole day, and, between hands, refreshed myself with Vidocq's *Memoirs*. No one called except Hay Drummond, who had something to say about Mons Meg. So I wrote before and after dinner, till no less than ten pages were finished.

March 2.—I wrought but little to-day. I was not in the vein, and felt sleepy. I thought to go out, but disgust of the pavement kept me at home, *O rus*, etc. It is pleasant to think that the 11th March sets us on the route for Abbotsford. I shall be done long before with this confounded novel. I wish I were, for I find trouble in bringing it to a conclusion. People compliment me sometimes on the extent of my labour; but if I could employ to purpose the hours that indolence and lassitude steal away from me, they would have cause to wonder indeed. But day must have night, vigilance must have sleep, and labour, bodily or mental, must have rest. As Edgar says, I cannot fool it further.[1] Anne is gone to Hopetoun House for two days.

Dined at the Royal Society Club, and went to the Society in the evening.

March 3.—Began this day with labour as usual, and made up my packet. Then to the Court, where there is a deal of business. Hamilton, having now a serious fit of the gout, is not expected to aid any more this season. I wrote a little both before and after dinner. Niece Anne and I dined alone. Three poets called, each bawling louder than the other—subscribe, subscribe! I generally do, if the work be under 10s.; but the wares were every one so much worse than another, that I declined in the three instances before me. I got cross at the repeated demands, and could have used Richard's apology—

"Thou troubl'st me: I am not in the vein."[2]

March 4.—Being Teind Wednesday, I settled myself at my desk and laboured the whole forenoon. Got on to page seventy-two, so there cannot be more than twenty pages wanted. Mr. Drummond Hay, who has an alertness in making business out of nothing, came to call once more about Mons Meg. He is a good-humoured gentlemanlike man, but I would Meg were in his belly or he in hers. William Laidlaw also called, whom I asked to dinner. At four o'clock

[1] See *Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

[2] *Richard III.*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

arrives Mr. Cadell, with his horn charged with good news. The prospectus of the *Magnum*, already issued only a week, has produced such a demand among the trade, that he thinks he must add a large number of copies, that the present edition of 7000 may be increased to the demand; he talks of raising it to 10,000 or 12,000. If so, I shall have a constant income to bear on my unfortunate debts to a large amount yearly, and may fairly hope to put them in a secure way of payment, even if I should be cut off in life, or in health, and the power of labour. I hope to be able, in a year or two, to make proposals for eating with my own spoons, and using my own books, which, if I can give value for them, can hardly, I think, be refused to me.[1] In the meantime I have enough, and something to bequeath to my poor children. This is a great mercy, but I must prepare for disappointment, and I will not be elated.

Laidlaw dined with me, and, poor fellow, was as much elated with the news as I am, for it is not of a nature to be kept secret. I hope I shall have him once more at Kaeside to debate, as we used to do, on religion and politics. Meanwhile, patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.

I must do what I can to get Cadell's discharge from his creditors; this I have always done, and so far effectually, but it would be most inconvenient to be at the mercy of creditors who may at any moment make inquiry into his affairs and so stop his operations. The Old Bank of Scotland are the only parties whose consent has not been obtained to his discharge, and they must see their interest in consenting to it for the expediting of my affairs; since to what purpose oppose it, for they have not the least chance of mending their own by refusing it.

March 5.—Proofs arranged in the morning. Sir Patrick Walker, that Solomon the second, came to propose to me that some benefit society, which he patronises, should attend upon Mons Meg; but, with the Celts at my disposal, I have every reason to think they would be affronted at being marched along with Sir Peter and his tail of trades' lads. I went to the Court, which detained me till two, then to poor old Lady Seaforth's funeral,[2] which was numerously attended. It was near four ere I got home, bringing Skene with me. We called at Cadell's; the edition of the *Magnum* is raised from 7000 to 10,000. There will really be a clearance in a year or two if R. C. is not too sanguine. I never saw so much reason for indulging hope. By the bye, I am admitted a member of the Maitland Club, a Society on the principle of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne. What a tail of the alphabet I should draw after me were I to sign with the indications of the different societies I belong to, beginning with President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and ended with umpire of the Six-foot-high Club![3] Dined at home, and in quiet, with the girls.

[1] See letter to George Forbes from Sir Walter, dated Dec. 18th, 1830.—*Life*, vol. x. pp. 19, 20.

[2] Widow of Francis, Lord Seaforth, last Baron of Kintail, and mother of the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie.

[3] A sportive association of young athletes. Hogg, I think, was their Poet Laureate.—J. G. L.

March 6.—Made some considerable additions to the Appendix to General Preface. I am in the sentiments towards the public that the buffoon player expresses towards his patron—

> "Go tell my young lord, said this modest young man,
> If he will but invite me to dinner,
> I'll be as diverting as ever I can—
> I will, on the faith of a sinner."

I will multiply the notes, therefore, when there is a chance of giving pleasure and variety. There is a stronger gleam of hope on my affairs than has yet touched on them; it is not steady or certain, but it is bright and conspicuous. Ten years may last with me, though I have little chance of it. At the end of this time these works will have operated a clearance of debt, especially as Cadell offers to accommodate with such money as their house can save to pay off what presses. I hope to save, rather than otherwise, and if I leave my literary property to my children, it will make a very good thing for them, and Abbotsford must in any event go to my family, so, on the whole, I have only to pray for quiet times, for how can men mind their serious business—that is, according to Cadell's views—buying *Waverley Novels* when they are going mad about the Catholic question. Dined at Mr. Nairne's, where there was a great meeting of Bannatynians, rather too numerous, being on the part of our host an Election dinner.

March 7.—Sent away proofs. This extrication of my affairs, though only a Pisgah prospect, occupies my mind more than is fitting; but without some such hope I must have felt like one of the victims of the wretch Burke, struggling against a smothering weight on my bosom, till nature could endure it no longer. No; I will not be the sport of circumstances. Come of it what will, "I'll bend my brows like Highland trows" and make a bold fight of it.

> "The best o't, the warst o't,
> Is only just to die."[1]

And die I think I shall, though I am not such a coward as *mortem conscire me ipso*. But I 'gin to grow aweary of the sun, and when the plant no longer receives nourishment from light and air, there is a speedy prospect of its withering.

Dined with the Banking Club of Scotland, in virtue of Sir Malachi Malagrowther; splendid entertainment, of course. Sir John Hay in the chair.

March 8.—Spent the morning in reading proofs and additions to *Magnum*. I got a note from Cadell, in which Ballantyne, by a letter enclosed, totally condemns *Anne of Geierstein*—three volumes nearly

1 Mair spier na, no fear na,
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg.—BURNS's *Ep. to Davie*.

finished—a pretty thing, truly, for I will be expected to do it all over again. Great dishonour in this, as Trinculo says,[1] besides an infinite loss. Sent for Cadell to attend me next morning that we may consult about this business. Peel has made his motion on the Catholic question, with a speech of three hours. It is almost a complete surrender to the Catholics, and so it should be, for half measures do but linger out the feud. This will, or rather ought to, satisfy all men who sincerely love peace, and therefore all men of property. But will this satisfy Pat, who, with all his virtues, is certainly not the most sensible person in the world? Perhaps not; and if not, it is but fighting them at last. I smoked away, and thought of ticklish politics and bad novels. Skene supped with us.

March 9.—Cadell came to breakfast. We resolved in Privy Council to refer the question whether *Anne of G——n* be sea-worthy or not to further consideration, which, as the book cannot be published, at any rate, during the full rage of the Catholic question, may be easily managed. After breakfast I went to Sir William Arbuthnot's,[2] and met there a select party of Tories, to decide whether we should act with the Whigs by owning their petition in favour of the Catholics. I was not free from apprehension that the petition might be put into such general language as I, at least, was unwilling to authenticate by my subscription. The Solicitor[3] was voucher that they would keep the terms quite general; whereupon we subscribed the requisition for a meeting, with a slight alteration, affirming that it was our desire not to have intermeddled, had not the anti-Catholics pursued that course; and so the Whigs and we are embarked in the same boat, *vogue la galère.*

Went about one o'clock to the Castle, where we saw the auld murderess Mons Meg brought up there in solemn procession to reoccupy her ancient place on the Argyle battery. Lady Hopetoun was my belle. The day was cold but serene, and I think the ladies must have been cold enough, not to mention the Celts, who turned out upon the occasion, under the leading of Cluny Macpherson, a fine spirited lad. Mons Meg is a monument of our pride and poverty. The size is immense, but six smaller guns would have been made at the same expense, and done six times as much execution as she could have done. There was immense interest taken in the show by the people of the town, and the numbers who crowded the Castle-hill had a magnificent appearance. About thirty of our Celts attended in costume; and as there was a Highland regiment on duty, with dragoons and artillerymen, the whole made a splendid show. The dexterity with which the last manned and wrought the windlass which raised old Meg, weighing seven or eight tons, from her temporary

[1] *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 1. (Stephano).

[2] This gentleman was a favourite with Sir Walter—a special point of communion being the antiquities of the British drama. He was Provost of Edinburgh in 1816–17, and again in 1822, and the king gracefully surprised him by proposing his health at the civic banquet in the Parliament House, as "Sir William Arbuthnot, Baronet."—J. G. L.

[3] John Hope, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk.

carriage to that which has been her basis for many years, was singularly beautiful as a combined exhibition of skill and strength. My daughter had what might have proved a frightful accident. Some rockets were let off, one of which lighted upon her head, and set her bonnet on fire. She neither screamed nor ran, but quietly permitted Charles K. Sharpe to extinguish the fire, which he did with great coolness and dexterity. All who saw her, especially the friendly Celts, gave her merit for her steadiness, and said she came of good blood. I was very glad and proud of her presence of mind. My own courage was not put to the test, for being at some distance, escorting the beautiful and lively Countess of Hopetoun, I did not hear of the accident till it was over. We lunched with the regiment (73d) now in the Castle. The little entertainment gave me an opportunity of observing what I have often before remarked—the improvement in the character of the young and subaltern officers in the army, which in the course of a long and bloody war had been, in point of rank and manners, something deteriorated. The number of persons applying for commissions (3000 being now on the lists) gives an opportunity of selection, and officers should certainly be *gentlemen*, with a complete opening to all who can rise by merit. The style in which duty, and the knowledge of their profession, is enforced, prevents *fainéants* from long remaining in the profession.

In the evening I presided at the Celtic Club, who received me with their usual partiality. I like this society, and willingly give myself to be excited by the sight of handsome young men with plaids and claymores, and all the alertness and spirit of Highlanders in their native garb. There was the usual degree of excitation—excellent dancing, capital songs, a general inclination to please and to be pleased. A severe cold, caught on the battlements of the Castle, prevented me from playing first fiddle so well as usual, but what I could do was received with the usual partiality of the Celts. I got home, fatigued and *vino gravatus*, about eleven o'clock. We had many guests, some of whom, English officers, seemed both amused and surprised at our wild ways, especially at the dancing without ladies, and the mode of drinking favourite toasts, by springing up with one foot on the bench and one on the table, and the peculiar shriek of applause so unlike English cheering.

March 10.—This may be a short day in the diary, though a busy one to me. I arranged books and papers in the morning, and went to Court after breakfast, where, as Sir Robert Dundas and I had the whole business to discharge, I remained till two or three. Then visited Cadell, and transacted some pecuniary matters.

March 11, [*Abbotsford*].—I had, as usual, a sort of levée the day I was to leave town, all petty bills and petty business being reserved to the last by those who might as well have applied any one day of the present month. But I need not complain of what happens to my betters, for on the last day of the Session there pours into the Court

a succession of trifles which give the Court, and especially the Clerks, much trouble, insomuch that a *ci-devant* brother of mine proposed that the last day of the Session should be abolished by Statute. We got out of Court at a quarter-past one, and got to Abbotsford at half-past seven, cold and hungry enough to make Scots broth, English roast beef, and a large fire very acceptable.

March 12.—I set apart this day for trifles and dawdling; yet I meditate doing something on the Popish and Protestant affray. I think I could do some good, and I have the sincere wish to do it. I heard the merry birds sing, reviewed my dogs, and was cheerful. I also unpacked books. Deuce take arrangement! I think it the most complete bore in the world; but I will try a little of it. I afterwards went out and walked till dinner-time. I read Reginald Heber's Journal[1] after dinner. I spent some merry days with him at Oxford when he was writing his prize poem. He was then a gay young fellow, a wit, and a satirist, and burning for literary fame. My laurels were beginning to bloom, and we were both madcaps. Who would have foretold our future lot?

> "Oh, little did my mither ken
> The day she cradled me
> The land I was to travel in,
> Or the death I was to die."[2]

March 13.—Wrought at a review of Fraser Tytler's *History of Scotland*. It is somewhat saucy towards Lord Hailes. I had almost stuck myself into the controversy Slough of Despond—the controversy, that is, between the Gothic and Celtic system—but cast myself, like Christian, with a strong struggle or two to the further side of this Slough; and now will I walk on my way rejoicing—not on my article, however, but to the fields. Came home and rejoiced at dinner. After tea I worked a little more. I began to warm in my gear, and am about to awake the whole controversy of Goth and Celt. I wish I may not make some careless blunders.[3]

March 14.—Up at eight, rather of the latest—then fagged at my review, both before and after breakfast. I walked from one o'clock till near three. I make it out, I think, rather better than of late I have been able to do in the streets of Edinburgh, where I am ashamed to walk so slow as would suit me. Indeed nothing but a certain suspicion, that once drawn up on the beach I would soon break up, prevents me renouncing pedestrian exercises altogether, for it is positive suffering, and of an acute kind too.

March 15.—Altogether like yesterday. Wrote in the morning—breakfasted—wrote again till one—out and walked about two hours

[1] *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India*, 2 vols. 4to, 1828.

[2] Old Ballad (known as "Marie Hamilton") quoted by Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop regarding Falconer, author of *The Shipwreck*.—Currie's *Burns*, vol. ii. p. 290.

[3] See *Quart. Rev.*, Nov. 1829, or *Misc. Prose Works*, xxi. 152–198.

—to the quills once more—dinner—smoked a brace of cigars and looked on the fire—a page of writing, and so to bed.

March 16.—Day sullen and bitter cold. I fear it brings chilblains on its wings. A dashing of snow, in thin flakes, wandering from the horizon, and threatening a serious fall. As the murderer says to Banquo, "Let it come down!"—we shall have the better chance of fair weather hereafter. It cleared up, however, and I walked from one, or thereabout, till within a quarter of four. A card from Mr. Dempster of Skibo,[1] whose uncle, George Dempster, I knew many years since, a friend of Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and all that set—a fine good-humoured old gentleman. Young Mrs. Dempster is a daughter of my early friend and patron, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Advocate, and I like her for his sake. Mr. Dempster is hunting, and I should have liked to have given his wife and sister refuge during the time he must spend over moss and moor. But the two Annes going to Edinburgh to a fancy ball makes it impossible till they return on Friday night.

March 17.—The Annes went off at eight, morning. After breakfast I drove down to Melrose and waited on Mrs. and Miss Dempster, and engaged them for Saturday. Weather bitter cold; yea, atrociously so. Naboclish—the better for work. Ladies whose husbands love fox-hunting are in a poor way. Here are two pleasant and pretty women pegged up the whole day

"In the worst inn's worst room"[2]

for the whole twenty-four hours without interruption. They manage the matter otherwise in France, where ladies are the lords of the ascendant. I returned from my visit to my solitary work and solitary meal. I eked out the last two hours' length by dint of smoking, which I find a sedative without being a stimulant.

March 18.—I like the hermit life indifferent well, nor would, I sometimes think, break my heart, were I to be in that magic mountain where food was regularly supplied by ministering genii,[3] and plenty of books were accessible without the least intervention of human society. But this is thinking like a fool. Solitude is only agreeable when the power of having society is removed to a short space, and can be commanded at pleasure. "It is not good for man to be alone." It blunts our faculties and freezes our active virtues. And now, my watch pointing to noon, I think after four hours' work I may indulge myself with a walk. The dogs see me about to shut my desk, and intimate their happiness by caresses and whining. By your

[1] George Dempster of Skibo, one of the few men connecting Scott with this generation, died in Edinburgh on the 6th of February, 1889. This accomplished Scottish gentleman had for many years made his home at Ormiston, where, in the old mansion-house, rich in associations of Knox, Wishart, and Buchanan, he was the gracious host to a large circle of friends.

[2] Pope's *Moral Essays*, iii.

[3] *Ante*, p. 204 *n*.

leave, Messrs. Genii of the Mountain library, if I come to your retreat I'll bring my dogs with me.

The day was showery, but not unpleasant—soft dropping rains, attended by a mild atmosphere, that spoke of flowers in their seasons, and a chirping of birds that had a touch of Spring in it. I had the patience to get fully wet, and the grace to be thankful for it.

Come! a leetle flourish on the trumpet. Let us rouse the genius of this same red mountain, so called because it is all the year covered with roses. There can be no difficulty in finding it, for it lies towards the Caspian, and is quoted in the Persian tales. Well, I open my Ephemerides, form my scheme under the suitable planet, and the genie obeys the invocation and appears.

Genie is a misshapen dwarf, with a huge jolter-head like that of Boerhave on the Bridge,[1] his limbs and body marvellously shrunk and disproportioned.

"Sir Dwarf," said I, undauntedly, "thy head is very large, and thy feet and limbs somewhat small in proportion."

Genie. "I have crammed my head, even to the overflowing, with knowledge; I have starved my limbs by disuse of exercise and denial of sustenance!"

Author. "Can I acquire wisdom in thy solitary library?"

G. "Thou mayest!"

A. "On what conditions?"

G. "Renounce all gross and fleshly pleasure, eat pulse and drink water, converse with none but the wise and learned, alive and dead!"

A. "Why, this were to die in the cause of wisdom."

G. "If you desire to draw from our library only the advantage of seeming wise, you may have it consistent with all your favourite enjoyments!"

A. "How much sleep?"

G. "A Lapland night—eight months out of the twelve!"

A. "Enough for a dormouse, most generous Genius.—A bottle of wine?"

G. "Two, if you please; but you must not seem to care for them—cigars in loads, whisky in lashings; but they must be taken with an air of contempt, a *floccipaucinihilipilification* of all that can gratify the outward man."

A. "I am about to ask you a serious question—When you have stuffed your stomach, drunk your bottle, smoked your cigar, how are you to keep yourself awake?"

G. "Either by cephalic snuff or castle-building!"

A. "Do you approve of castle-building as a frequent exercise?"

[1] Mr. Lockhart says, writing in 1839:—"This head may still be seen over a laboratory at No. 100 South Bridge, Edinburgh. [It has since been removed.] *N.B.* There is a tradition that the venerable bust in question was once dislodged by 'Colonel Grogg' and some of his companions, and waggishly placed in a very inappropriate position."

G. "Life were not life without it!

'Give me the joy that sickens not the heart,
Give me the wealth that has no wings to fly.'"

A. "I reckon myself one of the best aërial architects now living, and *nil me pœnitet hujus.*"

G. "*Nec est cur te pœniteat;* most of your novels have previously been subjects for airy castles."

A. "You have me—and moreover a man of imagination derives experience from such imaginary situations. There are few situations in which I have not in fancy figured, and there are few, of course, which I am not previously prepared to take some part in."

G. "True, but I am afraid your having fancied yourself victorious in many a fight would be of little use were you suddenly called to the field, and your personal infirmities and nervous agitations both rushing upon you and incapacitating you."

A. "My nervous agitations!—away with thee! Down, down to Limbo and the burning lake! False fiend, avoid!"

So there ends the tale,
With a hey, with a hoy,
So there ends the tale,
With a ho.
There is a moral. If you fail
To seize it by the tail,
Its import will exhale,
You must know.

March 19.—The above was written yesterday before dinner, though appearances are to the contrary. I only meant that the studious solitude I have sometimes dreamed of, unless practised with rare stoicism and privation, was apt to degenerate into secret sensual indulgences of coarser appetites, which, when the cares and restraints of social life are removed, are apt to make us think, with Dr. Johnson, our dinner the most important event of the day. So much in the way of explanation—a humour which I love not. Go to.

My girls returned from Edinburgh with full news of their *bal paré.*

March 20.—We spent this day on the same terms as formerly. I wrought, walked, dined, drank, and smoked upon the same pattern.

March 21.—To-day brought Mrs. Dempster and her sister-in-law. To dinner came Robert Dundas of Arniston from the hunting-field, and with him Mr. Dempster of Skibo, both favourites of mine. Mr. Stuart, the grand-nephew of my dear friend Lady Louisa, also dined with us, together with the Lyons from Gattonside, and the day passed over in hospitality and social happiness.

March 22.—Being Sunday, I read prayers to our guests, then went a long walk by the lake to Huntly Burn. It is somewhat un-

comfortable to feel difficulties increase and the strength to meet them diminish. But why should man fret? While iron is dissolved by rust, and brass corrodes, can our dreams be of flesh and blood enduring? But I will not dwell on this depressing subject. My liking to my two young guests is founded on "things that are long enough ago." The first statesman of celebrity whom I personally knew was Mr. Dempster's grand-uncle, George Dempster of Dunnichen, celebrated in his time, and Dundas's father was, when Lord Advocate, the first man of influence who showed kindness to me.

March 23.—Arrived to breakfast one of the Courland nobility, Baron A. von Meyersdorff, a fine, lively, spirited young man, fond of his country and incensed at its degradation under Russia. He talked much of the orders of chivalry who had been feudal lords of Livonia, especially the order of Porte Glaive, to which his own ancestors had belonged. If he report correctly, there is a deep principle of action at work in Germany, Poland, Russia, etc., which, if it does "not die in thinking," will one day make an explosion. The Germans are a nation, however, apt to exhaust themselves in speculation. The Baron has enthusiasm, and is well read in English and foreign literature. I kept my state till one, and wrote notes to Croker upon Boswell's Scottish tour. It was an act of friendship, for time is something of a scarce article with me. But Croker has been at all times personally kind and actively serviceable to me, and he must always command my best assistance. Then I walked with the Baron as far as the Lake. Our sportsmen came in good time to dinner, and our afternoon was pleasant.

March 24.—This morning our sportsmen took leave, and their *ladykind* (to *renchérir* on Anthony a-Wood and Mr. Oldbuck) followed after breakfast, and I went to my work till one, and at that hour treated the Baron to another long walk, with which he seemed highly delighted. He tells me that my old friend the Princess Galitzin[1] is dead. After dinner I had a passing visit from Kinnear, to bid me farewell. This very able and intelligent young man, so able to throw a grace over commercial pursuits, by uniting them with literature, is going with his family to settle in London. I do not wonder at it. His parts are of a kind superior to the confined sphere in which he moves in Scotland. In London, he says, there is a rapid increase of business and its opportunities. Thus London licks the butter off our bread, by opening a better market for ambition. Were it not for the difference of the religion and laws, poor Scotland could hardly keep a man that is worth having; and yet men will not see this. I took leave of Kinnear, with hopes for his happiness and fortune, but yet with some regret for the sake of the country which loses him. The Baron agreed to go with Kinnear to Kelso: and *exit* with the usual demonstrations of German enthusiasm.

[1] Fenimore Cooper told Scott that the Princess had had Sir Walter's portrait engraved in 1827 from the picture taken in Paris. [Mme. Mirbel's miniature?]

March 25.—I worked in the morning, and think I have sent Croker a packet which may be useful, and to Lockhart a critique on rather a dry topic, viz.: the ancient Scottish History. I remember R. Ainslie, commonly called the plain man, who piqued himself on his powers of conversation, striving to strike fire from some old flinty wretch whom he found in a corner of a public coach, at length addressed him: "Friend, I have tried you on politics, literary matters, religion, fashionable news, etc., etc., and all to no purpose." The dry old rogue, twisting his muzzle into an infernal grin, replied, "Can you claver about bend leather?" The man, be it understood, was a leather merchant. The early history of Caledonia is almost as hopeless a subject, but off it goes. I walked up the Glen with Tom for my companion. Dined, heard Anne reading a paper of anecdotes about Cluny Macpherson, and so to bed.

March 26.—As I have been so lately Johnsonizing, I should derive, if possible, some personal use. Johnson advises Boswell to keep a diary, and to omit registers of the weather, and like trumpery. I am resolved in future not to register what is yet more futile—my gleams of bright and clouded temper. Boswell—whose nerves were, one half madness, and half affectation—has thrummed upon this topic till it is threadbare. I have at this moment forty things to do, and great inclination to do none of them. I ended by working till two, walking till five, writing letters, and so to bed.

March 27.—Letters again. Let me see. I wrote to Lord Montagu about Scott of Beirlaw's commission, in which Invernahyle interests himself. Item, to a lady who is pestering me about a Miss Campbell sentenced to transportation for stealing a silver spoon. Item, to John Eckford. Item, to James Loch, to get an appointment for Sandie Ballantyne's son. Not one, as Dangle says,[1] about any business of my own. My correspondence is on a most disinterested footing. This lasts till past eleven, then enters my cousin R., and remains for two hours, till politics, family news, talk of the neighborhood are all exhausted, and two or three reputations torn to pieces in the scouring of them. At length I walk him out about a mile, and come back from that *empêchement*. But it is only to find Mr. [Henry] C[ranstoun],[2] my neighbour, in the parlour with the girls, and there is another sederunt of an hour. Well, such things must be, and our friends mean them as civility, and we must take and give the currency of the country. But I am *diddled* out of a day all the same. The ladies came from Huntly Burn, and cut off the evening.[3]

[1] See Sheridan's *Critic*.

[2] Lord Corehouse's brother.

[3] Room may be made for part of one of the letters received by this morning's mail, in which, after much interesting family detail, his son-in-law describes the duel which took place between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea:—"There is no reason to expect a duel every day, and all has been very quiet since Saturday.—The letter was utterly forgotten till this recalled it to remembrance. *Ergo*, there was no sort of call on the Duke after beating Buonaparte to go to war with a booby. But he could not stand the fling at the fair. His correspondence seems admirable every way, and the whole affair was gone through in excellent taste,—the Duke and Hardinge trotting out, the two peaceful lords rumbling

March 28.—In spite of the temptation of a fine morning, I toiled manfully at the *review* till two o'clock, commencing at seven. I fear it will be uninteresting, but I like the muddling work of antiquities, and, besides, wish to record my sentiments with regard to the Gothic question. No one that has not laboured as I have done on imaginary topics can judge of the comfort afforded by walking on all-fours, and being grave and dull. I dare say, when the clown of the pantomime escapes from his nightly task of vivacity, it is his special comfort to smoke a pipe and be prosy with some good-natured fellow, the dullest of his acquaintance. I have seen such a tendency in Sir Adam Ferguson, the gayest man I ever knew; and poor Tom Sheridan has complained to me of the fatigue of supporting the character of an agreeable companion.

March 29.—I wrote, read, and walked with the most stoical regularity. This muddling among old books has the quality of a sedative, and saves the tear and wear of an overwrought brain. I wandered on the hills pleasantly enough and concluded a pleasant and laborious day.

March 30.—I finished the remainder of the criticism and sent it off. Pray Heaven it break not the mail coach down.

Lord and Lady Dalhousie, and their relation, Miss Hawthorne, came to dinner, to meet whom we had Dr. and Mrs. Brewster. Lord Dalhousie has more of the Caledonian *prisca fides* than any man I know now alive. He has served his country in all quarters of the world and in every climate; yet, though my contemporary, looks ten years my junior. He laughed at the idea of rigid temperance, and held an occasional skirmish no bad thing even in the West Indies, thinking, perhaps, with Armstrong, of "the rare debauch."[1] In all incidents of life he has been the same steady, honest, true-hearted Lord Dalhousie, that Lordie Ramsay promised to be when at the High School. How few such can I remember, and how poorly have honesty and valour been rewarded! Here, at the time when most men think of repose, he is bundled off to command in India.[2] Would it had been the Chief Governorship! But to have remained at home would have been bare livelihood, and that is all. I asked him what he thought of "strangling a nabob, and rifling his jewel closet," and he answered, "No, no, an honest man." I fear we must add, a poor one. Lady Dalhousie, formerly Miss Brown of Coalstoun, is an amiable, intelligent, and lively woman, who does not permit society to "cream and mantle like a standing pool."[3]

down in a coach and four. The Duke had no half-pence and was followed and bothered for some time by the tollman on Battersea Bridge, when Hardinge fished out some silver or a groom came up. There were various market gardeners on the road, who, when Lord Winchelsea's equipage stopped, stopped also and looked on. One of them advised a turn up with nature's weapons. The moment all was done the Duke clapped spurs to his horse and was back in Downing Street within the two hours, breakfasted, and off to Windsor, where he transacted business for an hour or so, and then said, 'By-the-by, I was forgetting I have had a field-day with Lord W. this morning.' They say the King rowed Arthur much for exposing himself at such a crisis."

[1] *Art of Preserving Health*, book ii.

[2] George Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, had just been appointed Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies; which office he held till 1832. He died in 1838.

[3] *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. Sc. 1.

The weather, drifting and surly, does not permit us to think of Melrose, and I could only fight round the thicket with Dr. Brewster and his lordship. Lord Dalhousie gave me some interesting accounts of the American Indians. They are, according to his lordship, decaying fast in numbers and principle. Lork Selkirk's property now makes large returns, from the stock of the North West Company and Hudson's Bay Companies having united. I learned from Lord Dalhousie that he had been keeping a diary since the year 1800. Should his narrative ever see the light, what a contrast will it form to the flourishing vapouring accounts of most of the French merchants! Mr. and Mrs. Skene with their daughter Kitty, who has been indisposed, came to dinner, and the party was a well-assorted one.

APRIL

April 1.—A pretty first of April truly; the hills white with snow, I myself as bilious as a dog. My noble guests left about noon. I wrote letters, as if I had not bile enough in my bosom already, and did not go out to face the snow wreaths till half-past two, when I am resolved to make a brush for exercise. There will be fine howling among the dogs, for I am about to shut my desk. Found Mrs. Skene disposed to walk, so I had the advantage of her company. The snow lay three inches thick on the ground; but we had the better appetite for dinner, after which we talked and read without my lifting a pen.

April 2.—Begins with same brilliant prospect of snow and sunshine dazzling to the eyes and chilling to the fingers, a beastly disagreeable coldness in the air. I stuck by the pen till one, then took a drive with the ladies as far as Chiefswood and walked home. Young William Forbes[1] came, and along with him a Southron, Mr. Cleasby.

April 3.—Still the same party. I fagged at writing letters to Lockhart, to Charles, and to John Gibson, to Mr. Cadell, Croker, Lord Haddington, and others. Lockhart has had an overture through Croker requesting him to communicate with some newspaper on the part of the Government, which he has wisely declined. Nothing but a thorough-going blackguard ought to attempt the daily press, unless it is some quiet country diurnal. Lockhart has also a wicked wit which would make an office of this kind more dangerous to him than to downright dulness. I am heartily glad he has refused it.[2]

[1] Son of Lord Medwyn. Mr. Forbes had lately returned from Italy, where he had had as travelling companion Mr. Cleasby, and it was owing to Mr. Forbes's recommendation that Mr. Cleasby came to Edinburgh to pursue his studies. Mr. Forbes possessed a fine tenor voice, and his favourite songs at that time were the Neapolitan and Calabrian canzonetti, to which Sir Walter alludes under April 4.

[2] Mr. Lockhart's own account of the overture is sufficiently amusing and characteristic of the men and the times:—

"I had not time to write more than a line the other day under Croker's cover, having received it just at post time. He sent for me; I found him in his nightcap at the Admiralty, colded badly, but in audacious spirits. His business was this. The Duke of W[ellingto]n finds himself without one newspaper *he* can depend on. He wishes to buy up some evening print, such as the *dull Star*; and could I do anything for it? I said I was as well inclined to serve the Duke as he could be, but it must be in other fashion. He then said *he agreed* with me—but there was a second question: Could I find them an editor, and undertake to communicate between them and him—in short, save the Treasury the inconvenience of maintaining an avowed intercourse with the Newspaper press? He said he himself had for some years done this—then others. I said I would endeavour to think of a man for their turn and would call on him soon again.

"I have considered the matter at leisure, and resolve to have nothing to do with it. They CAN only want me as a *writer*. Any understrapper M.P. would do well enough for carrying hints to a newspaper office, and I will not, even to secure the Duke, mix myself up with the newspapers. That work it is which has damned Croker, and I can't afford to sacrifice the advantage which I feel I have gained in

Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Haddington have spoken very handsomely of my accession to the Catholic Petition, and I think it has done some good; yet I am not confident that the measure will disarm the Catholic spleen.[1] And I was not entirely easy at finding myself allied to the Whigs, even in this instance, where I agree with them. This is witless prejudice, however.

My walk to-day was up the Rhymer's Glen with Skene. Colonel Ferguson dined with us.

April 4.—Mr. Cleasby left this morning. He has travelled much, and is a young man of copious conversation and ready language, aiming I suppose at Parliament.[2] William Forbes is singing like an angel in the next room, but he sings only Italian music, which says naught to me. I have a letter from one David Patterson, who was Dr. Knox's jackal for buying murdered bodies, suggesting that I should write on the subject of Burke and Hare, and offering me his invaluable collection of anecdotes! "Curse him imperance and him dam insurance,"[3] as Mungo says in the farce. Did ever one hear the like? The scoundrel has been the companion and patron of such atrocious murderers and kidnappers, and he has the impudence to write to any decent man!

Corrected proof-sheets and dedication of the *Magnum* and sent them off.

April 5.—Read prayers to what remains of our party: being Anne, my niece Anne, the four Skenes, and William Forbes. We then walked, and I returned time enough to work a little at the criticism. Thus it drew towards dinner in conclusion, after which we smoked, told stories, and drank tea.

April 6.—Worked at the *review* for three or four hours; yet hang it, I can't get on. I wonder if I am turning clumsy in other matters; certainly I cannot write against time as I used to do. My thoughts will not be duly regulated; my pen declares for itself, will neither write nor spell, and goes under independent colours. I went out with the child Kitty Skene on her pony. I don't much love children, I suppose from want of habit, but this is a fine merry little girl.

William Forbes sang in the evening with a feeling and taste indescribably fine, but as he had no Scottish or English songs, my ears were not much gratified. I have no sense beyond Mungo: "What signify me hear if me no understand!"

William Forbes leaves us. As to the old story, scribble till two,

these later years by abstaining altogether from partisan scribbling, or to subject the *Quarterly* to risk of damage. The truth is, I don't admire, after all that has come and gone, being applied to through the medium of friend Crokey. I hope you will approve of my resolution."

[1] Peel, in writing to Scott, says, "The mention of your name [in Parliament] as attached to the Edinburgh petition was received with loud cheers."

[2] Richard Cleasby, afterwards the well-known scholar who spent many years in gathering materials for an Icelandic Dictionary. Mr. Cleasby died in 1847, but the work he had planned was not published until 1874, when it appeared under the editorship of Mr. Vigfusson,* assisted by Sir George Dasent.

[3] Bickerstaff's *Padlock*, Act I. Sc. 6.

* An Icelandic-English Dictionary based on the MS. collections of the late Richard Cleasby, enlarged and completed by G. Vigfusson. 4to, Oxford, 1874.

then walk for exercise till four. Deil hae it else, for company eats up the afternoon, so nothing can be done that is not achieved in the forenoon.

April 7.—We had a gay scene this morning—the fox hounds and merry hunters in my little base court, which rung with trampling steeds, and rejoiced in scarlet jackets and ringing horns. I have seen the day worlds would not have bribed me to stay behind them; but that is over, and I walked a sober pace up to the Abbot's Knowe from which I saw them draw my woods, but without finding a fox. I watched them with that mixture of interest, affection, and compassion which old men feel at looking on the amusements of the young. I was so far interested in the chase itself as to be sorry they did not find. I had so far the advantage of the visit, that it gave me an object for the morning exercise, which I would otherwise only have been prompted to by health and habit. It is pleasant to have one's walk,—as heralds say, with a difference. By the way, the foxhunters hunted the cover far too fast. When they found a path they ran through it pell-mell without beating at all. They had hardly left the hare-hole cover, when a fox, which they had over-run, stole away. This is the consequence of breeding dogs too speedy.

April 8.—We have the news of the Catholic question being carried in the House of Lords, by a majority of 105 upon the second reading. This is decisive, and the balsam of Fierabras must be swallowed.[1] It remains to see how it will work. Since it was indubitably necessary, I am glad the decision on the case has been complete. On these last three days I have finished my review of Tytler for Lockhart and sent it off by this post. I may have offended Peter by censuring him for a sort of petulance towards his predecessor Lord Hailes. This day visited by Mr. Carr, who is a sensible, clever young man, and by his two sisters[2]—beautiful singer the youngest—and to my taste, and English music.

April 9.—Laboured correcting proofs and revising; the day infinitely bad. Worked till three o'clock; then tried a late walk, and a wet one.

I hear bad news of James Ballantyne. Hypochondriac I am afraid, and religiously distressed in mind.

I got a book from the Duke de Lévis, the same gentleman with whom I had an awkward meeting at Abbotsford, owing to his having forgot his credentials, which left me at an unpleasant doubt as to his character and identity.[3] His book is inscribed to me with hyper-

[1] *Don Quixote*, Pt. I. Bk. II. Cap. 2.

[2] Friends of Joanna Baillie's and John Richardson's.

[3] This must have been an unusual experience for the head of a family that considered itself to be the oldest in Christendom. Their château contained, it was said, two pictures: one of the Deluge, in which Noah is represented going into the Ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written "*Papiers de la maison de Lévis*;" the other a portrait of the founder of the house bowing reverently to the Virgin, who is made to say, "*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.*"—See Walpole's *Letters*. The book referred to by Sir Walter is *The Carbonaro: a Piedmontese Tale*, by the Duke de Lévis. 2 vols. London, 1829.

bolical praises. Now I don't like to have, like the Persian poets who have the luck to please the Sun of the Universe, my mouth crammed with sugar-candy, which politeness will not permit me to spit out, and my stomach is indisposed to swallow. The book is better than would be expected from the exaggerated nonsense of the dedication.

April 10.—Left Abbotsford at seven to attend the Circuit. *Nota bene*—half-past six is the better hour; waters are extremely flooded. Lord Meadowbank at the Circuit. Nothing tried but a few trumpery assaults. Meadowbank announces he will breakfast with me to-morrow, so I shall return to-night. Promised to my cousin Charles Scott to interest myself about his getting the farm of Milsington upon Borthwick Water and mentioned him to Colonel Riddell as a proposed offerer. The tender was well received. I saw James the piper and my cousin Anne; sent to James Veitch the spyglass of Professor Ferguson to be repaired. Dined with the Judge and returned in the evening.

April 11.—Meadowbank breakfasted with us, and then went on to Edinburgh, pressed by bad news of his family. His wife (daughter of my early patron, President Blair) is very ill; indeed I fear fatally so. I am sorry to think it is so. When the King was here she was the finest woman I saw at Holyrood. My proofs kept me working till two; then I had a fatiguing and watery walk. After dinner we smoked, and I talked with Mr. Carr over criminal jurisprudence, the choicest of conversation to an old lawyer; and the delightful music of Miss Isabella Carr closed the day. Still, I don't get to my task; but I will, to-morrow or next day.

April 12.—Read prayers, put my books in order and made some progress in putting papers in order which have been multiplying on my table. I have a letter from that impudent lad Reynolds about my contribution to the *Keepsake*. Sent to him the *House of Aspen*, as I had previously determined. This will give them a lumping pennyworth in point of extent, but that's the side I would have the bargain rest upon. It shall be a warning after this to keep out of such a scrape.

April 13.—In the morning before breakfast I corrected the proof of the critique on the life of Lord Pitsligo in Blackwood's Magazine.[1] After breakfast Skene and his lady and family, and Mr. Carr and his sisters, took their departure. Time was dawdled away till nearly twelve o'clock and then I could not work much. I finished, however, a painful letter to J. Ballantyne, which I hope will have effect upon the nervous disorder he complains of. He must "awake, arise, or be for ever fallen." I walked happily and pleasantly from two o'clock till four. And now I must look to *Anne of Geierstein*. Hang it! it is not so bad after all, though I fear it will not be popular. In fact, I am almost expended; but while I exhort

[1] No. 152—May, 1829.

others to exertion I will not fail to exert myself. I have a letter from R. P. G[illies] proposing to subscribe to assist him from £25 to £50. It will do no good, but yet I cannot help giving him something.

> "A daimen-icker in a thrave 's a sma' request:
> I'll get a blessing wi' the lave, and never miss 't."[1]

I will try a review for the *Foreign* and he shall have the proceeds.

April 14.—I sent off proofs of the review of Tytler for John Lockhart. Then set a stout heart to a stay brae, and took up *Anne of Geierstein*. I had five sheets standing by me, which I read with care, and satisfied myself that worse had succeeded, but it was while the fashion of the thing was new. I retrenched a good deal about the Troubadours, which was really *hors de place*. As to King René, I retained him as a historical character. In short, I will let the sheets go nearly as they are, for though J. B. be an excellent judge of this species of composition, he is not infallible, and has been in circumstances which may cross his mind. I might have taken this determination a month since, and I wish I had. But I thought I might strike out something better by the braes and burn-sides. Alas! I walk along them with painful and feeble steps, and invoke their influence in vain. But my health is excellent, and it were ungrateful to complain either of mental or bodily decay. We called at Elliston to-day and made up for some ill-bred delay. In the evening I corrected two sheets of the *Magnum*, as we call it.

April 15.—I took up *Anne*, and wrote, with interruption of a nap (in which my readers may do well to imitate me), till two o'clock. I wrote with care, having digested Comines. Whether I succeed or not, it would be dastardly to give in. A bold countenance often carries off an indifferent cause, but no one will defend him who shows the white feather. At two I walked till near four. Dined with the girls, smoked two cigars, and to work again till supper-time. Slept like a top. Amount of the day's work, eight pages—a round task.

April 16.—I meant to go out with Bogie to plant some shrubs in front of the old quarry, but it rains cats and dogs as they say, a rare day for grinding away at the old mill of imagination, yet somehow I have no great will to the task. After all, however, the morning proved a true April one, sunshine and shower, and I both worked to some purpose, and moreover walked and directed about planting the quarry.

The post brought matter for a May or April morning—a letter from Sir James Mackintosh, telling me that Moore and he were engaged as contributors to Longman's Encyclopædia, and asking me to do a volume at £1000, the subject to be the History of Scotland in one volume. This would be very easy work. I have the whole stuff

[1] Burns's Lines to a Mouse: "a daimen-icker in a thrave," that is, an ear of corn out of two dozen sheaves.

in my head, and could write *currente calamo*. The size is as I compute it about one-third larger than *The Tales of my Grandfather*. There is much to be said on both sides. Let me balance pros and cons after the fashion of honest Robinson Crusoe. *Pro.*—It is the sum I have been wishing for, sufficient to enable me to break the invisible but magic circle which petty debts of myself and others have traced round me. With common prudence I need no longer go from hand to mouth, or what is worse, anticipate my means. I may also pay off some small shop debts, etc., belonging to the Trust, clear off all Anne's embarrassment, and even make some foundation of a purse for her. *N.B.*—I think this whacking reason is like to prove the gallon of Cognac brandy, which a lady recommended as the foundation of a Liqueur. "Stop, dear madam, if you please," said my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, "you can [add] nothing to that; it is *flaconnadé* with £1000," and a capital hit, egad. *Contra.*—It is terribly like a hack author to make an abridgement of what I have written so lately. *Pro.*—But a difference may be taken. A history may be written of the same country on a different plan, general where the other is detailed, and philosophical where it is popular. I think I can do this, and do it with unwashed hands too. For being hacked, what is it but another word for being an author? I will take care of my name doubtless, but the five letters which form it must take care of me in turn. I never knew name or fame burn brighter by over chary keeping of it. Besides, there are two gallant hacks to pull with me. *Contra.*—I have a monstrous deal on hand. Let me see: Life of Argyll,[1] and Life of Peterborough for Lockhart.[2] Third series *Tales of my Grandfather*—review for Gillies—new novel—end of *Anne of Geierstein*. *Pro.*—But I have just finished two long reviews for Lockhart. The third series is soon discussed. The review may be finished in three or four days, and the novel is within a week and less of conclusion. For the next, we must first see how this goes off. In fine, within six weeks, I am sure I can do the work and secure the independence I sigh for. Must I not make hay while the sun shines? Who can tell what leisure, health, and life may be destined to me?

Adjourned the debate till to-morrow morning.

April 17.—I resumed the discussion of the bargain about the history. The ayes to the right, the noes to the left. The ayes have it—so I will write to Sir James of this date. But I will take a walk first, that I will. A little shaken with the conflict, for after all were I as I have been ——. "My poverty but not my will consents."[3]

I have been out in a most delicious real spring day. I returned with my nerves strung and my mind determined. I will make this plunge, and with little doubt of coming off no loser in character.

[1] John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.

[2] These biographies, intended for *The Family Library*, were never written.

[3] *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. Sc. 1.

What is given in detail may be suppressed, general views may be enlarged upon, and a bird's-eye prospect given, not the less interesting, that we have seen its prominent points nearer and in detail. I have been of late in a great degree free from wafered letters, sums to make up, notes of hand wanted, and all the worry of an embarrassed man's life. This last struggle will free me entirely, and so help me Heaven it shall be made! I have written to Sir James, stating that I apprehend the terms to be £1000, namely, for one volume containing about one-third more than one of the volumes of *Tales of my Grandfather*, and agreeing to do so. Certes, few men can win a thousand pounds so readily.

We dine with the Fergusons to-day at four. So off we went and safely returned.

April 18.—Corrected proofs. I find J. B. has not returned to his business, though I wrote him how necessary it was. My pity begins to give way to anger. Must he sit there and squander his thoughts and senses upon cloudy metaphysics and abstruse theology till he addles his brains entirely, and ruins his business? I have written to him again, letter third and, I am determined, last.

Wrote also to the fop Reynolds, with preface to the *House of Aspen*, then to honest Joseph Train desiring he would give me some notion how to serve him with Messrs. Carr, and to take care to make his ambition moderate and feasible.

My neighbour, Mr. Kerr of Kippielaw, struck with a palsy while he was looking at the hounds; his pony remained standing by his side. A sudden call if a final one.

That strange desire to leave a prescribed task and set about something else seized me irresistibly. I yielded to it, and sat down to try at what speed and in what manner I could execute this job of Sir James Mackintosh's, and I wrote three leaves before rising, well enough, I think. The girls made a round with me. We drove to Chiefswood, and from that to Janeswood, up the Rhymer's Glen, and so home. This occupied from one to four. In the evening I heard Anne read Mr. Peel's excellent Bill on the Police of the Metropolis, which goes to disband the whole generation of Dogberry and Verges. Wrote after tea.

April 19.—I made this a busy day. I wrote on at the history until two o'clock, then took a gallant walk, then began reading for Gillies's article. James Ferguson dined with us. We smoked and I became woundy sleepy. Now I have taken collar to this arrangement, I find an open sea before me which I could not have anticipated, for though I should get through well enough with my expectations during the year, yet it is a great thing to have a certainty to be clear as a new pin of every penny of debt. There is no being obliged or asking favours or getting loans from some grudging friend who can never look at you after but with fear of losing his cash, or you at him without the humiliating sense of having extorted an obli-

gation. Besides my large debts, I have paid since I was in trouble at least £2000 of personal encumbrances, so no wonder my nose is still under water. I really believe the sense of this apparently unending struggle, schemes for retrenchment in which I was unseconded, made me low-spirited, for the sun seems to shine brighter upon me as a free man. Nevertheless, devil take the necessity which makes me drudge like a very hack of Grub Street.

"May the foul fa' the gear and the bletherie o 't."[1]

I walked out with Tom's assistance, came home, went through the weary work of cramming, and so forth; wrought after tea, and then to bed.

April 20.—As yesterday till two—sixteen pages of the History written, and not less than one-fifth of the whole book. What if they should be off? I were finely holp'd for throwing my time away. A toy! They dare not.

Lord Buchan is dead, a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talents. His imagination was so fertile that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary fictions which he delighted in telling. His economy, most laudable in the early part of his life, when it enabled him, from a small income, to pay his father's debts, became a miserable habit, and led him to do mean things. He had a desire to be a great man, and a *Mæcenas bon marché*. The two celebrated lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was, but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, thoroughly a gentleman, and with but one fault: he could not say *no*, and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-a-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnet, with as much sincerity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor. The one at one time possessed £200,000; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crack-brained and sometimes caustic; Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humoured, and gayest that ever cheered society; that of Lord Erskine was moody and maddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

Went to Haining. Time has at last touched the beautiful Mrs. Pringle. I wonder he was not ashamed of himself for spoiling so fine a form. But what cares he? Corrected proofs after dinner. James B. is at last at work again.

[1] "When I think on the world's pelf
May the shame fa' and the blethrie o 't."
Burden of old Scottish Song.

April 21.—Spent the whole morning at writing, still the History, such is my wilful whim. Twenty pages now finished—I suppose the clear fourth part of a volume. I went out, but the day being sulky I sat in the Conservatory, after trying a walk! I have been glancing over the works for Gillies's review, and I think on them between-hands while I compose the History,—an odd habit of doing two things at once, but it has always answered with me well enough.

April 22.—Another hard day's work at the History, now increased to the Bruce and Baliol period, and threatening to be too lengthy for the Cyclopædia. But I will make short work with wars and battles. I wrote till two o'clock, and strolled with old Tom and my dogs' till half-past four, hours of pleasure and healthful exercise, and to-day taken with ease. A letter from J. B., stating an alarm that he may lose the printing of a part of the *Magnum*. But I shall write him he must be his own friend, set shoulder to the wheel, and remain at the head of his business; and of that I must make him aware. And so I set to my proofs. "Better to work," says the inscription on Hogarth's Bridewell, "than stand thus."

April 23.—A cold blustering day—bad welcome for the poor lambs. I made my walk short and my task long, my work turning entirely on the History—all on speculation. But the post brought me a letter from Dr. Lardner, the manager of the Cyclopædia, agreeing to my terms; so all is right there, and no labour thrown away. The volume is to run to 400 pages; so much the better; I love elbow-room, and will have space to do something to purpose. I replied agreeing to his terms, and will send him copy as soon as I have corrected it. The Colonel and Miss Ferguson dined with us. I think I drank rather a cheerful glass with my good friend. Smoked an extra cigar, so no more at present.

April 25.—After writing to Mr. Cochrane,[2] to Cadell and J. B., also to Mr. Pitcairn,[3] it was time to set out for Lord Buchan's funeral. The funeral letters were signed by Mr. H. David Erskine, his lordship's natural son. His nephew, the young Earl, was present, but neither of them took the head of the coffin. His lordship's funeral took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin, Maxpopple,[4] was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong

[1] That these afternoon rambles with the dogs were not always so tranquil may be gathered from an incident described by Mr. Adolphus, in which an unsuspecting cat at a cottage door was demolished by Nimrod in one of his gambols. — *Life*, vol. ix. p. 362. This deer-hound was an old offender. Sir Walter tells his friend Richardson, *à propos* of a story he had just heard of Joanna Baillie's cat having worried a dog: "It is just like her mistress, who beats the male race of authors out of the pit in describing the higher passions that are more proper to their sex than hers. Alack-a-day! my poor cat Hinse, my acquaintance, and in some sort my friend of fifteen years, was snapped at even by the paynim Nimrod. What could I say to him but what Brantôme said to some *ferrailleur* who had been too successful in a duel, 'Ah! mon grand ami, vous avez tué mon autre grand ami.'"

[2] Manager of the *Foreign Review*.

[3] Robert Pitcairn, author of *Criminal Trials in Scotland*, 3 vols. 4to.

[4] William Scott, Esq., afterwards Laird of Raeburn, was commonly thus designated from a minor possession, during his father's lifetime. Whatever, in things of this sort, used to be practised among the French noblesse, might be traced, till very lately, in the customs of the Scottish provincial gentry.—J. G. L.

in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death. I felt something at parting with this old man, though but a trumpery body. He gave me the first approbation I ever obtained from a stranger. His caprice had led him to examine Dr. Adam's class when I, a boy twelve years old, and then in disgrace for some aggravated case of negligence, was called up from a low bench, and recited my lesson with some spirit and appearance of feeling the poetry—it was the apparition of Hector's ghost in the Æneid—of which called forth the noble Earl's applause. I was very proud of this at the time.

I was sad on another account—it was the first time I had been among these ruins since I left a very valued pledge there. My next visit may be involuntary. Even so, God's will be done! at least I have not the mortification of thinking what a deal of patronage and fuss Lord Buchan would bestow on my funeral.[1] Maxpopple dined and slept here with four of his family, much amused with what they heard and saw. By good fortune a ventriloquist and partial juggler came in, and we had him in the library after dinner. He was a half-starved wretched-looking creature, who seemed to have ate more fire than bread. So I caused him to be well stuffed, and gave him a guinea, rather to his poverty than to his skill—and now to finish *Anne of Geierstein.*

April 26.—But not a finger did I lay on the jacket of *Anne.* Looking for something, I fell in with the little drama, long missing, called the *Doom of Devorgoil.* I believe it was out of mere contradiction that I sat down to read and correct it, merely because I would not be bound to do aught that seemed compulsory. So I scribbled at a piece of nonsense till two o'clock, and then walked to the lake. At night I flung helve after hatchet, and spent the evening in reading the *Doom of Devorgoil* to the girls, who seemed considerably interested. Anne objects to the mingling the goblinry, which is comic, with the serious, which is tragic. After all, I could greatly improve it, and it would not be a bad composition of that odd kind to some picnic receptacle of all things.

April 27.—This day must not be wasted. I breakfast with the Fergusons, and dine with the Brewsters. But, by Heaven, I will finish *Anne of Geierstein* this day betwixt the two engagements. I don't know why nor wherefore, but I hate *Anne*, I mean *Anne of Geierstein*; the other two Annes are good girls. Accordingly I well nigh accomplished my work, but about three o'clock my story fell into a slough, and in getting it out I lost my way, and was forced to postpone the conclusion till to-morrow. Wrote a good day's work notwithstanding.

April 28.—I have slept upon my puzzle, and will now finish it, Jove bless my *pia mater*, as I see not further impediment before me.

[1] *Life*, vol. vi. p. 90.

The story will end, and shall end, because it must end, and so here goes. After this doughty resolution, I went doggedly to work, and finished five leaves by the time when they should meet the coach. But the misfortune of writing fast is that one cannot at the same time write concisely. I wrote two pages more in the evening. Stayed at home all day. Indeed, the weather—sleety, rainy, stormy—forms no tempting prospect. Bogie, too, who sees his flourish going to wreck, is looking as spiteful as an angry fiend towards the unpropitious heavens. So I made a day of work of it,

"And yet the end was not."

April 29.—This morning I finished and sent off three pages more, and still there is something to write; but I will take the broad axe to it, and have it ended before noon.

This has proved impossible, and the task lasted me till nine, when it was finished, *tant bien que mal*. Now, will people say this expresses very little respect for the public? In fact, I have very little respect for that dear *publicum* whom I am doomed to amuse, like Goody Trash in *Bartholomew Fair*, with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who may read my confessions were I to say I knew a public worth caring for or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil qualities by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer, without pleasing a single reader. I am, perhaps, *l'enfant gâté de succés*, but I am brought to the stake,[1] and must perforce stand the course.

Having finished *Anne*[2] I began and revised fifteen leaves of the History, and sent them to Dr. Lardner. I think they read more trashy than I expected. But when could I ever please myself, even when I have most pleased others? Then I walked about two hours by the thicket and river-side, watching the appearance of spring, which, as Coleridge says—

"Comes slowly up this way."

After dinner and tea I resumed the task of correction, which is an odious one, but must be attempted, ay, and accomplished too.

April 30.—Dr. Johnson enjoins Bozzy to leave out of his diary all notices of the weather as insignificant. It may be so to an inhabitant of Bolt Court, in Fleet Street, who need care little whether it rains or snows, except the shilling which it may cost him for a Jarvie;

1 "They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course."
—*Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 7.

What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? SHAKESPEARE.

2 The work was published in May under the following title:—"*Anne of Geierstein*, or *The Maiden of the Mist*. By the Author of *Waverley*, etc. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Printed for Cadell & Co., Edinburgh; and Simpkin & Marshall, London, 1829. (At the end) Edinburgh: Printed by Ballantyne & Company, Paul's Work, Canongate."

but when I wake and find a snow shower sweeping along, and destroying hundreds perhaps of young lambs, and famishing their mothers, I must consider it as worth noting. For my own poor share, I am as indifferent as any Grub Streeter of them all—

"—— And since 'tis a bad day,
Rise up, rise up, my merry men,
And use it as you may."

I have accordingly been busy. The weather did not permit me to go beyond the courtyard, for it continued cold and rainy. I have employed the day in correcting the history for Cyclopædia as far as page 35, exclusive, and have sent it off, or shall to-morrow. I wish I knew how it would run out. Dr. Lardner's measure is a large one, but so much the better. I like to have ample verge and space enough, and a mere abridgment would be discreditable. Well, nobody can say I eat the bread of idleness. Why should I? Those who do not work from necessity take violent labour from choice, and were necessity out of the question I would take the same sort of literary labour from choice—something more leisurely though.

MAY

May 1.—Weather more tolerable. I commenced my review on the Duke of Guise's Expedition,[1] for my poor correspondent Gillies, with six leaves. What a curious tale that is of Masaniello! I went to Huntly Burn in the sociable, and returned on foot, to my great refreshment. Evening as usual. Ate, drank, smoked, and wrote.

May 2.—A pitiful day of rain and wind. Laboured the whole morning at Gillies's review. It is a fine subject—the Duke of Guise at Naples—and I think not very much known, though the story of Masaniello is.

I have a letter from Dr. Lardner proposing to me to publish the history in June. But I dare not undertake it in so short a space, proof-sheets and all considered; it must be October—no help for it.[2] Worked after dinner as usual.

May 3.—The very same diary might serve this day as the last. I sent off to Gillies half his review, and I wish the other half at Old Nick.

May 4.—A poor young woman came here this morning, well-dressed and well-behaved, with a strong northern accent. She talked incoherently a long story of a brother and a lover both dead. I would have kept her here till I wrote to her friends, particularly to Mr. Sutherland (an Aberdeen bookseller), to inform them where she is, but my daughter and her maidens were frightened, as indeed there might be room for it, and so I sent her in one of Davidson's chaises to the castle at Jedburgh, and wrote to Mr. Shortreed to see she is humanely treated. I have written also to her brother.

> "Long shall I see these things forlorn,
> And long again their sorrows feel."

The rest was write, walk, eat, smoke; smoke, and write again.

May 5.—A moist rainy day, mild, however, and promising good weather. I sat at my desk the whole day, and worked at Gillies's review. So was the day exhausted.

May 6.—I sent off the review. Received the sheets of the Secret Tribunal from Master Reynolds. Keith Scott, a grandson of James Scott, my father's cousin-german, came here, a fine lively boy with

[1] See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. p. 355.

[2] This short History of Scotland, it was found, could not be comprised in a single volume, and the publishers handsomely agreed to give the author £1500 for two volumes, forming the first and fourth issues of their own *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, the publication of which was commenced before the end of the year.

good spirits and amiable manners. Just when I had sent off the rest of Gillies's manuscript, W. Laidlaw came, so I had him for my companion in a walk which the late weather has prevented for one or two days. Colonel and Mrs. Ferguson, and Margaret Ferguson, came to dinner, and so passed the evening.

May 7.—Captain Percy, brother of Lord Lovaine, and son of Lord Beverley, came out to dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Brewster met him. He is like his brother, Lord Lovaine, an amiable, easy, and accomplished man, who has seen a great deal of service, and roamed about with tribes of Western Indians.

May 8.—Went up Yarrow with Captain Percy, which made a complete day's idleness, for which I have little apology to offer. I heard at the same time from the President[1] that Sir Robert Dundas is very unwell, so I must be in Edinburgh on Monday 11th. Very disagreeable, now the weather is becoming pleasant.

May 9.—Captain Percy left us at one o'clock. He has a sense of humour, and aptness of comprehension which renders him an agreeable companion. I am sorry his visit has made me a little idle, but there is no help for it.

I have done everything to-day previous to my going away, but—*que faut-il faire*? one must see society now and then, and this is really an agreeable man. And so, *transeat ille.* I walked, and was so fatigued as to sleep, and now I will attack John Lockhart's proof-sheets, of which he has sent me a revise. In the evening I corrected proofs for the review.

May 10.—This must be a day of preparation, which I hate; yet it is but laying aside a few books, and arranging a few papers, and yet my nerves are fluttered, and I make blunders, and mislay my pen and my keys, and make more confusion than I can repair. After all, I will try for once to do it steadily.

Well! I have toiled through it; it is like a ground swell in the sea that brings up all that is disgusting from the bottom—admonitory letters—unpaid bills—few of these, thank my stars!—all that one would wish to forget perks itself up in your face at a thorough redding up—devil take it, I will get out and cool the fever that this turmoil has made in my veins! The delightful spring weather conjured down the evil spirit. I sat a long time with my nerves shaking like a frightened child, and then laughed at it all by the side of the river, coming back by the thicket.

May 11, [*Edinburgh*].—We passed the morning in the little arrangements previous to our departure, and then returned at night to Edinburgh, bringing Keith Scott along. This boy's grandfather, James Scott by name, very clever and particularly well acquainted with Indian customs and manners. He was one of the first settlers in Prince of Wales Island. He was an active-minded man, and there-

[1] Right Hon. Charles Hope.

fore wrote a great deal. I have seen a trunkful of his MSS. Unhappily, instead of writing upon some subject on which he might have conveyed information he took to writing on metaphysics, and lost both his candles and his labour. I was consulted about publishing some part of his works; but could not recommend it. They were shallow essays, with a good deal of infidelity exhibited. Yet James Scott was a very clever man. He only fell into the common mistake of supposing that arguments new to him were new to all others. His son, when I knew him long since in this country, was an ordinary man enough. This boy seems smart and clever. We reached the house in the evening; it was comfortable enough considering it had been shut up for two months. I found a letter from Cadell asserting his continued hope in the success of the *Magnum*. I begin to be jealous on the subject, but I will know to-morrow.

May 12.—Went to Parliament House. Sir Robert Dundas very unwell. Poor Hamilton on his back with the gout. So was obliged to have the assistance of Rolland[1] from the Second Division. Saw Cadell on the way home. I was right: he had been disappointed in his expectations from Glasgow and other mercantile places where trade is low at present. But

"Tidings did he bring of Africa and golden joys."

The *Magnum* has taken extremely in Ireland, which was little counted on, and elsewhere. Hence he proposes a new edition of *Tales of my Grandfather*, First Series; also an enlargement of the Third Series. All this drives poverty and pinch, which is so like poverty, from the door.

I visited Lady J. S., and had the pleasure to find her well. I wrote a little, and got over a place that bothered me. Cadell has apprehensions of *A[nne] of G[eierstein]*, so have I. Well, the worst of it is, we must do something better.[2]

May 13.—Attended the Court, which took up a good deal of time. On my return saw Sir Robert Dundas, who is better—and expects to be out on Tuesday. I went to the Highland Society to pre-

[1] Adam Rolland, Principal Clerk of Session, a nephew of Adam Rolland of Gask, who was in some respects the prototype of Pleydell, and whose face and figure have been made familiar to the present generation by Raeburn's masterpiece of portraiture, now in the possession of Miss Abercrombie, Edinburgh.

[2] Sir Walter had written to Mr. Lockhart on 8th May:—"*Anne of Geierstein* is concluded; but as I do not like her myself, I do not expect she will be popular."

As a contrast to the criticisms of the printer and publisher, and a comment upon the author's own apprehensions, the subjoined extract from a letter written by Mr. G. P. R. James may be given:—"When I first read *Anne of Geierstein* I will own that the multitude of surpassing beauties which it contained frightened me, but I find that after having read it the public mind required to be let gently down from the tone of excitement to which it had been raised, and was contented to pause at my book (*Richelieu*), as a man who has been enjoying a fine prospect from a high hill stops before he reaches the valley to take another look, though half the beauty be already lost. . . . You cannot think how I long to acquit myself of the obligations which I lie under towards you, but I am afraid that fortune, who has given you both the will and the power to confer such great favours upon me, has not in any degree enabled me to aid or assist you in return."

sent Miss Grahame Stirling's book, being a translation of Gelieu's work on bees,[1] which was well received. Went with the girls to dine at Dalhousie Castle, where we were very kindly received. I saw the Edgewell Tree,[2] too fatal, says Allan Ramsay, to the family from which he was himself descended. I also saw the fatal Coalston Pear,[3] said to have been preserved many hundred years. It is certainly a pear either petrified or turned into wood, with a bit out of one side of it.

It is a pity to see my old school-companion, this fine true-hearted nobleman of such an ancient and noble descent, after having followed the British flag through all quarters of the world, again obliged to resume his wanderings at a time of life equal, I suppose, to my own. He has not, however, a grey hair in his head.

May 14.—Left Dalhousie at eight to return here to breakfast, where we received cold tidings. Walter has had an inflammatory attack, and I fear it will be necessary to him to return without delay to the Continent. I have letters from Sophia and Sir Andrew Halliday. The last has been of the utmost service, by bleeding and advising active measures. How little one knows to whom they are to be obliged! I wrote to him and to Jane, recommending the Ionian Islands, where Sir Frederick Adam would, I am sure, give Walter a post on his staff. The kind old Chief Commissioner at once interested himself in the matter. It makes me inexpressibly anxious, yet I have kept up my determination not to let the chances of fate overcome me like a summer's-cloud.[4] I wrote four or five pages of the History to-day, notwithstanding the agitation of my feelings.

May 15.—Attended the Court, where Mr. Rolland and I had the duty of the First Division; Sir Robert and Hamilton being both laid up. Dined at Granton and met Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Sir John Hope, etc. I have spelled out some work this day, though I have been rather knocked about.

May 16.—After the Court this day I went to vote at the Archers' Hall, where some of the members had become restive. They were outvoted two to one. There had been no division in the Royal Body Guard since its commencement, but these times make divisions everywhere. A letter from Lockhart brings better news of Walter, but my heart is heavy on the subject. I went on with my History, however, for the point in this world is to do what we ought, and bear what we must.

[1] *The Bee Preserver*, or *Practical Directions for the Management and Preservation of Hives.* Translated from the French of J. De Gelieu. 1829.

[2] "An oak tree which grows by the side of a fine spring near the Castle of Dalhousie; very much observed by the country people, who give out that before any of the family died a branch fell from the Edgewell Tree. The old tree some few years ago fell altogether, but another sprang from the same root, which is now [1720] tall and flourishing; ana lang be it sae."—Allan Ramsay's *Works*, vol. i. p. 329: "Stocks in 1720." 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1800.

The tree is still flourishing [1889], and the belief in its sympathy with the family is not yet extinct, as an old forester, on seeing a large branch fall from it on a quiet still day in July, 1874, exclaimed, "The laird's deed noo!" and accordingly news came soon after that Fox Maule, 11th Earl of Dalhousie, had died.

[3] The Coalstoun Pear was removed from Dalhousie to Coalstoun House in 1861.

[4] *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 4.

Dined at home and wrote in the evening.

May 17.—I never stirred from my seat all this day. My reflections, as suggested by Walter's illness, were highly uncomfortable; and to divert it I wrought the whole day, save when I was obliged to stop and lean my head on my hand. Real affliction, however, has something in it by which it is sanctified. It is a weight which, however oppressive, may like a bar of iron be conveniently disposed on the sufferer's person. But the insubstantiality of a hypochondriac affection is one of its greatest torments. You have a huge featherbed on your shoulders, which rather encumbers and oppresses you than calls forth strength and exertion to bear it. There is something like madness in that opinion, and yet it has a touch of reality. Heaven help me!

May 18.—I resolved to take exercise to-day, so only wrought till twelve. I sent off some sheets and copy to Dr. Lardner. I find my written page goes as better than one to two of his print, so a little more than one hundred and ninety of my writing will make up the sum wanted. I sent him off as far as page sixty-two. Went to Mr. Colvin Smith's at one, and sat for my picture to three. There must be an end of this sitting. It devours my time.

I wrote in the evening to Walter, James MacCulloch, to Dr. Lardner, and others, and settled some other correspondence.

May 19.—I went to the Court, and abode there till about one, and in the Library from one to two, when I was forced to attend a public meeting about the King's statue. I have no turn for these committees, and yet I get always jamm'd into them. They take up a cruel deal of time in a way very unsatisfactory. Dined at home, and wrought hard. I shall be through the Bruce's reign. It is lengthy; but, hang it, it was our only halcyon period. I shall be soon done with one-half of the thousand pound's worth.

May 20.—Mr. Cadell breakfasted with us, with a youngster for whom he wants a letter to the Commander or Governor of Bombay. After breakfast C. and I had some talk of business. His tidings, like those of ancient Pistol, are of Africa and golden joys. He is sure of selling at the starting 8000 copies of the *Magnum*, at a profit of £70 per 1000—that is, per month. This seems certain. But he thinks the sale will rise to 12,000, which will be £280 more, or £840 in all. This will tell out a gross divisible profit of upwards of £25,000. This is not unlikely, but after this comes a series of twenty volumes at least, which produce only half that quantity indeed; but then the whole profits, save commissions, are the author's. That will come to as much as the former, say £50,000 in all. This supposes I carry on the works of fiction for two or three novels more. But besides all this, Cadell entertains a plan of selling a cheaper edition by numbers and numbermen, on which he gives half the selling price. One man, Mr. Ireland, offers to take 10,000 copies of the *Magnum* and talks of 25,000. This allows a profit of £50 per thousand copies,

not much worse than the larger copy, and Cadell thinks to carry on both. I doubt this. I have great apprehension that these interlopers would disgust the regular trade, with whom we are already deeply engaged. I also foresee selling the worst copies at the higher price. All this must be thought and cared for. In the meantime, I see a fund, from which large payments may be made to the Trustees, capable of extinguishing the debt, large as it is, in ten years or earlier, and leaving a reversion to my family of the copyrights. Sweet bodements[1]—good—but we must not reckon our chickens before they are hatched, though they are chipping the shell now. We will see how the stream takes.

Dined at a public dinner given to the excellent Lord Dalhousie before his departure for India. An odd way of testifying respect to public characters, by eating, drinking, and roaring. The names, however, will make a good show in the papers. Home at ten. Good news from Sophia and Walter. I am zealous for the Mediterranean when the season comes, which may be the beginning of September.

May 21.—This is only the 23d on which I write, yet I have forgotten anything that has passed on the 21st worthy of note. I wrote a good deal, I know, and dined at home. The step of time is noiseless as it passes over an old man. The *non est tanti* mingles itself with everything.

May 22.—I was detained long in the Court, though Ham. had returned to his labour. We dined with Captain Basil Hall, and met a Mr. Codman, or some such name, with his lady from Boston. The last a pleasant and well-mannered woman, the husband Bostonian enough. We had Sir William Arbuthnot, besides, and his lady.

By-the-bye, I should have remembered that I called on my old friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and found her in her usual good-humour, though miffed a little—I suspect at the history of Gillespie Grumach in the *Legend of Montrose*. I saw Haining also, looking thin and pale. These should have gone to the memorandum of yesterday.

May 23.—Went to-day to call on the Commissioner,[2] and saw, at his Grace's Levee, the celebrated divine, *soi-disant* prophet, Irving.[3] He is a fine-looking man (bating a diabolical squint), with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His dress, and the arrangement of his hair, indicated that much attention had been bestowed on his externals, and led me to suspect a degree of self-conceit, consistent both with genius and insanity.

Came home by Cadell's, who persists in his visions of El Dorado. He insists that I will probably bring £60,000 within six years to rub off all Constable's debts, which that sum will do with a vengeance.

[1] *Macbeth*. Act IV. Sc. 1.

[2] Lord Forbes was at this time His Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland: he had been appointed in 1826.

[3] Rev. Edward Irving, minister of the Scottish Church in London, was deposed March, 1833, and died Dec. 1834, aged forty-two.

Cadell talks of offering for the Poetry to Longman. I fear they will not listen to him. The *Napoleon* he can command when he likes by purchasing their stock in hand. The lives of the Novelists may also be had. Pleasant schemes all these, but dangerous to build upon. Yet in looking at the powerful machine which we have put in motion, it must be owned "as broken ships have come to land."

Waited on the Commissioner at five o'clock, and had the pleasure to remain till eight, when the debate in the Assembly was over. The question which employed their eloquence was whether the celebrated Mr. Irving could sit there as a ruling elder.[1] It was settled, I think justly, that a divine, being of a different order of officers in the Kirk, cannot assume the character of a ruling elder, seeing he cannot discharge its duties.

Mr. Irving dined with us. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonise with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, and spoke much across the table to the Solicitor, and seemed to be good-humoured. But he spoke with that kind of unction which is nearly [allied] to cajolerie. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he wellnigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting.

May 24.—I wrote or *wrought* all the morning, yea, even to dinner-time. Miss Kerr, and Mrs. Skene, and Will Clerk dined. Skene came from the Commissioner's at seven o'clock. We had a merry evening. Clerk exults in the miscarriage of the Bill for the augmentation of the judges' salaries. He and the other clerks in the Jury Court had hoped to have had a share in the proposed measure, but the Court had considered it as being *nos poma natamus*. I kept our friends quiet by declining to move in a matter which was to expose us to the insult of a certain refusal. Clerk, with his usual felicity of quotation, said they should have remembered the Clown's exhortation to Lear, "Good nuncle, tarry and take the fool with you."[2]

May 25.—Wrote in the morning. Dr. Macintosh Mackay came to breakfast, and brought with him, to show me, the Young Chevalier's target, purse, and snuff-box, the property of Cluny MacPherson. The pistols are for holsters, and no way remarkable; a good serviceable pair of weapons silver mounted. The targe is very handsome indeed, studded with ornaments of silver, chiefly emblematic, chosen with much taste of device and happily executed. There is a con-

[1] That is as a lay-member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

[2] *Lear*, Act I. Sc. 4.

trast betwixt the shield and purse, the targe being large and heavy, the purse, though very handsome, unusually small and light. After one o'clock I saw the Duke and Duchess of Gordon; then went to Mr. Smith's to finish a painting for the last time. The Duchess called with a Swiss lady, to introduce me to her friend, while I was doing penance. I was heartily glad to see her Grace once more. Called in at Cadell's. His orders continue so thick that he must postpone the delivery for several days, to get new engravings thrown off, etc. *Vogue la galère!* From all that now appears, I shall be much better off in two or three years than if my misfortunes had never taken place. *Periissem ni periissem.*

Dined at a dinner given by the Antiquarian Society to Mr. Hay Drummond, Secretary to the Society, now going Consul to Tangiers. It was an excellent dinner—turtle, champagne, and all the *agrémens* of a capital meal, for £1, 6s. a-head. How Barry managed I can't say. The object of this compliment spoke and drank wine incessantly; good-naturedly delighted with the compliment, which he repeatedly assured me he valued more than a hundred pounds. I take it that after my departure, which was early, it would be necessary to "carry Mr. Silence to bed." [1]

May 26.—The business at the Court heavy. Dined at Gala's, and had the pleasure to see him in amended health. Sir John and Lady Hope were there, and the evening was lively and pleasant. George Square is always a melancholy place for me. I was dining next door to my father's former house.[2]

May 27.—I got up the additional notes for the *Waverley Novels*. They seem to be setting sail with a favourable wind. I had to-day a most kind and friendly letter from the Duke of Wellington, which is a thing to be vain of. He is a most wonderful man to have climbed to such a height without ever slipping his foot. Who would have said in 1815 that the Duke would stand still higher in 1829, and yet it indubitably is so. We dined with Lady Charlotte Campbell, now Lady Charlotte Bury, and her husband, who is an egregious fop but a fine draughtsman. Here is another day gone without work in the evening.

May 28.—The Court as usual till one o'clock. But I forgot to say Mr. Mackintosh Mackay breakfasted, and inspected my curious Irish MS., which Dr. Brinkley gave me.[3] Mr. Mackay, I should say Doctor, who well deserved the name, reads it with tolerable ease, so I hope to knock the marrow out of the bone with his assistance. I came home and despatched proof-sheets and revises for Dr. Lardner. I saw kind John Gibson, and made him happy with the fair prospects

[1] 2*d Henry IV.*, Act v. Sc. 3.

[2] No. 25.

[3] The manuscript referred to is now at Abbotsford. It is a small quarto of 8¼ × 6¼ inches, bound in old mottled leather, and consisting of 251 leaves of paper, written on both sides in the Irish character, apparently in the reign of James VI. It bears the following inscription in Sir Walter's hand:—"The kind donor of this book is the Right Rev. Bishop of Cloyne, famed for his skill in science, and especially as an astronomer." For contents of vol. see Appendix. Dr. John Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, was Astronomer Royal for Ireland.

of the *Magnum*. He quite agrees in my views. A young clergyman, named M'Combie, from Aberdeenshire, also called to-day. I have had some consideration about the renewal or re-translation of the Psalmody. I had peculiar views adverse to such an undertaking.[1] In the first place, it would be highly unpopular with the lower and more ignorant rank, many of whom have no idea of the change which those spiritual poems have suffered in translation, but consider their old translations as the very songs which David composed. At any rate, the lower class think that our fathers were holier and better men than we, and that to abandon their old hymns of devotion, in order to grace them with newer and more modish expression, would be a kind of sacrilege. Even the best informed, who think on the subject, must be of opinion that even the somewhat bald and rude language and versification of the Psalmody gives them an antique and venerable air, and their want of the popular graces of modish poetry shows they belong to a style where ornaments are not required. They contain, besides, the very words which were spoken and sung by the fathers of the Reformation, sometimes in the wilderness, sometimes in fetters, sometimes at the stake. If a Church possessed the vessels out of which the original Reformers partook of the Eucharist, it would be surely bad taste to melt them down and exchange them for more modern. No, no. Let them write hymns and paraphrases if they will, but let us have still

"All people that on earth do dwell!"[2]

Law and devotion must lose some of their dignity as often as they adopt new fashions.

May 30.—The Skenes came in to supper last night. Dr. Scott of Haslar Hospital came to breakfast. He is a nephew of Scott of Scalloway, who is one of the largest proprietors in Shetland. I have an agreeable recollection of the kindness and hospitality of these remote isles, and of this gentleman's connections in particular, who welcomed me both as a stranger and a Scott, being duly tenacious of their clan. This young gentleman is high in the medical department of the navy. He tells me that the Ultima Thule is improving rapidly. The old clumsy plough is laid aside. They have built several stout sloops to go to the deep-sea fishing, instead of going thither in

[1] See letter to Principal Baird, *ante*, p. 270 *n*.

[2] The first line of the Scottish metrical version of the hundredth Psalm. Mr. Lockhart tells us, in his affecting account of Sir Walter's illness, that his love for the old metrical version of the Psalms continued unabated to the end. A story has been told, on the authority of the nurse in attendance, that on the morning of the day on which he died, viz., on the 21st Sept. 1832, he opened his eyes once more, quite conscious, and calmly asked her to read to him a psalm. She proceeded to do so, when he gently interposed, saying, "No! no! the Scotch Psalms." After reading to him a little while, he expressed a wish to be moved nearer the window, through which he looked long and earnestly up and down the valley and towards the sky, and then on the woman's face, saying: "*I'll know it all before night.*" This story will find some confirmation from the entry in the Journal under September 24, 1830: "I think *I will be in the secret next week*, unless I recruit greatly."

open boats, which consumed so much time between the shore and the haaf or fishing spot. Pity but they would use a steam-boat to tow them out! I have a real wish to hear of Zetland's advantage. I often think of its long isles, its towering precipices, its capes covered with sea-fowl of every class and description that ornithology can find names for, its deep caves, its smoked geese, and its sour sillocks. I would like to see it again. After the Court I came round by Cadell, who is like Jemmy Taylor,

"Full of mirth and full of glee,"

for which he has good reason, having raised the impression of the *Magnum* to 12,000 copies, and yet the end is not, for the only puzzle now is how to satisfy the delivery fast enough.[1]

May 31.—We dined at Craigcrook with Jeffrey. It is a most beautiful place, tastefully planted with shrubs and trees, and so sequestered, that after turning into the little avenue, all symptoms of the town are left behind you. He positively gives up the *Edinburgh Review*.[2] A very pleasant evening. Rather a glass of wine too much, for I was heated during the night. Very good news of Walter.

[1] In a letter to his son at this time he says the "sale of the Novels is pro-di-gi-ous. If it last but a few years it will clear my feet of old encumbrances."—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 32.

[2] Jeffrey, who had just retired from the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, was succeeded by Macvey Napier, whose first No. was published in October, 1829.

JUNE

June 1.—Being Sunday I remained to work the whole day, and finished half of the proposed volume of History. I was not disturbed the whole day, a thing rather unusual.

June 2.—Received Mr. Rees of London and Col. Ferguson to breakfast. Mr. Rees is clearly of opinion our scheme (the *Magnum*) must answer.[1] I got to letter-writing after breakfast, and cleared off old scores in some degree. Dr. Ross called and would hardly hear of my going out. I was obliged, however, to attend the meeting of the trustees for the Theatre.[2] The question to be decided was, whether we should embrace an option left to us of taking the old Theatre at a valuation, or whether we should leave it to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Murray to make the best of it. There were present Sir Patrick Murray, Baron Hume, Lord Provost, Sir John Hay, Mr. Gilbert Innes, and myself. We were all of opinion that personally we ought to have nothing to do with it. But I thought as trustees for the public, we were bound to let the public know how the matter stood, and that they might, if they pleased, have the theatrical property for £16,000, which is dog cheap. They were all clear to give it up (the right of reversion) to Mrs. Siddons. I am glad she should have it, for she is an excellent person, and so is her brother. But I think it has been a little jobbish. There is a clause providing the new patentees may redeem. I desired that the circumstance should be noted, that we were only exercising our own judgment, leaving the future trustees to exercise theirs. I rather insisted that there should be some saving clause of this kind, even for the sake of our honour. But I could not prevail upon my colleagues to put such a saving clause on the minutes, though they agreed to the possibility of the new patentees redeeming on behalf of the public. I do not think we have done right.

I called on Mr. Cadell, whose reports of the *Magnum* might fill up the dreams of Alnaschar should he sleep as long as the seven sleepers. The rest was labour and letters till bed-time.

June 3.—The ugly symptoms still continue. Dr. Ross does not make much of it, and I think he is apt to look grave.[3] I wrote in

[1] The first volume had just been issued with a dedication to the King. The series was completed in 48 vols., published at the beginning of each month, between 1829–33, and the circulation went on increasing until it reached 35,000 monthly.

[2] Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, which stood at that time in Shakespeare Square, the site of the present General Post-Office.

[3] Mr. Lockhart remarks that, besides the usual allowance of rheumatism, and other lesser ailments, Sir Walter had an attack that

the morning. Dr. Macintosh Mackay came to breakfast, and brought a Gaelic book, which he has published—the Poetry of Rob Donn—some of which seems pretty as he explained it. Court kept me till near two, and then home comes I. Afternoon and evening was spent as usual. In the evening Dr. Ross ordered me to be cupped, an operation which I only knew from its being practised by that eminent medical practitioner the barber of Bagdad. It is not painful; and, I think, resembles a giant twisting about your flesh between his finger and thumb.

June 4.—I was obliged to absent myself from the Court on Dr. Ross's positive instance; and, what is worse, I was compelled to send an apology to Hopetoun House, where I expected to see Madame Caradori, who was to sing Jock of Hazeldean. I wrote the song for Sophia; and I find my friends here still prefer her to the foreign syren.

> "However, Madame Caradori,
> To miss you I am very sorry,
> I should have taken it for glory
> To have heard you sing my Border story."

I worked at the *Tales of my Grandfather*, but leisurely.

June 5.—Cadell came to dine with me *tête-à-tête*, for the girls are gone to Hopetoun House. We had ample matter to converse upon, for his horn was full of good news. While we were at dinner we had letters from London and Ireland, which decided him to raise the impression of *Waverley* to 15,000. This, with 10,000 on the number line which Ireland is willing to take, will make £18,000 a year of divisible profit. This leads to a further speculation, as I said, of great importance. Longman & Co. have agreed to sell their stock on hand of the Poetry, in which they have certain shares, their shares included, for £8000. Cadell thinks he could, by selling off at cheap rates, sorting, making waste, etc., get rid of the stock for about £5000, leaving £3000 for the purchase of the copyrights, and proposes to close the bargain as much cheaper as he can, but at all events to close it. Whatever shall fall short of the price returned by the stock, the sale of which shall be entirely at his risk, shall be reckoned as the price of the copyright, and we shall pay half of that balance. I had no hesitation in authorising him to proceed in his bargain with Owen Rees of Longman's house upon that principle. For supposing, according to Cadell's present idea, the loss on the stock shall amount to £2000 or £3000, the possession of the entire copyright undivided would enable us, calculating upon similar success to that of the Novels, to make at least £500 per cent. Longman & Co. have indeed an excellent bargain, but then so will we. We pay dear indeed for what

season of a nature which gave his family great alarm, and which for some days he himself regarded with the darkest prognostications. After some weeks, during which he complained of headache and nervous irritation, certain hæmorrhages indicated the sort of relief required, and he obtained it from copious cupping.—*Life*, vol. ix. p. 327–8.

the ostensible subject of sale is, but if it sets free almost the whole of our copyrights, and places them in our own hands, we get a most valuable *quid pro quo*. There is only one-fourth, I think, of *Marmion* in Mr. Murray's hands, and it must be the deuce if that cannot be [secured].[1] Mr. Cadell proposed that, as he took the whole books on his risk, he ought to have compensation, and that it should consist in the sum to be given to me for arranging and making additions to the volumes of Poetry thus to be republished. I objected to this, for in the first place he may suffer no loss, for the books may go off more rapidly than he thinks or expects. In the second place, I do not know what my labours in the Poetry may be. In either case it is a blind bargain; but if he should be a sufferer beyond the clear half of the loss, which we agree to share with him, I agreed to make him some compensation, and he is willing to take what I shall think just; so stands our bargain. Remained at home and wrote about four pages of *Tales*. I should have done more, but my head, as Squire Sullen says, "aiked consumedly."[2] Rees has given Cadell a written offer to be binding till the twelfth; meantime I have written to Lockhart to ask John Murray if he will treat for the fourth share of *Marmion*, which he possesses. It can be worth but little to him, and gives us all the copyrights. I have a letter from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, touching a manuscript of Messrs. Hay Allan called the *Vestiarium Scotiæ* by a Sir Richard Forrester. If it is an imposition it is cleverly done, but I doubt the quarter it comes from. These Hay Allans are men of warm imaginations. It makes the strange averment that all the Low-Country gentlemen and border clans wore tartan, and gives sets of them all. I must see the manuscript before I believe in it. The Allans are singular men, of much accomplishment but little probity—that is, in antiquarian matters. Cadell lent me £10, —funny enough, after all our grand expectations, for Croesus to want such a gratility!

June 7.—I rose at seven, and wrote to Sir Thomas Lauder a long warning on the subject of these Allans and their manuscript.[3] Pro-

[1] See *infra*, p. 472.

[2] *The Beaux's Stratagem*, Farquhar.

[3] Through the courtesy of Miss Dick Lauder I am enabled to give the letter referred to:—

"MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I received your kind letter and interesting communication yesterday, and hasten to reply. I am ashamed of the limited hospitality I was able to offer Mr. Lauder, but circumstances permitted me no more. I was much pleased with his lively and intelligent manners, and hope he will live to be a comfort and a credit to Lady Lauder and you.

"I need not say I have the greatest interest in the MS. which you mention. In case it shall really prove an authentic document, there would not be the least difficulty in getting the Bannatyne Club to take, perhaps, 100 copies, or obtaining support enough so as, at the least, to preclude the possibility of loss to the ingenious Messrs. Hay Allan. But I think it indispensable that the original MS. should be sent for a month or so to the Register House under the charge of the Deputy Register, Mr. Thomson, that its antiquity be closely scrutinised by competent persons. The art of imitating ancient writing has got to a considerable perfection, and it has been the bane of Scottish literature, and disgrace of her antiquities, that we have manifested an eager propensity to believe without inquiry and propagate the errors which we adopt too hastily ourselves. The general proposition that the Lowlanders ever wore plaids is difficult to swallow. They were of twenty different races, and almost all distinctly different from the Scots Irish, who are the proper Scots, from which the Royal Family are descended. For instance, there is scarce a great family in the Lowlands of Scotland that is not to be traced to the Normans, the proudest as well as most civilised

ceeded to write, but found myself pulled up by the necessity of reading a little. This occupied my whole morning. The Lord President called very kindly to desire me to keep at home to-morrow. I thought of being out, but it may be as well not. I am somehow or other either listless or lazy. My head aches cruelly. I made a fight at reading and working till eleven, and then came sleep with a party-coloured [mantle] of fantastic hues, and wrapt me into an imaginary world.

June 8.—I wrote the whole morning till two o'clock. Then I went into the gardens of Princes Street, to my great exhilaration. I never felt better for a walk; also it is the first I have taken this whole week and more. I visited some remote garden grounds, where I had not been since I walked there with the good Samaritan Skene, sadly enough, at the time of my misfortunes.[1] The shrubs and young trees,

race in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Is it natural to think that holding the Scots in the contempt in which they did, they would have adopted their dress? If you will look at Bruce's speech to David I., as the historian Ælred tells the story, you will see he talks of the Scots as a British officer would do of Cherokees. Or take our country, the central and western part of the border: it was British, Welsh if you please, with the language and manners of that people who certainly wore no tartan. It is needless to prosecute this, though I could show, I think, that there is no period in Scottish History when the manners, language, or dress of the Highlanders were adopted in the Low Country. They brought them with them from Ireland, as you will see from the very curious prints in Derrick's picture of Ireland, where you see the chiefs and followers of the wild Irish in the ordinary Highland dress, *tempore* Queen Elizabeth. Besides this, where has slept this universal custom that nowhere, unless in this MS., is it even heard of? Lesley knew it not, though the work had been in his possession, and his attention must have been called to it when writing concerning the three races of Scots—Highlanders, Lowlanders, and Bordermen, and treating of their dress in particular. Andrew Borde knows nothing of it, nor the Frenchman who published the geographical work from which Pinkerton copied the prints of the Highlander and Lowlander, the former in a frieze plaid or mantle, while the Lowlander struts away in a cloak and trunk hose, liker his neighbour the Fleming. I will not state other objections, though so many occur, that the authenticity of the MS. being proved, I would rather suppose the author had been some tartan-weaver zealous for his craft, who wished to extend the use of tartan over the whole kingdom. I have been told, and believe till now, that the use of tartan was never general in Scotland (Lowlands) until the Union, when the detestation of that measure led it to be adopted as the national colour, and the ladies all affected tartan screens or mantles.

"Now, a word to your own private ear, my dear Sir Thomas. I have understood that the Messrs. Hay Allan are young men of talent, great accomplishments, enthusiasm for Scottish manners, and an exaggerating imagination, which possibly deceives even themselves. I myself saw one of these gentlemen wear the Badge of High Constable of Scotland, which he could have no more right to wear than the Crown. Davidoff used also to amuse us with stories of knighthoods and orders which he saw them wear at Sir William Cumming Gordon's. Now this is all very well, and I conceive people may fall into such dreaming habits easily enough, and be very agreeable and talented men in other respects, and may be very amusing companions in the country, but their authority as antiquaries must necessarily be a little apocryphal when the faith of MSS. rests upon their testimony. An old acquaintance of mine, Captain Watson of the navy, told me he knew these gentlemen's father, and had served with him; he was lieutenant, and of or about Captain Watson's age, between sixty I suppose, and seventy at present. Now what chance was there that either from age or situation he should be receiving gifts from the young Chevalier of Highland Manuscripts.

"All this, my dear Sir Thomas, you will make your own, but I cannot conceal from you my reasons, because I would wish you to know my real opinion. If it is an imitation, it is a very good one, but the title 'Liber Vestiarium' is false Latin I should think not likely to occur to a Scotsman of Buchanan's age. Did you look at the watermark of the MS.? If the Manuscript be of undeniable antiquity, I consider it as a great curiosity, and most worthy to be published. But I believe nothing else than ocular inspection will satisfy most cautious antiquaries. . . . —Yours, my dear Sir Thomas, always, WALTER SCOTT."

"EDINBURGH, 5 *June*, 1829."

The Messrs. Hay Allan subsequently took the names of John Sobieski Stuart (who assumed the title of Comte d'Albanie) and Charles Edward Stuart. John Sobieski died in 1872, and Charles Edward in 1880. The "original" of Sir Richard Forrester's manuscript was never submitted to the inspection of the Deputy Register, as suggested by Scott; but it was published in a very handsome shape a dozen years later, and furnished a text for an article in the *Quarterly*, in which the authenticity of the book, and the claims of the author and his brother, were unsparingly criticised by the late Professor Skene of Glasgow.—See "The Heirs of the Stuarts" in *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxii.

[1] *Ante*, pp. 57, 58.

which were then invisible, are now of good size, and gay with leaf and blossom. I, too, old trunk as I am, have put out tender buds of hope, which seemed checked for ever.

I may now look with fair hope to freeing myself of obligation from all men, and spending the rest of my life in ease and quiet. God make me thankful for so cheering a prospect!

June 9.—I wrote in the morning, set out for a walk at twelve o'clock as far as Mr. Cadell's. I found him hesitating about his views, and undecided about the Number plan. He thinks the first plan answers so much beyond expectation it is a pity to interfere with it, and talks of re-engraving the plates. This would be touchy, but nothing is resolved on.

Anne had a little party, where Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Hopetoun, and others met the Caradori, who sung to us very kindly. She sung Jock of Hazeldean very well, and with a peculiar expression of humour. Sandie Ballantyne kindly came and helped us with fiddle and flageolet. Willie Clerk was also here. We had a lunch, and were very gay, not the less so for the want of Mr. Bury, who is a thorough-paced coxcomb, with some accomplishments, however. I drank two glasses of champagne, which have muddled my brains for the day. Will Clerk promised to come back and dine on the wreck of the turkey and tongue, pigeon-pie, etc. He came, accordingly, and stayed till nine; so no time for work. It was not a lost day, however.[1]

June 10.—*Nota bene*, my complaint quite gone. I attended the Court, and sat there till late. Evening had its lot of labour, which is, I think, a second nature to me. It is astonishing how little I look

[1] There are so few of "Darsie Latimer's" letters preserved that the following may be given relating to the *Bride of Lammermoor*:—

"EDIN. *Sept.* 1, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I greet you well (which, by the way, is the proper mode of salutation in this cursed weather, that is enough to make us all greet). But to come to my proposal, which is to forward to you a communication I had within these few days from Sir Robert Horne Dalrymple Elphinstone.

"After expressing the great pleasure the perusal of your notes to the new edition of the Novels had given him, he adds: 'I wish you would give him a hint of what I formerly mentioned to you regarding my great-grandaunt and your own relative, the unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor. It was first mentioned to me by Miss Maitland, the daughter of Lady Rothes (they were the nearest neighbours of the Stair family in Wigtownshire), and I afterwards heard the tradition from others in that country. It was to the following effect, that when, after the noise and violent screaming in the bridal chamber, comparative stillness succeeded, and the door was forced, the window was found open, and it was supposed by many that the lover (Lord Rutherford) had, by the connivance of some of the servants, found means, during the bustle of the marriage feast, to secrete himself within the apartment, and that soon after the entry of the married pair, or at least as soon as the parents and others retreated and the door was made fast, he had come out from his concealment, attacked and desperately wounded the bridegroom, and then made his escape by the window through the garden. As the unfortunate bride never spoke after having uttered the words mentioned by Sir Walter, no light could be thrown on the matter by them. But it was thought that Bucklaw's obstinate silence on the subject favoured the supposition of the chastisement having been inflicted by his rival. It is but fair to give the unhappy victim (who was by all accounts a most gentle and feminine creature) the benefit of an explanation on a doubtful point.'

"So far my worthy friend, who seems a little jealous of the poor bride's reputation. I send you his note, and you can make what you like of it. I am intending a little jaunt to his country, and we mean to visit sundry old castles in Aberdeenshire, and wish you were of the party. I have heard nothing of Linton [cognomen for Sir Adam Ferguson] this summer. I hope you have been passing your time agreeably.—With best compliments to all friends, I remain, my dear Sir Walter, ever yours,

"WM. CLERK."

into a book of entertainment. I have been reading over the *Five Nights of St. Albans*,—very much *extra mœnia nostri mundi*, and possessed of considerable merit, though the author[1] loves to play at cherry-pit with Satan.[2]

June 11.—I was kept at Court by a hearing till near three. Then sat to Mr. Graham for an hour and a half. When I came home, behold a letter from Mr. Murray, very handsomely yielding up the fourth share of *Marmion*, which he possessed.[3] Afterwards we went to the theatre, where St. Ronan's Well was capitally acted by Murray and the Bailie,—the part of Clara Mowbray being heavy for want of Mrs. Siddons. Poor old Mrs. Renaud, once the celebrated Mrs. Powell, took leave of the stage. As I was going to bed at twelve at night, in came R. P. Gillies like a tobacco cask. I shook him off with some difficulty, pleading my having been lately ill, but he is to call to-morrow morning.

June 12.—Gillies made his appearance. I told him frankly I thought he conducted his affairs too irregularly for any one to assist him, and I could not in charity advise any one to encourage subscriptions, but that I should subscribe myself, so I made over to him about £50, which the *Foreign Review* owes me, and I will grow hard-hearted and do no more. I was not long in the Court, but I had to look at the controversy about the descent of the Douglas family, then I went to Cadell and found him still cock-a-hoop. He has raised the edition to 17,000, a monstrous number, yet he thinks it will clear the 20,000, but we must be quiet in case people jalouse the failure of the plates. I called on Lady J. S.[4] When I came home I was sleepy and over-walked. By the way, I sat till Graham finished my picture.[5] I fell fast asleep before dinner, and slept for an hour. After dinner I wrote to Walter, Charles, Lockhart, and John Murray, and took a screed of my novel; so concluded the evening idly enough.

June 13.—We hear of Sophia's motions. She is to set sail by steam-boat on the 16th, Tuesday, and Charles is to make a run down with her. But, alas! my poor Johnnie is, I fear, come to lay his bones in his native land. Sophia can no longer disguise it from herself, that as his strength weakens the disease increases. The poor child is so much bent on coming to see Abbotsford and grandpapa, that it would be cruel not to comply with his wish—and if affliction comes, we will bear it best together.

> "Not more the schoolboy who expires
> Far from his native home desires
> To see some friend's familiar face,
> Or meet a parent's last embrace."

[1] Written by William Mudford, born 1782, died 1848.

[2] *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 4.

[3] See *Life*, vol. ix. pp. 325–6.

[4] The last reference in the Journal to his old friend Lady Jane Stuart, who died on the following October.

[5] Now in the rooms of the Royal Society, Edinburgh.

It must be all as God wills it. Perhaps his native air may be of service.

More news from Cadell. He deems it necessary to carry up the edition to 20,000.

[*Abbotsford.*]—This day was fixed for a start to Abbotsford, where we arrived about six o'clock, evening. To my thinking, I never saw a prettier place; and even the trees and flowers seemed to say to me, We are your own again. But I must not let imagination jade me thus. It would be to make disappointment doubly bitter; and, God knows, I have in my child's family matter enough to check any exuberant joy.

June 14.—A delicious day—threatening rain; but with the languid and affecting manner in which beauty demands sympathy when about to weep. I wandered about the banks and braes all morning, and got home about three, and saw everything in tolerable order, excepting that there was a good number of branches left in the walks. There is a great number of trees cut, and bark collected. Colonel Ferguson dined with us, and spent the afternoon.

June 15.—Another charming day. Up and despatched packets for Ballantyne and Cadell; neither of them was furiously to the purpose, but I had a humour to be alert. I walked over to Huntly Burn, and round by Chiefswood and Janeswood, where I saw Captain Hamilton. He is busy finishing his Peninsular campaigns.[1] He will not be cut out by Napier, whose work has a strong party cast; and being, besides, purely abstract and professional, to the public seems very dull. I read General Miller's account of the South American War.[2] I liked it the better that Basil Hall brought the author to breakfast with me in Edinburgh. A fine, tall, military figure, his left hand withered like the prophet's gourd, and plenty of scars on him. There have been rare doings in that vast continent; but the strife is too distant, the country too unknown, to have the effect upon the imagination which European wars produce.

This evening I indulged in the *far niente*—a rare event with me, but which I enjoy proportionally.

June 16.—Made up parcel for Dr. Lardner; and now I propose to set forth my memoranda of Byron for Moore's acceptance, which ought in civility to have been done long since.[3] I will have a walk, however, in the first place.

[1] *Annals of the Peninsular War.* 3 vols. 8vo, 1829.

[2] *Memoirs of General Miller in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. 8vo, 1829.

[3] Mr. Lockhart had written on June 6:—"Moore is at my elbow and says he has not the face to bother you, but he has come exactly to the part where your reminiscences of Lord Byron would come in; so he is waiting for a week or so in case they should be forthcoming." And Moore himself had previously reminded Sir Walter of his promise.

"*April 25th*, 1829.

"MY DEAR SCOTT,—It goes to my heart to bother you, knowing how bravely and gloriously you are employed for that task-mistress—Posterity. But you may thank your stars that I have let you off so long. All that you promised me about Mrs. Gordon and Gicht, and a variety of other things, is remitted to you; but I positively *must* have something from you of your recollections personally of Byron—and that as soon as possible, for I am just coming to the period of your acquaintance with him,

I did not get on with Byron so far as I expected—began it though, and that is always something. I went to see the woods at Huntly Burn, and Mars Lea, etc. Met Captain Hamilton, who tells me a shocking thing. Two Messrs. Stirling of Drumpellier came here and dined one day, and seemed spirited young men. The younger is murdered by pirates. An Indian vessel in which he sailed was boarded by these miscreants, who behaved most brutally; and he, offering resistance I suppose, was shockingly mangled and flung into the sea. He was afterwards taken up alive, but died soon after. Such horrid accidents lie in wait for those whom we see "all joyous and unthinking,"[1] sweeping along the course of life; and what end may be waiting ourselves? Who can tell?

June 17.—Must take my leave of sweet Abbotsford, and my leisure hour, my eve of repose. To go to town will take up the morning.

[*Edinburgh.*]—We set out about eleven o'clock, got to Edinburgh about four, where I dined with Baron Clerk and a few Exchequer friends—Lord Chief Baron, Sir Patrick Murray, Sir Henry Jardine, etc., etc.

June 18.—Corrected proofs for Dr. Dionysius Lardner. Cadell came to breakfast. Poor fellow, he looks like one who had been overworked; and the difficulty of keeping paper-makers up to printers, printers up to draughtsmen, artists to engravers, and the whole party to time, requires the utmost exertion. He has actually ordered new plates, although the steel ones which we employ are supposed to throw off 30,000 without injury. But I doubt something of this. Well, since they will buckle fortune on our back we must bear it scholarly and wisely.[2] I went to Court. Called on my return on J. B. and Cadell. At home I set to correct *Ivanhoe*. I had twenty other things more pressing; but, after all, these novels deserve a prefer-

which was, I think, in the year 1814. Tell me all the particulars of the presents you exchanged, and if his letters to you are really *all* lost (which I will still hope is not the case); try, as much as possible, with your memory

'To lure the tassel gentiles back again.'

"You will have seen by the newspapers the sad loss my little circle of home has experienced, a loss never to be made up to us in this world, whatever it may be the will of God in another. Mrs. Moore's own health is much broken, and she is about to try what Cheltenham can do for her, while I proceed to finish my printing in town. It would be far better for me to remain in my present quiet retreat, where I am working quite alone, but the devils beckon me nearer them, and I must begin in a few days. Direct to me, under cover to Croker—you see I take for granted you will have a packet to send—and he will always know where to find me.

"My kindest remembrances to Miss Scott, and believe me ever, my very dear friend, your truly and affectionate, THOS. MOORE."

The "memoranda" were not acknowledged by Moore till Oct. 31, when he wrote Scott as follows:—

"MY DEAR SCOTT,—I ought to blush 'terrestrial rosy-red, shame's proper hue' for not sooner acknowledging your precious notes about Byron. One conclusion, however, you might have drawn from my silence, namely, that I was satisfied, and had all that I asked for. Your few pages indeed will be the best ornament of my book. Murray wished me to write to you (immediately on receipt of the last MS. you sent me) to press your asking Hobhouse for the letter of your own (in 1812) that produced Byron's reply. But I was doubtful whether you would like to authorise the publication of this letter, and besides it would be now too late, as the devils are in full hue and cry after my heels.

"Health and prosperity to you, my dear friend, and believe me, ever yours most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

[1] Burns.

[2] *Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 3.

ence. Poor Terry is totally prostrated by a paralytic affection. Continuance of existence not to be wished for.

To-morrow I expect Sophia and her family by steam.

June 19.—Sophia, and Charles, who acted as her escort, arrived at nine o'clock morning, fresh from the steamboat. They were in excellent health—also the little boy and girl; but poor Johnnie seems very much changed indeed, and I should not be surprised if the scene shortly closes. There is obviously a great alteration in strength and features. At dinner we had our family chat on a scale that I had not enjoyed for many years. The Skenes supped with us.

June 20.—Corrected proof-sheets in the morning for Dr. Lardner. Then I had the duty of the Court to perform.

As I came home I recommended young Shortreed to Mr. Cadell for a printing job now and then when Ballantyne is over-loaded, which Mr. Cadell promised accordingly.

Lady Anna Maria Elliot's company at dinner. Helped on our family party, and passed the evening pleasantly enough, my anxiety considering.

June 21.—A very wet Sunday. I employed it to good purpose, bestowing much labour on the History, ten pages of which are now finished. Were it not for the precarious health of poor Johnnie I would be most happy in this reunion with my family, but, poor child, this is a terrible drawback.

June 22—I keep working, though interruptedly. But the heat in the midst of the day makes me flag and grow irresistibly drowsy. Mr. and Mrs. Skene came to supper this evening. Skene has engaged himself in drawing illustrations to be etched by himself for *Waverley*. I wish it may do.[1]

June 23.—I was detained in the Court till half-past [three]. Captain William Lockhart dined with Skene. The Captain's kind nature had brought him to Edinburgh to meet his sister-in-law.

June 24.—I was detained late in the Court, but still had time to

[1] Mr. Skene at this time was engaged upon a series of etchings, regarding which he had several letters from Sir Walter, one of which may be given here:—

"MY DEAR SKENE,— I enclose you Basil Hall's letter, which is very interesting to me; but I would rather decline fixing the attention of the public further on my old friend George Constable. You know the modern rage for publication, and it might serve some newsman's purpose by publishing something about my old friend, who was an humourist, which may be unpleasing to his friends and surviving relations.

"I did not think on Craignethan in writing about Tillietudlem, and I believe it differs in several respects from my Chateau en Espagne. It is not on the Clyde in particular, and, if I recollect, the view is limited and wooded. But that can be no objection to adopting it as that which public taste has adopted as coming nearest to the ideal of the place. Of the places in the *Black Dwarf*, Meiklestane Moor, Ellislie, Earnscliffe, are all and each *vox et praeterea nihil*. Westburnflat once was a real spot, now there is no subject for the pencil. The vestiges of a tower at the junction of two wild brooks with a rude hillside, are all that are subjects for the pencil, and they are very poor ones. Earnscliffe and Ganderscleuch are also visions.

"I hope your work is afloat* and sailing bobbishly. I have not heard of or seen it.

"*Rob Roy* has some good and real subjects, as the pass at Loch Ard, the beautiful fall at Ledeard, near the head of the lake. Let me know all you desire to be informed without fear of bothering. Kindest compliments to Mrs. Skene and the young folks. —Always yours entirely, WALTER SCOTT."

* Twenty numbers of this work were published in 1828 and 1829 under the title of "A Series of Sketches of the existing Localities alluded to in the Waverley Novels," etched from original drawings by James Skene, Esq.

go with Adam Wilson and call upon a gentlemanlike East Indian officer, called Colonel Francklin, who appears an intelligent and respectable man. He writes the History of Captain Thomas,[1] a person of the condition of a common seaman, who raised himself to the rank of a native prince, and for some time waged a successful war with the powers around him. The work must be entertaining.

June 25.—Finished correcting proofs for Tales, 3d Series. The Court was over soon, but I was much exhausted. On the return home quite sleepy and past work. I looked in on Cadell, whose hand is in his housewife's cap, driving and pushing to get all the works forward in due order, and cursing the delays of artists and engravers. I own I wish we had not hampered ourselves with such causes of delay.

June 26.—Mr. Ellis, missionary from the South Sea Islands, breakfasted, introduced by Mr. Fletcher, minister of the parish of Stepney.

Mr. Ellis's account of the progress of civilisation, as connected with religion, is very interesting. Knowledge of every kind is diffused—reading, writing, printing, abundantly common. Polygamy abolished. Idolatry is put down; the priests, won over by the chiefs, dividing among them the consecrated lands which belonged to their temples. Great part of the population are still without religion, but willing to be instructed. Wars are become infrequent; and there is in each state a sort of representative body, or senate, who are a check on the despotism of the chief. All this has come hand in hand with religion. Mr. Ellis tells me that the missionaries of different sects avoided carefully letting the natives know that there were points of disunion between them. Not so some Jesuits who had lately arrived, and who taught their own ritual as the only true one. Mr. Ellis described their poetry to me, and gave some examples; it had an Ossianic character, and was composed of metaphor. He gave me a small collection of hymns printed in the islands. If this gentleman is sincere, which I have no doubt of, he is an illustrious character. He was just about to return to the Friendly Islands, having come here for his wife's health.

[*Blairadam.*]—After the Court we set off (the two Thomsons and I) for Blair Adam, where we held our Macduff Club for the twelfth anniversary. We met the Chief Baron, Lord Sydney Osborne, Will Clerk, the merry knight Sir Adam Ferguson, with our venerable host the Lord Chief Commissioner, and merry men were we.

June 27.—I ought not, where merry men convene, to omit our jovial son of Neptune, Admiral Adam. The morning proving delightful, we set out for the object of the day, which was Falkland. We passed through Lochore, but without stopping, and saw on the road

[1] A copy of this rather rare book is still in the Abbotsford Library. Its title is "Colonel Wm. Francklin's Military Memoirs of George Thomas, who by extraordinary talents and enterprise rose from an obscure situation to the rank of General in the service of the Native Powers in the N. W. of India." 4to, Calcutta, 1803.

eastward, two or three places, as Balbedie, Strathendry, and some others known to me by name. Also we went through the town of Leslie, and saw what remains of the celebrated rendezvous of rustic gallantry called Christ's Kirk on the Green.[1] It is now cut up with houses, one of the most hideous of which is a new church, having the very worst and most offensive kind of Venetian windows. This, I am told, has replaced a quiet lowly little Gothic building, coeval, perhaps, with the royal poet who celebrated the spot. Next we went to Falkland, where we found Mr. Howden, factor of Mr. Tyndall Bruce, waiting to show us the palace.

Falkland has most interesting remains. A double entrance-tower, and a side building running east from it, is roofed, and in some degree habitable; a corresponding building running northward from the eastern corner is totally ruinous, having been destroyed by fire. The architecture is highly ornamented, in the style of the Palace at Stirling. Niches with statues, with projections, cornices, etc., are lavished throughout. Many cornice medallions exhibited such heads as those procured from the King's room at Stirling, the originals, perhaps, being the same. The repeated cypher of James v. and Mary of Guise attest the builder of this part of the palace. When complete it had been a quadrangle. There is as much of it as remained when Slezer published his drawings. Some part of the interior has been made what is called habitable, that is, a half-dozen of bad rooms have been gotten out of it. Am clear in my own mind a ruin should be protected, but never repaired. The proprietor has a beautiful place called Nuthill, within ten minutes' walk of Falkland, and commanding some fine views of it and of the Lomond Hill. This should be the residence. But Mr. Bruce and his predecessor, my old professor, John Bruce,[2] deserve great credit for their attention to prevent dilapidation, which was doing its work fast upon the ancient palace. The only remarkable apartment was a large and well-proportioned gallery with a painted roof—*tempore Jacobi Sexti*—and built after his succession to the throne of England. I noticed a curious thing,—a hollow column concealed the rope which rung the Castle bell, keeping it safe from injury and interruption.

The town of Falkland is old, with very narrow streets. The arrival of two carriages and a gig was an event important enough to turn out the whole population. They are said to be less industrious, more dissipated, and readier to become soldiers than their neighbours. So long a court retains its influence!

[1] The poem of this name is attributed to King James I. of Scotland, but Dr. Irving in his *History of Scottish Poetry* says the earliest edition known to him dates only from 1663.

[2] Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh from 1775 till 1792, when he resigned his chair and became Keeper of the State Paper Office, and Historiographer to the East India Company in London. He wrote several elaborate and valuable reports for the Government, which, though printed, were never published; among others, one in 1799, in 2 vols. 8vo, "On the Union between England and Scotland: its causes, effects, and influence of Great Britain in Europe." In the previous year he also prepared another on the arrangements made for repelling the Armada, and their application to the crisis of 1798. This able man returned to Scotland, and died in Falkland about two years before Scott visited the place.

We dined at Wellfield with my friend George Cheape, with whom I rode in the cavalry some thirty years ago. Much mirth and good wine made us return in capital tune. The Chief Baron and Admiral Adam did not go on this trip. When we returned it was time to go to bed by a candle.

June 28.—Being Sunday, we lounged about in the neighbourhood of the crags called Kiery Craigs, etc. The Sheriff-substitute of Kinross came to dinner, and brought a gold signet[1] which had been found in that town. It was very neat work, about the size of a shilling. It bore in a shield the arms of Scotland and England, *parti per pale*, those of Scotland occupying the dexter side. The shield is of the heater or triangular shape. There is no crown nor legend of any kind; a slip of gold folds upwards on the back of the hinge, and makes the handle neatly enough. It is too well wrought for David II.'s time, and James IV. is the only monarch of the Scottish line who, marrying a daughter of England, may carry the arms of both countries *parti per pale*. Mr. Skelton is the name of the present possessor.

Two reported discoveries. One, that the blaeberry shrub contains the tanning quality as four to one compared to the oak—which may be of great importance, as it grows so commonly on our moors.

The other, that the cutting of an apple-tree, or other fruit-tree, may be preserved by sticking it into a potato and planting both together. Curious, if true.

June 29 [*Edinburgh*].—We dined together at Blair-Adam, having walked in the woods in the morning, and seen a beautiful new walk made through the woody hill behind the house. In a fine evening, after an early dinner, our party returned to Edinburgh, and there each dispersed to his several home and resting-place. I had the pleasure of finding my family all well, except Johnnie.

June 30.—After my short sniff of country air, here am I again at the receipt of custom. The sale with Longman & Co., for stock and copyrights of my [Poetical] Works, is completed, for £7000, at dates from twelve to thirty-six months. There are many sets out of which we may be able to clear the money, and then we shall make something to clear the copyright. I am sure this may be done, and that the bargain will prove a good one in the long run.

Dined at home with my family, whom, as they disperse to-morrow, I have dedicated the evening to.

[1] An account of the finding of this seal (which was thought to be that of Joan of Beaufort, wife of James I.) at Kinross, in April, 1829, is given in the *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 420.

JULY

July 1. — This morning wrote letters and sent them off by Charles. It was Teind Wednesday, so I was at home to witness the departure of my family, which was depressing, My two daughters, with the poor boy Johnnie, went off at ten o'clock, my son Charles, with my niece, about twelve. The house, filled with a little bustle attendant on such a removal, then became silent as the grave. The voices of the children, which had lately been so clamorous with their joyous shouts, are now hushed and still. A blank of this kind is somewhat depressing, and I find it impossible to resume my general tone of spirits. A lethargy has crept on me which no efforts can dispel; and as the day is rainy, I cannot take exercise. I have read therefore the whole morning, and have endeavoured to collect ideas instead of expending them. I have not been very successful. In short, *diem perdidi.*

Localities at Blair-Adam:—

> Lochornie and Lochornie Moss,
> The Loutingstane and Dodgell's Cross,
> Craigen Cat and Craigen Crow,
> Craiggaveral, the King's Cross, and Dunglow.

July 2.—I made up for my deficiencies yesterday, and besides attending the Court wrote five close pages, which I think is very near double task. I was alone the whole day and without interruption. I have little doubt I will make my solitude tell upon my labours, especially since they promise to prove so efficient. I was so languid yesterday that I did not record that J. Ballantyne, his brother Sandy, and Mr. Cadell dined here on a beef-steak, and smoked a cigar, and took a view of our El Dorado.

July 3.—Laboured at Court, where I was kept late, and wrought on my return home, finishing about five pages. I had the great pleasure to learn that the party with the infantry got safe to Abbotsford.

July 4.—After Court I came home and set to work, still on the *Tales.* When I had finished my bit of dinner, and was in a quiet way smoking my cigar over a glass of negus, Adam Ferguson comes with a summons to attend him to the Justice-Clerk's, where, it seems, I was engaged. I was totally out of case to attend his summons, redolent as I was of tobacco. But I am vexed at the circumstance. It looks careless, and, what is worse, affected; and the Justice is an

old friend moreover.[1] I rather think I have been guilty towards him in this respect before. Devil take my stupidity! I will call on Monday and say, Here is my sabre and here is my heart.

July 5.—Sir Adam came to breakfast, and with him Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone of Bordeaux, the lady his cousin. I could not give them a right Scottish breakfast, being on a Sunday morning. Laboured on the *Tales* the whole morning.

The post brought two letters of unequal importance. One from a person calling himself Haval, announcing to me the terrific circumstance that he had written against the Waverley Novels in a publication called *La Belle Assemblée*, at which doubtless, he supposes, I must be much annoyed. He be d——, and that's plain speaking. The other from Lord Aberdeen, announcing that Lockhart, Dr. Gooch, and myself, are invested with the power of examining the papers of the Cardinal Duke of York, and reporting what is fit for publication. This makes it plain that the Invisible[2] neither slumbers nor sleeps. The toil and remuneration must be Lockhart's, and to any person understanding that sort of work the degree of trust reposed holds out hope of advantage. At any rate, it is a most honourable trust, and I have written in suitable terms to Lord Aberdeen to express my acceptance of it, adverting to my necessary occupations here, and expressing my willingness to visit London occasionally to superintend the progress of the work. Treated myself, being considerably fagged, with a glass of poor Glengarry's super-excellent whisky and a cigar, made up my Journal, wrote to the girls, and so to roost upon a crust of bread and a glass of small beer, my usual supper.

July 6.—I laboured all the morning without anything unusual, save a call from my cousin, Mary Scott of Jedburgh, whom I persuaded to take part of my chaise to Abbotsford on Saturday. At two o'clock I walked to Cadell's, and afterwards to a committee of the Bannatyne Club. Thereafter I went to Leith, where we had fixed a meeting of *The Club*, now of forty-one years' standing.[3] I was in the chair, and Sir Adam croupier. We had the Justice-Clerk, Lord Abercromby, Lord Pitmilly, Lord Advocate, James Ferguson, John Irving, and William Clerk, and passed a merry day for old fellows. It is a curious thing that only *three* have died of this club since its formation. These were the Earl of Selkirk; James Clerk, Lieutenant in the Navy; and Archibald Miller, W.S. Sir Patrick Murray was an unwilling absentee. There were absent—Professor Davidson of Glasgow, besides Glassford, who has cut our society, and poor James Edmonstoune, whose state of health precludes his ever joining society again. We took a fair but moderate allowance of wine, sung our old songs, and were much refreshed with a hundred old stories, which

[1] Right Hon. David Boyle.

[2] The familiar name applied to Sir William Knighton, sometimes also the Great Unseen.

[3] For list of the members of *The Club*, which was formed in 1788, see *Life*, vol. i. p. 208.

would have seemed insignificant to any stranger. The most important of these were old college adventures of love and battle.

July 7.—I was rather apprehensive that I might have felt my unusual dissipation this morning, but not a whit; I rose as cool as a cucumber, and set about to my work till breakfast-time. I am to dine with Ballantyne to-day. To-morrow with John Murray. This sounds sadly like idleness, except what may be done either in the morning before breakfast, or in the broken portion of the day between attendance on the Court and my dinner meal,—a vile, drowsy, yawning, fagged portion of existence, which resembles one's day, as a portion of the shirt, escaping betwixt one's waistcoat and breeches, indicates his linen.

Dined with James Ballantyne, who gave us a very pleasant party. There was a great musician, Mr. Neukomm, a German, a pupil of Haydn, a sensible, pleasant man.

July 8.—This morning I had an ample dose of proofs and could do nothing but read them. The Court kept me till two; I was then half tempted to go to hear Mr. Neukomm perform on the organ, which is said to be a most masterly exhibition, but I reflected how much time I should lose by giving way to temptation, and how little such ears as mine would be benefited by the exhibition, and so I resolved to return to my proofs, having not a little to do. I was so unlucky as to meet my foreigner along with Mr. Laine, the French Consul, and his lady, who all invited me to go with them, but I pleaded business, and was set down, doubtless, for a Goth, as I deserved. However, I got my proofs settled before dinner-time, and began to pack up books, etc.

I dined at John Murray's, and met, amongst others, Mr. Schutze, the brother-in-law of poor George Ellis. We conversed about our mutual friend, and about the life Canning was to have written about him, and which he would have done *con amore*. He gave me two instances of poor George's neatness of expression, and acuteness of discrimination. Having met, for the first time, "one Perceval, a young lawyer," he records him as a person who, with the advantages of life and opportunity, would assuredly rise to the head of affairs. Another gentleman is briefly characterised as "a man of few words, and fewer ideas." Schutze himself is a clever man, with something dry in his manner, owing, perhaps, to an imperfection of hearing. Murray's parties are always agreeable and well chosen.

July 9.—I began an immense arrangement of my papers, but was obliged to desist by the approach of four o'clock. Having been enabled to shirk the Court, I had the whole day to do what I wished, and as I made some progress I hope I will be strengthened to resume the task when at Abbotsford.

Heard of the death of poor Bob Shortreed,[1] the companion of

[1] Some little time before his death, the worthy Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire received a set of his friend's works, with this inscription:—"To Robert Shortreed, Esq., the friend

many a long ride among the hills in quest of old ballads. He was a merry companion, a good singer and mimic, and full of Scottish drollery. In his company, and under his guidance, I was able to see much of rural society in the mountains which I could not otherwise have attained, and which I have made my use of. He was, in addition, a man of worth and character. I always burdened his hospitality while at Jedburgh on the Circuit, and have been useful to some of his family. Poor fellow! He died at a most interesting period for his family, when his eldest daughter was about to make an advantageous marriage. So glide our friends from us—*Haec poena diu viventibus.* Many recollections die with him and with poor Terry.[1] I dined with the Skenes in a family way.

July 10.—Had a hard day's work at the Court till about two, and then came home to prepare for the country. I made a *talis qualis* arrangement of my papers, which I trust I shall be able to complete at Abbotsford, for it will do much good. I wish I had a smart boy like Red Robin the tinker. Wrote also a pack of letters.

Abbotsford, July 11.—I was detained in the Court till nearly one o'clock, then set out and reached Abbotsford in five or six hours. Found all well, and Johnnie rather better. He sleeps, by virtue of being in the open air, a good deal.

July 12.—The day excessively rainy, or, as we call it, soft. I e'en unpacked my books and did a great deal to put them in order, but I was sick of the labour by two o'clock and left several of my books and all of my papers at sixes and sevens. Sir Adam and the Colonel dined with us. A Spanish gentleman with his wife, whom I had seen at the French Consul's, also dropped in. He was a handsome, intelligent, and sensible man; his name I have forgot. We had a pleasant evening.

July 13.—This day I wrote till one, resuming the History, and making out a day's task. Then went to Chiefswood, and had the pleasure of a long walk with a lady, well known in the world of poetry, Mrs. Hemans. She is young and pretty, though the mother of five children, as she tells me. There is taste and spirit in her conversation. My daughters are critical, and call her blue, but I think they are hypercritical. I will know better when we meet again. I was home at four. Had an evening walk with little Walter, who held me by the finger, gabbling eternally much that I did, and more that I did not, understand. Then I had a long letter to write to Lockhart,[2] correct and read, and despatch proofs, etc.; and to bed heartily tired, though with no great exertion.

July 14.—A rainy forenoon broke the promise of a delightful morning. I wrote four and a half pages, to make the best of a bad

of the author from youth to age, and his guide and companion upon many an expedition among the Border hills, in quest of the materials of legendary lore which have at length filled so many volumes, this collection of the results of their former rambles is presented by his sincere friend, Walter Scott."—J. G. L.

[1] Who had died on the 22d June, 1829.

[2] See pp. 489, 490 *n.*

bargain. If I can double the daily task, I will be something in hand. But I am resolved to stick to my three pages a day at least. The twelfth of August will then complete my labours.

July 15.—This day two very pretty and well-bred boys came over to breakfast with us. I finished my task of three pages and better, and went to walk with the little fellows round the farm, by the lake, etc., etc. They were very good companions. Tom has been busy thinning the terrace this day or two, and is to go on.

July 16.—I made out my task-work and betook myself to walk about twelve. I feel the pen turn heavy after breakfast; perhaps my solemn morning meal is too much for my intellectual powers, but I won't abridge a single crumb for all that. I eat very little at dinner, and can't abide to be confined in my hearty breakfast. The work goes on as task-work must, slow, sure, and I trust not drowsy, though the author is. I sent off to Dionysius Lardner (Goodness be with us, what a name!) as far as page thirty-eight inclusive, but I will wait to add to-morrow's quota. I had a long walk with Tom.[1] I am walking with more pleasure and comfort to myself than I have done for many a day. May Heaven continue this great mercy, which I have so much reason to be thankful for!

July 17.—We called at Chiefswood and asked Captain Hamilton, and Mrs. H., and Mrs. Hemans, to dinner on Monday. She is a clever person, and has been pretty. I had a long walk with her *tête-à-tête*. She told me of the peculiar melancholy attached to the words *no more*. I could not help telling, as a different application of the words, how an old dame riding home along Cockenzie Sands, pretty bowsy, fell off the pillion, and her husband, being in good order also, did not miss her till he came to Prestonpans. He instantly returned with some neighbours, and found the good woman seated amidst the advancing tide, which began to rise, with her lips ejaculating to her cummers, who she supposed were still pressing her to another cup,

[1] Mr. Skene in his *Reminiscences* records that—"Tom Purdie identified himself with all his master's pursuits and concerns; he had in early life been a shepherd, and came into Sir Walter's service upon his first taking up his abode at Ashiestiel, of which he became at last the farm manager; and upon the family removing to Abbotsford continued that function, to which was added gamekeeper, forester, librarian, and henchman to his master in all his rambles about the property. He used to talk of Sir Walter's publications as *our* books, and said that the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him, for whenever he was off his sleep, which sometimes happened to him, he had only to take one of the novels, and before he read two pages it was sure to set him asleep. Tom, with the usual shrewdness common to his countrymen in that class of life, joined a quaintness and drollery in his notions and mode of expressing himself that was very amusing; he was familiar, but at the same time perfectly respectful, although he was sometimes tempted to deal sharp cuts, particularly at Sir Adam Ferguson, whom he seemed to take a pleasure in assailing. When Sir Walter obtained the honour of knighthood for Sir Adam, upon the plea of his being Custodier of the Regalia of Scotland, Tom was very indignant, because he said, 'It would take some of the shine out of us,' meaning Sir Walter. Tom was very fond of salmon fishing, which from an accordance of taste contributed much to elevate my merits in his eyes, and I believe I was his greatest favourite of all Sir Walter's friends, which he used occasionally to testify by imparting to me in confidence some secret about fishing, which he concluded that no one knew but himself. He was remarkably fastidious in his care of the Library, and it was exceedingly amusing to see a clodhopper (for he was always in the garb of a ploughman) moving about in the splendid apartment which had been fitted up for the Library, scrutinising the state of the books, putting derangement to rights, remonstrating when he observed anything that indicated carelessness."

"Nae ae drap mair, I thank you kindly." We dined in family, and all well.

July 18.—A Sunday with alternate showers and sunshine. Wrote double task, which brings me to page forty-six inclusive. I read the *Spae-wife* of Galt. There is something good in it, and the language is occasionally very forcible, but he has made his story difficult to understand, by adopting a region of history little known, and having many heroes of the same name, whom it is not easy to keep separate in one's memory. Some of the traits of the *Spae-wife*, who conceits herself to be a changeling or twin, are very good indeed. His Highland Chief is a kind of Caliban, and speaks, like Caliban, a jargon never spoken on earth, but full of effect for all that.

July 19.—I finished two leaves this morning, and received the Hamiltons and Mrs. Hemans to breakfast. Afterwards we drove to Yarrow and showed Mrs. Hemans the lions. The party dined with us, and stayed till evening. Of course no more work.

July 20.—A rainy day, and I am very drowsy and would give the world to [1]. I wrote four leaves, however, and then my understanding dropped me. I have made up for yesterday's short task.

[Note.—From July 20th, 1829, to May 23d, 1830, there are no entries in the Journal, but during that time Sir Walter met with a sad loss. He was deprived of his humble friend and staunch henchman, Thomas Purdie. The following little note to Laidlaw shows how keenly he felt his death:—

"My dear Willie,—I write to tell you the shocking news of poor Tom Purdie's death, by which I have been greatly affected. He had complained, or rather spoken, of a sore throat; and the day before yesterday, as it came on a shower of rain, I wanted him to walk fast on to Abbotsford before me, but you know well how impossible that was. He took some jelly, or trifle of that kind, but made no complaint. This morning he rose from bed as usual, and sat down by the table with his head on his hand; and when his daughter spoke to him, life had passed away without a sigh or groan. Poor fellow! There is a heart cold that loved me well, and, I am sure, thought of my interest more than his own. I have seldom been so much shocked. I wish you would take a ride down and pass the night. There is much I have to say, and this loss adds to my wish to see you. We dine at four. The day is indifferent, but the sooner the better.—Yours very truly,

"Walter Scott."[2]

"31*st* (sic) *October*," Qy. 29*th*.

[1] Blank in original.

[2] *Abbotsford Notanda*, p. 175.

To Mr. Cadell, a few days later, he says, "I have lost my old and faithful servant, my *factotum*, and am so much shocked that I really wish to be quit of the country. I have this day laid him in the grave."

On coming to Edinburgh, Sir Walter found that his old friend and neighbour Lady Jane Stuart[1] was no longer there to welcome him. She also had died somewhat suddenly on October 28th, and was buried at Invermay on November 4th.]

[1] Eldest daughter of David, sixth Earl of Leven and fifth of Melville, and widow of Sir John Wishart Belsches Stuart, Bart., of Fettercairn. See *ante*, pp. 265, 310, 315.

1830.—MAY

May 23, [*Abbotsford*].—About a year ago I took the pet at my Diary, chiefly because I thought it made me abominably selfish; and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight, out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardly know why I take it up again; but here goes. I came here to attend Raeburn's funeral. I am near of his kin, my great-grandfather, Walter Scott, being the second son or first cadet of this small family. My late kinsman was also married to my aunt, a most amiable old lady. He was never kind to me, and at last utterly ungracious. Of course I never liked him, and we kept no terms. He had forgot, though, an infantine cause of quarrel, which I always remembered. When I was four or five years old I was staying at Lessudden House, an old mansion, the abode of this Raeburn. A large pigeon-house was almost destroyed with starlings, then a common bird, though now seldom seen. They were seized in their nests and put in a bag, and I think drowned, or threshed to death, or put to some such end. The servants gave one to me, which I in some degree tamed, and the brute of a laird seized and wrung its neck. I flew at his throat like a wild cat, and was torn from him with no little difficulty. Long afterwards I did him the mortal offence to recall some superiority which my father had lent to the laird to make up a qualification, which he meant to exercise by voting for Lord Minto's interest against poor Don. This made a total breach between two relations who had never been friends, and though I was afterwards of considerable service to his family, he kept his ill-humour, alleging justly enough that I did these kind actions for the sake of his wife and family, not for his benefit. I now saw him at the age of eighty-two or three deposited in the ancestral grave. Dined with my cousins, and returned to Abbotsford about eight o'clock.

May 24, [*Edinburgh*].—Called on my neighbour Nicol Milne of Faldonside, to settle something about the road to Selkirk. Afterwards went to Huntly Burn and made my compliments to the family. Lunched at half-past two and drove to town, calling at George Square on Gala. He proposed to give up the present road to Selkirk in favour of another on the north side of the river, to be completed by two bridges. This is an object for Abbotsford. In the evening came to town. Letter from Mr. H[aydon] soliciting £20. Wait till Lockhart comes.

May 25.—Got into the old mill this morning, and grind away. Walked in very bad day to George Square from the Parliament House, through paths once familiar, but not trod for twenty years. Met Scott of Woll and Scott of Gala, and consulted about the new road between Galashiels and Selkirk. I am in hopes to rid myself of the road to Selkirk, which goes too near me at Abbotsford. Dined at Lord Chief-Commissioner's, where we met the new Chief Baron Abercromby[1] and his lady. I thought it was the first time we had met for above forty years, but he put me in mind we had dined one day at John Richardson's.

May 26.—Wrought with proofs, etc., at the *Demonology*, which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though, for I need money. I went to the Court; from that came home, and scrambled on with half writing, half reading, half idleness till evening. I have laid aside smoking much; and now, unless tempted by company, rarely take a cigar. I was frightened by a species of fit which I had in February, which took from me my power of speaking. I am told it is from the stomach. It looked woundy like palsy or apoplexy. Well, be it what it will, I can stand it.[2]

May 27.—Court as usual. I am agitating a proposed retirement from the Court. As they are only to have four instead of six Clerks of Session in Scotland, it will be their interest to let me retire on a superannuation. Probably I shall make a bad bargain, and get only two-thirds of the salary, instead of three-fourths. This would be hard, but I could save between two and three hundred pounds by giving up town residence; and surely I could do enough with my time

[1] James Abercromby, who succeeded Sir Samuel Shepherd as Chief Baron, was the third son of Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was afterwards elected member for Edinburgh in 1832, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1835. On Mr. Abercromby's retirement in 1839, he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Dunfermline. He died at Colinton House on April 17th, 1858, aged 81.

[2] Of this illness, Sir Walter had written the following account to Mr. Lockhart, a week after its occurrence:—

"Anne would tell you of an awkward sort of fit I had on Monday last; it lasted about five minutes, during which I lost the power of articulation, or rather of speaking what I wished to say. I revived instantly, but submitted to be bled, and to keep the house for a week, except exercising walks. They seem to say it is from the stomach. It may or may not be a paralytic affection. We must do the best we can in either event. I think by hard work I will have all my affairs regulated within five or six years, and leave the means of clearing them in case of my death. I hope there will be enough for all, and provision besides for my own family. The present return of the novels to me is about £8000 a year, which moves fast on to clear off old scores.

"This awkward turn of health makes my motions very uncertain. On the one hand I want to save money and push forward work, both which motives urge me to stay at home this spring. On the other, besides my great wish to see you all, and besides my desire to look at the 'forty-five' affairs, I am also desirous to put in for my interest upon the changes at the Court. . . . It must be very much as health and weather shall determine, for if I see the least chance of a return of this irritation, my own house will be the only fit place for me. Do not suppose I am either low-spirited or frightened at the possibilities I calculate upon, but there is no harm in looking at what may be as what needs must be. I really believe the ugly symptoms proceed from the stomach particularly. I feel, thank God, no mental injury, which is most of all to be deprecated. Still, I am a good deal failed in body within these two or three last years, and the *singula praedantur* come by degrees to make up a sum. They say, 'Do not work,' but my habits are such that it is not easily managed, for I would be driven mad with idleness. . . . Adieu. Love to all. The odds are greatly against my seeing you till you come down here, but I will have the cottage in such order for you; and as Will Laidlaw comes back at Whitsunday, I will have him to lend me an arm to Chiefswood, and I have no doubt to do gallantly.

"EDINBURGH, *22d February* [1830]."

at reviews and other ways, so as to make myself comfortable at Abbotsford. At any rate, *jacta est alea;* Sir Robert Peel and the Advocate seem to acquiesce in the arrangement, and Sir Robert Dundas retires alongst with me. I think the difference will be infinite in point of health and happiness.

May 28.—Wrought in the morning, then the Court, then Cadell's. My affairs go on up to calculation, and the *Magnum* keeps its ground. If this can last for five or six years longer we may clear our hands of debt; but perhaps I shall have paid that of Nature before that time come. They will have the books, and Cadell to manage them, who is a faithful pilot. The poetry which we purchased for [£7000], payable in two years, is melting off our hands; and we will feed our *Magnum* in that way when we have sold the present stock, by which we hope to pay the purchase-money, and so go on velvet with the continuation. So my general affairs look well. I expect Lockhart and Sophia to arrive this evening in the Roads, and breakfast with us to-morrow. This is very reviving.

May 29.—The Lockharts were to appear at nine o'clock, but it is past four, and they come not. There has been easterly wind, and a swell of the sea at the mouth of the Firth, but nevertheless I wish they would come. The machinery is liable to accidents, and they may be delayed thus.

Mr. Piper, the great contractor for the mail coaches, one of the sharpest men in his line, called here to-day to give his consent to our line of road. He pays me the compliment of saying he wishes my views on the subject. That is perhaps fudge, but at least I know enough to choose the line that is most for my own advantage. I have written to make Gala acquainted that my subscription depends on their taking the Gala foot road; no other would suit me. After dinner I began to tease myself about the children and their parents, and night went down on our uncertainty.

May 30.—Our travellers appeared early in the morning, *cum tota sequela.* Right happy were we all. Poor Johnnie looks well. His deformity is confirmed, poor fellow; but he may be a clever lad for all that. An imposthume in his neck seems to be the crisis of his complaint. He is a gentle, placid creature. Walter is remarkably handsome, and so is little Whippety Stourie,[1] as I call her. After breakfast I had a chat with Lockhart about affairs in general, which, as far as our little interests are concerned, are doing very well. Lockhart is now established in his reputation and literary prospects.[2] I wrote some more in his *Demonology*, which is a scrape, I think.

[1] His grand-daughter, Charlotte, whom he playfully named after the fairy in the old Scottish Nursery story.

[2] Mr. Lockhart had some thoughts of entering Parliament, at this time, and Sir Walter had expressed his opinion a few days before their meeting:—

"Your letter, this day received, namely Wednesday, gave me the greatest pleasure on account of the prosperous intelligence which it gives me of your own advancing prospects. . . . I take it for granted that you have looked to the income of future years before thinking of disposing of the profits of a successful one in a

May 31.—Set to work early, and did a good day's work without much puffing and blowing. Had Lockhart at dinner, and a *tête-à-tête* over our cigar. He has got the right ideas for getting to the very head of the literary world and now stands very high as well for taste and judgment as for genius. I think there is no fear now of his letting a love of fun run away with him. At home the whole day, except a walk to Cadell's, who is enlarging his sale. As he comes upon heavy months, and is come now to the *Abbot*, the *Monastery*, and the less profitable or popular of the novels, this is a fortunate circumstance. The management seems very judicious.

manner which cannot be supposed to produce positive or direct advantage, but may rather argue some additional degree of expense.

"But this being *premeesed*, I cannot help highly approving of your going into Parliament, especially as a member entirely unfettered and left to act according to the weal of the public, or what you conceive such. It is the broad turnpike to importance and consequence which you, as a man of talents in the full vigour of youth, ought naturally to be ambitious of. The present times threaten to bring in many occasions when there will and must be opportunities of a man distinguishing himself and serving his country.

"To go into the House without speaking would be useless. I will frankly tell you that when I heard you speak you seemed always sufficiently up to the occasion both in words and matter, but too indifferent in the manner in which you pressed your argument, and therefore far less likely to attract attention than if you had seemed more earnestly persuaded of the truth and importance of what you have been saying. I think you may gain advantage from taking this hint. No one is disposed to weigh any man's arguments more favourably than he himself does, and if you are not considered as gravely interested in what you say, and conscious of its importance, your audience will not be so. . . .

"Edinburgh, 20*th May*, 1830."

JUNE

June 1.—Proofs and Court, the inevitable employment of the day. Louisa Kerr dined with us, and Williams looked in. We talked a good deal on Celtic witchery and fairy lore. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with this able and learned man.

June 2.—The Lockharts left us again this morning, and although three masons are clanking at their work to clear a well, the noise is mitigated, now the poor babies' clang of tongues is removed. I set myself to write, determining to avoid reasoning, and to bring in as many stories as possible. Being a Teind Wednesday, I may work undisturbed, and I will try to get so far ahead as may permit a journey to Abbotsford on Saturday. At nine o'clock was as far ahead as page 57. It runs out well, and 150 pages will do.

June 3.—Finished my proofs, and sent them off with copy. I saw Mr. Dickinson[1] on Tuesday: a right plain sensible man. He is so confident in my matters, that, being a large creditor himself, he offers to come down, with the support of all the London creditors, to carry through any measure that can be devised for my behoof. Mr. Cadell showed him that we are four years forward in matter prepared for the press. Got Heath's illustrations, which, I dare say, are finely engraved, but commonplace enough in point of art.

June 4.—Court as usual, and not long detained. Visited Cadell. All right, and his reports favourable, it being the launch of our annual volume, now traversing a year, with unblemished reputation and success uninterrupted. I should have said I overhauled proofs and furnished copy in the morning between seven and ten o'clock.

After coming from the Court I met Woll and Gala, and agreed upon the measures to be attempted at Selkirk on the eighth at the meeting of trustees. In the evening smoked an extra cigar (none since Tuesday), and dedicated the rest to putting up papers, etc., for Abbotsford. Anne wants me to go to hear the Tyrolese Minstrels, but though no one more esteems that bold and high-spirited people, I cannot but think their yodelling, if this be the word, is a variation, or set of variations, upon the tones of a jackass, so I remain to dribble and scribble at home.

June 5.—I rose at seven as usual, and, to say truth, dawdled away my time in putting things to rights, which is a vile amusement, and writing letters to people who write to ask my opinion of their books,

[1] Mr. John Dickinson of Nash Mill, Herts, the eminent paper-maker.—J. G. L. *Ante*, p. 294.

which is as much as to say—"Tom, come tickle me." This is worse than the other pastime, but either may serve for a broken day, and both must be done sometimes.

[*Abbotsford.*]—After the Court, started for Abbotsford at half-past twelve at noon, and here we are at half-past five *impransi*. The country looks beautiful, though the foliage, larches in particular, have had a blight. Yet they can hardly be said to lose foliage since they have but a sort of brushes at best.

June 6.—Went through a good deal of duty as to proofs, and the like. At two set out and reached by four Chiefswood, where I had the happiness to find the Lockharts all in high spirits, well and happy. Johnnie must be all his life a weakly child, but he may have good health, and possesses an admirable temper. We dined with the Lockharts, and were all very happy.

June 7.—Same duty carefully performed. I continued working till about one, when Lockhart came to walk. We took our course round by the Lake. I was a good deal fagged, and must have tired my companion by walking slow. The Fergusons came over—Sir Adam in all his glory—and "the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter."[1]

June 8.—Had not time to do more than correct a sheet or two. About eleven set off for Selkirk, where there was a considerable meeting of road trustees. The consideration of the new road was intrusted to a committee which in some measure blinks the question; yet I think it must do in the end. I dined with the Club, young Chesters president. It is but bad fun, but I might be father of most of them, and must have patience. At length

> "Hame cam our gudeman at e'en,
> And hame cam he."[2]

June 9.—In the morning I advised Sheriff Court processes, carried on the *Demonology* till twelve, then put books, etc., in some order to leave behind me. Will it be ordered that I come back not like a stranger, or sojourner, but to inhabit here? I do not know; I shall be happy either way. It is perhaps a violent change in the end of life to quit the walk one has trod so long, and the cursed splenetic temper, which besets all men, makes you value opportunities and circumstances when one enjoys them no longer. Well! things must be as they may, as says that great philosopher Corporal Nym.[3]

[*Edinburgh.*]—I had my walk, and on my return found the Lockharts come to take luncheon, and leave of us. Reached Edinburgh at nine o'clock. Found, among less interesting letters, two from Lord Northampton on the death of the poor Marchioness,[4] and from Anna Jane Clephane on the same melancholy topic. *Hei mihi!*

June 10.—Corrected proofs, prepared some copy, and did all that

[1] Burns's *Tam o' Shanter*.
[2] See Johnson's *Musical Museum* Illustrations, Pt. v. No. 454.
[3] *Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. 1.
[4] Daughter of his old friend, Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk.

was right. Dined and wrought in the evening, yet I did not make much way after all.

June 11.—In the morning, the usual labour of two hours. God bless that habit of being up at seven! I could do nothing without it, but it keeps me up to the scratch, as they say. I had a letter this morning with deep mourning paper and seal; the mention of my nephew in the first line made me sick, fearing it had related to Walter. It was from poor Sir Thomas Bradford, who has lost his lady, but was indeed an account of Walter,[1] and a good one.

June 12.—A day of general labour and much weariness.

June 13.—The same may be said of this day.

June 14.—And of this, only I went out for an hour and a half to Mr. Colvin Smith, to conclude a picture for Lord Gillies. This is a sad relief from labour.

> "... Sedet æternumque sedebit
> Infelix Theseus."[2]

But Lord Gillies has been so kind and civil that I must have his picture as like as possible.

June 15.—I had at breakfast the son of Mr. Fellenburg[3] of Hofwyll, Switzerland, a modest young man. I used to think his father something of a quack, in proposing to discover how a boy's natural genius lies, with a view to his education. How would they have made me a scholar, is a curious question. Whatever was forced on me as a task I should have detested. There was also a gentlemanlike little man, the Chevalier de ——, silent, and speaks no English. Poor George Scott, Harden, is dead of the typhus fever. Poor dear boy! I am sorry for him, and yet more for his parents. I have a letter from Henry on the subject.

June 16.—I wrote this forenoon till I completed the 100 pages, which is well done. I had a call from Colin Mackenzie, whom I had not seen for nearly two years. He has not been so well, and looks ghastly, but I think not worse than I have seen him of late years. We are very old acquaintances. I remember he was one of a small party at college, that formed ourselves into a club called the Poetical Society. The other members were Charles Kerr of Abbotrule (a singular being), Colin M'Laurin (insane), Colin, and I, who have luckily kept our wits. I also saw this morning a Mr. Low, a youth of great learning, who has written a good deal on the early history of Scotland.[4] He is a good-looking, frank, gentlemanlike lad; with these good gifts only a parish schoolmaster in Aberdeenshire. Having won a fair holiday I go to see Miss Kemble for the first time. It is two or three years since I have been in a theatre, once my delight.

[1] "Little Walter," Thomas Scott's son, who went to India in 1826, *ante*, p. 65. He became a General in the Indian Army, and died in 1873.

[2] *Æneid* VI. 617.

[3] Emanuel de Fellenburg, who died in 1844.

[4] "The History of Scotland from the Earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century," by the Rev. Alex. Low. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1826. —See *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xx. pp. 374–6.

June 17.—Went last night to theatre, and saw Miss Fanny Kemble's Isabella,[1] which was a most creditable performance. It has much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt. She wants her beautiful countenance, her fine form, and her matchless dignity of step and manner. On the other hand, Miss Fanny Kemble has very expressive, though not regular, features, and what is worth it all, great energy mingled with and chastened by correct taste. I suffered by the heat, lights, and exertion, and will not go back to-night, for it has purchased me a sore headache this theatrical excursion. Besides, the play is Mrs. Beverley,[2] and I hate to be made miserable about domestic distress, so I keep my gracious presence at home to-night, though I love and respect Miss Kemble for giving her active support to her father in his need, and preventing Covent Garden from coming down about their ears. I corrected proofs before breakfast, attended Court, but was idle in the forenoon, the headache annoying me much. Dinner will make me better. And so it did. I wrote in the evening three pages, and tolerably well, though I may say with the Emperor Titus (not Titus Oates) that I have lost a day.

June 18, [*Blair-Adam*].—Young John Colquhoun of Killermont and his wife breakfasted with us,—a neat custom that, and saves wine and wassail. Then to Court, and arranged for our departure for Blair-Adam, it being near midsummer when the club meets. Anne with me, and Sir Adam Ferguson. The day was execrable. Our meeting at Blair-Adam was cordial, but our numbers diminished; the good and very clever Lord Chief-Baron[3] is returned to his own country, with more regrets than in Scotland usually attend a stranger. Will Clerk has a bad cold, [Thomas] Thomson is detained, but the Chief Commissioner, Admiral Adam, Sir Adam, John Thomson and I, make an excellent concert. I only hope our venerable host will not fatigue himself. To-morrow we go to Culross, which Sir Robert Preston is repairing, and the wise are asking for whose future enjoyment. He is upwards of ninety, but still may enjoy the bustle of life.

June 19.—Arose and expected to work a little, but a friend's house is not favourable; you are sure to want the book you have not brought, and are in short out of sorts, like the minister who could not preach out of his own pulpit. There is something fanciful in this, and something real too, and I have forgot my watch and left half my glasses at home.

Off we set at half-past eight o'clock, Lord Chief-Commissioner being left at home owing to a cold. We breakfasted at Luscar, a place belonging to Adam Rolland, but the gout had arrested him at Edinburgh, so we were hospitably received by his family. The weather most unpropitious, very cold and rainy. After breakfast to Culross,

[1] Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*.
[2] In the *Gamester* by Moore.
[3] Sir Samuel Shepherd.—See *ante*, p. 34 *n*.

where the veteran, Sir Robert Preston[1] showed us his curiosities. Life has done as much for him as most people. In his ninety-second year he has an ample fortune, a sound understanding, not the least decay of eyes, ears, or taste; is as big as two men, and eats like three. Yet he too experiences the *singula prædantur anni*, and has lost something since I last saw him. If his appearance renders old age tolerable, it does not make it desirable. But I fear when death comes we shall be unwilling for all that to part with our bundle of sticks. Sir Robert amuses himself with repairing the old House of Culross, built by the Lord Bruce of Kinloss. To what use it is destined is not very evident to me. It is too near his own comfortable mansion of Valleyfield to be useful as a residence, if indeed it could be formed into a comfortable modern house. But it is rather like a banqueting house. Well, he follows his own fancy. We had a sumptuous cold dinner. Adam grieves it was not hot, so little can war and want break a man to circumstances. We returned to Blair-Adam in the evening, through "the wind but and the rain." For June weather it is the most ungenial I have seen. The beauty of Culross consists in magnificent terraces rising on the sea-beach, and commanding the opposite shore of Lothian; the house is repairing in the style of James the Sixth. The windows have pediments like Heriot's Work.[2] There are some fine relics of the old Monastery, with large Saxon arches. At Luscar I saw with pleasure the painting by Raeburn, of my old friend Adam Rolland, Esq.,[3] who was in the external circumstances, but not in frolic or fancy, my prototype for Paul Pleydell.[4]

June 20.—We settled this morning to go to church at Lochore, that is, at Ballingray; but when we came to the earthly paradise so called, we were let off for there was no sermon, for which I could not in my heart be sorry. So, after looking at Lochore, back we came to lounge and loiter about till dinner-time. The rest of the day was good company, good cheer, and good conversation. Yet to be idle here is not the thing, and to be busy is impossible, so I wish myself home again in spite of good entertainment. We leave to-night after an early dinner, and I will get to work again.

June 21, [*Edinburgh*].—Wrote to Walter a long letter. The day continued dropping occasionally, but Sir Adam was in high fooling, and we had an amazing deal of laughing. We stole a look at the Kiery Craigs between showers. In the meantime George Cheape and his son came in. We dined at half-past three, but it was seven ere we set off, and did not reach the house in Shandwick Place till eleven at night. Thus ended our Club for the year 1830, its thirteenth an-

[1] Sir Robert Preston, Bart., died in May, 1834, aged ninety-five.—J. G. L.

[2] Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

[3] See *ante*, p. 460 note, and for sketch of Adam Rolland of Gask, Cockburn's *Memorials*, pp. 360–3.

[4] The "frolic and fancy" of Councillor Pleydell were commonly supposed to have been found in Andrew Crosbie, Advocate, but as Crosbie died when Scott was only fourteen, and had retired from the bar for some years, the latter could scarcely have known him personally. See p. 460 *n*.

niversary. Its numbers were diminished by absence and indisposition, but its spirit was unabated.

June 22.—Finished proofs and some copy in the morning. Returned at noon, and might have laboured a good day's work, but was dull, drowsy, and indolent, and could not, at least did not, write above half a page. It was a day lost, and indeed it is always with me the consequence of mental indolence for a day or two, so I had a succession of eating and dozing, which I am ashamed of, for there was nothing to hinder me but "thick-coming fancies." Pshaw, rabbit un!

June 23.—Worked well this morning, and then to Court. At two called on Mr. Gibson, and find him disposed for an instalment. Cadell has £10,000, and Gibson thinks £12,000 will pay 2s. 6d. I wish it could be made three shillings, which would be £15,000.

Presided at a meeting of the Bannatyne Club. The Whigs made a strong party to admit Kennedy of Dunure, which set aside Lord Medwyn, who had been longer on the roll of candidates. If politics get into this Club it will ruin the literary purpose of the meeting, and the general good-humour with which it has gone on. I think it better to take the thing good-humouredly, and several of them volunteered to say that Medwyn must be the next, which will finish all *à l'aimable*. If it come to party-work I will cut and run. Confound it! my eyes are closing now, even *now*, at half-past four.

Dined with Lord Medwyn, a pleasant party. The guest of importance, Mrs. Peter Latouche from Dublin, a fine old dame, who must have been beautiful when young, being pleasant and comely at seventy,—saintly it appears.

June 24.—Hard work with Ballantyne's proofs and revises, but got them accomplished. I am at the twelfth hour, but I think I shall finish this silly book before the tenth of July.

Notwithstanding this sage resolution I did not write half a page of the said *Demonology* this day. I went to the Court, called on Mr. Cadell, returned dog-tired, and trifled my time with reading the trial of Corder. What seemed most singular was his love to talk of the young woman he had murdered, in such a manner as to insinuate the circumstances of his own crime, which is a kind of necessity which seems to haunt conscience-struck men. Charles Sharpe came in at night and supped with us.

June 25.—Slept little later than I should. The proofs occupied the morning. The Court and walk home detained me till two. When I returned, set to work and reached page 210 of copy. There is little or nothing else to say. Skene was with me for a few minutes. I called at Cadell's also, who thinks a dividend of 3s. per pound will be made out.[1] This will be one-half of the whole debts, and leave a sinking fund for the rest about £10,000 a year "if the beast live and the branks bide hale."[2]

[1] A second dividend of 3s. was declared on December 17, 1830.

[2] An old Galloway proverb. *Branks*, "a sort of bridle used by country people in riding."—

June 26.—Miss Kemble and her father breakfasted here, with Sir Adam and Lady Ferguson. I like the young lady very much, respecting both her talents and the use she has made of them. She seems merry, unaffected, and good-humoured. She said she did not like the apathy of the Scottish audiences, who are certain not to give applause upon credit. I went to the Court, but soon returned; a bad cold in my head makes me cough and sneeze like the Dragon of Wantley. The Advocates' Bill[1] is read a third time. I hardly know whether to wish it passed or no, and am therefore *in utrumque paratus.*

June 27.—In the morning worked as usual at proofs and copy of my infernal *Demonology*—a task to which my poverty and not my will consents. About twelve o'clock I went to the country to take a day's relaxation. We (*i.e.* Mr. Cadell, James Ballantyne, and I) went to Prestonpans, and, getting there about one, surveyed the little village, where my aunt and I were lodgers for the sake of sea-bathing in 1778, I believe. I knew the house of Mr. Warroch, where we lived, —a poor cottage, of which the owners and their family are extinct. I recollected my juvenile ideas of dignity attendant on the large gate, a black arch which lets out upon the sea. I saw the church where I yawned under the inflictions of a Dr. M'Cormick, a name in which dulness seems to have been hereditary. I saw the Links where I arranged my shells upon the turf, and swam my little skiffs in the pools. Many comparisons between the man, and the recollections of my kind aunt, of old George Constable, who, I think, dangled after her; of Dalgetty, a veteran half-pay lieutenant, who swaggered his solitary walk on the parade, as he called a little open space before the same pool. We went to Preston, and took refuge from a thunder-plump in the old tower. I remembered the little garden where I was crammed with gooseberries, and the fear I had of Blind Harry's spectre of Fawdon showing his headless trunk at one of the windows. I remembered also a very good-natured pretty girl (my Mary Duff), whom I laughed and romped with and loved as children love. She was a Miss Dalrymple, daughter of Lord Westhall,[2] a Lord of Session; was afterwards married to Anderson of Winterfield, and her daughter is now [the spouse] of my colleague Robert Hamilton. So strangely are our cards shuffled. I was a mere child, and could feel none of the passion which Byron alleges, yet the recollection of this good-humoured companion of my childhood is like that of a morning dream, nor should I now greatly like to dispel it by seeing the original, who must now be sufficiently time-honoured.

Well, we walked over the field of battle, saw the Prince's Park, Cope's Loan, marked by slaughter in his disastrous retreat, the thorn-

Jamieson. Burns in a Scotch letter to Nicol of June 1, 1787, says, "I'll be in Dumfries the morn gif the beast be to the fore and the branks bide hale."—Cromek's *Reliques*, p. 29.

[1] Relating to the changes in the Court of Session.

[2] David Dalrymple of Westhall was a judge of the Court of Session from 1777 till his death in 1784.

tree which marks the centre of the battle, and all besides that was to be seen or supposed. We saw two broadswords, found on the field of battle, one a Highlander's, an Andrew Ferrara, another the dragoon's sword of that day. Lastly, we came to Cockenzie, where Mr. Francis Cadell, my publisher's brother, gave us a kind reception. I was especially glad to see the mother of the family, a fine old lady, who was civil to my aunt and me, and, I recollect well, used to have us to tea at Cockenzie. Curious that I should long afterwards have an opportunity to pay back this attention to her son Robert. Once more, what a kind of shuffling of the hand dealt us at our nativity. There was Mrs. F. Cadell, and one or two young ladies, and some fine fat children. I should be a bastard to the time[1] did I not tell our fare. We had a *tiled* whiting,[2] a dish unknown elsewhere, so there is a bone for the gastronomers to pick. Honest John Wood,[3] my old friend, dined with us. I only regret I cannot understand him, as he has a very powerful memory, and much curious information. The whole day of pleasure was damped by the news of the King's death; it was fully expected, however, as the termination of his long illness. But he was very good to me personally, and a kind sovereign. The common people and gentry join in their sorrow. Much is owing to a kindly recollection of his visit to this country, which gave all men an interest in him.

June 29.—The business of the Court was suspended, so back I came, without stop or stay, and to work went I. As I had risen early I was sadly drowsy; however, I fought and fagged away the day. I am still in hope to send my whole manuscript to Ballantyne before the 10th July. Well, I must devise something to myself; I must do something better than this Demonological trash. It is nine o'clock, and I am weary, yea, my very spirit's tired.[4] After ten o'clock Mr. Daveis,[5] an American barrister of eminence, deputed to represent the American States in a dispute concerning the boundaries of Nova Scotia and New England, with an introduction to me from Mr. Ticknor, called. I was unable to see him, and put him off till to-morrow morning at breakfast.

June 30.—The new King was proclaimed, and the College of Justice took the oaths. I assisted Mr. Daveis, who is a pleasant and well-informed man, to see the ceremony, which, probably, he would hardly witness in his own country. A day of noise and bustle. We dined at Mr. and Mrs. Strange, *chère exquise* I suppose. Many friends of the Arniston family. I thought there was some belief of Lord Melville losing his place. That he may exchange it for another is very likely, but I think the Duke will not desert him who adhered to him so truly.

[1] *King John*, Act I. Sc. 1.

[2] A whiting dried in the sun; but "tiled haddocks" and "tiled whitings" are now unknown to the fisher-folk of Cockenzie.

[3] John Philip Wood, editor of *Douglas's Peerage of Scotland*, etc., was deaf and dumb; he died in 1838 in his seventy-fourth year.

[4] *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 9.

[5] Charles S. Daveis of Portland, a friend of Mr George Ticknor, in whose Life (2 vols. 8vo, Boston, 1876) he is often mentioned.

JULY

July 1.—Mr. Daveis breakfasted with me. On nearer acquaintance, I was more galled by some portion of continental manners than I had been at first, so difficult is it for an American to correct his manner to our ideas of perfect good-breeding.[1] I did all that was right, however, and asked Miss Ferrier, whom he admires prodigiously, to meet him at dinner. Hither came also a young friend, so I have done the polite thing every way. Thomson also dined with us. After dinner I gave my strangers an airing round the Corstorphine hills, and returned by the Cramond road. I sent to Mr. Gibson, Cadell's project for Lammas, which raises £15,000 for a dividend of 3s. to be then made. I think the trustees should listen to this, which is paying one-half of my debt.

July 2.—Have assurances from John Gibson that £15,000 should be applied as I proposed. If this can be repeated yearly up to 1835 the matter is ended, and well ended; yet, woe's me! the public change their taste, and their favourites get old. Yet if I was born in 1771, I shall only be sixty in 1831, and, by the same reasoning, sixty-four in 1835, so I may rough it out, yet be no Sir Robert Preston. At any rate, it is all I have to trust to.

I did a morning's task, and was detained late at the Court; came home, ate a hearty dinner, slumbered after it in spite of my teeth, and made a poor night's work of it. One's mind gets so dissipated by the fagging, yet insignificant, business of the offices; my release comes soon, but I fear for a term only, for I doubt if they will carry through the Court Bill.

July 3.—My day began at seven as usual. Sir Adam came to breakfast. I read Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and think of reviewing the same. I would I had books at hand. To the Court, and remained till two; then went to look at the drawings for repairing Murthly, the house of Sir John or James Stewart, now building by Gillespie Graham, and which he has planned after the fashion of James VI.'s reign, a kind of bastard Grecian[2]—very fanci-

[1] An amusing illustration of the difficulty of seeing ourselves as others see us may be found written twenty-five years later by Nathaniel Hawthorne, where the author of the *Scarlet Letter* expresses in like manner his surprise at the want of refinement in Englishmen:—"I had been struck by the very rough aspect of these John Bulls in their morning garb, their coarse frock-coats, grey hats, check trousers, and stout shoes; at dinner-table it was not at first easy to recognise the same individuals. . . . But after a while, 'you see the same rough figure through all the finery, and become sensible that John Bull cannot make himself fine, whatever he may put on. He is a rough animal, and his female is well adapted to him.'"—*Hawthorne and His Wife*, vol. ii. p. 70. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge, U.S.A., 1884.

[2] Architects style it Elizabethan, but Sir Walter's term is not inappropriate.

ful and pretty though. Read Hone's *Every-day Book*, and with a better opinion of him than I expected from his anti-religious frenzy. We are to dine with the Skenes to-day.

Which we did accordingly, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Strange, Lord Forbes, and other friends.

July 4.—Was a complete and serious day of work, only interrupted in the evening by ——, who, with all the freedom and ease of continental manners, gratified me with his gratuitous presence. Yet it might have been worse, for his conversation is well enough, but it is strange want of tact to suppose one must be alike welcome to a stranger at all hours of the day; but I have stuffed the portfolio, so do not grudge half-an-hour.

July 5.—I was up before seven and resumed my labours, and by breakfast-time I had reached p. 133; it may reach to 160 or 170 as I find space and matter. Buchanan[1] came and wrote about fifteen of his pages, equal to mine in proportion of three to one. We are therefore about p. 138, and in sight of land. At two o'clock went to bury poor George Burnet, the son of Gilbert Innes, in as heavy a rain as I ever saw. Was in Shandwick Place again by four and made these entries. I dine to-day with the Club; grant Heaven it fair before six o'clock!

We met at Barry's,[2] and had a gallant dinner, but only few of our number was present. Alas! sixty does not rally to such meetings with the alacrity of sixteen, and our Club has seen the space between these terms. I was home and abed when Charles arrived and waked me. Poor fellow! he is doing very well with his rheumatic limbs.

July 6.—I did little this morning but correct some sheets, and was at the Court all morning. About two I called at Mr. Cadell's, and I learned the dividend was arranged. Sir Adam fell in with us, and laid anchors to windward to get an invitation to Cockenzie for next year, being struck with my life-like description of a tiled haddock. I came home much fagged, slept for half-an-hour (I don't like this lethargy), read *I Promessi Sposi*, and was idle. Miss Kerr dined and gave us music.

July 7.—This morning corrected proofs, with which J. B. proceeds lazily enough, and alleges printing reasons, of which he has plenty at hand. Though it was the Teind Wednesday the devil would have it that this was a Court of Session day also for a cause of mine; so there I sat hearing a dozen cases of augmentation of stipend pleaded, and wondering within myself whether anything can be predicated of a Scottish parish, in which there cannot be discovered a reason for enlarging the endowments of the minister. I returned after two, with a sousing shower for companion; I got very wet and very warm. But shall we go mourn for that, my dear?[3] I

[1] An amanuensis who was employed by Scott at this time.

[2] British Hotel, 70 Queen St.

[3] See *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

rather like a flaw of weather; it shows something of the old man is left. I had Mr. Buchanan to help pack my papers and things, and got through part of that unpleasant business.

July 8.—I had my letters as usual, but no proofs till I was just going out. Returning from the Court met Skene, who brought me news that our visit was at an end for Saturday, poor Colin having come to town very unwell. I called to see him, and found him suffering under a degree of slow palsy, his spirits depressed, and his looks miserable, worse a great deal than when I last saw him. His wife and daughter were in the room, dreadfully distressed. We spoke but a few words referring to recovery and better days, which, I suspect, neither of us hoped.[1] For I looked only on the ghost of my friend of many a long day; and he, while he said to see me did him good, must have had little thought of our meeting under better auspices. We shall, of course, go straight to Abbotsford, instead of travelling by Harcus as we intended.

July 9.—Two distressed damsels on my hands, one, a friend of Harriet Swinton, translates from the Italian a work on the plan of *I Promessi Sposi*, but I fear she must not expect much from the trade. A translation with them is a mere translation—that is, a thing which can be made their own at a guinea per sheet, and they will not have an excellent one at a higher rate. Second is Miss Young, daughter of the excellent Dr. Young of Hawick. If she can, from her father's letters and memoranda, extract materials for a fair simple account of his life, I would give my name as editor, and I think it might do, but for a large publication—Palabras, neighbour Dogberry,[2] the time is by. Dined with the Bannatyne, where we had a lively party. Touching the songs, an old *roué* must own an improvement in the

[1] See *ante*, January 15, 1828, p. 346. Mr. Mackenzie of Portmore died in September, 1830, when Sir Walter wrote Mr. Skene the following letter:—

"Dear Skene,—I observe from the papers that our invaluable friend is no more. I have reason to think, that as I surmised when I saw him last, the interval has been a melancholy one, at least to those who had to watch the progress. I never expected to see his kind face more, after I took leave of him in Charlotte Square; yet the certainty that such must be the case is still a painful shock, as I can never hope again to meet, during the remaining span of my own life, a friend in whom high talents for the business of life were more happily mingled with all those affections which form the dearest part of human intercourse. In that respect I believe his like hardly is to be found. I hope Mrs. Skene and you will make my assurance of deep sympathy, of which they know it is expressed by a friend of poor Colin of fifty years' standing.

"I hope my young friend, his son, will keep his father's example before his eyes. His best friend cannot wish him a better model.

"I am just setting off to the West for a long-promised tour of a week. I shall be at Abbotsford after Monday, 27th current, and I hope Mrs. Skene and you, with some of our young friends, will do us the pleasure to come here for a few days. We see how separations may happen among friends, and should not neglect the opportunity of being together while we can. Besides, *entre nous*, it is time to think what is to be done about the Society, as the time of my retirement draws nigh, and I am determined, at whatever loss, not to drag out the last sands of my life in that sand-cart of a place, the Parliament House. I think it hurt poor Colin. This is, however, subject for future consideration, as I have not breathed a syllable about resigning the Chair to any one, but it must soon follow as a matter of course.*

"Should you think of writing to let me know how the distressed family are, you may direct, during the beginning of next week, to Drumlanrig, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

"My kind love attends my dear Mrs. Skene, girls, boys, and all the family, and I am, always yours, Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, 18*th September* [1830]."

[2] *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 5.

* Sir Walter had been President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for some years; his resignation was not accepted, and he retained the office until he died.

times, when all paw-paw words are omitted, and naughty innuendos *gazés*. One is apt to say—

> "Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
> A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
> And such protest of pepper-gingerbread."[1]

I think there is more affectation than improvement in the new mode.

July 10.—Rose rather late: the champagne and turtle, I suppose, for our reform includes no fasting. Then poor Ardwell came to breakfast; then Dr. Young's daughter. I have projected with Cadell a plan of her father's life, to be edited by me.[2] If she does but tolerably, she may have a fine thing of it. Next came the Court, where sixty judgments were pronounced and written by the Clerks, I hope all correctly, though an error might well happen in such a crowd, and ——, one of the best men possible, is beastly stupid. Be that as it may, off came Anne, Charles, and I for Abbotsford. We started about two, and the water being too deep didn't arrive till past seven; dinner, etc., filled up the rest of the day.

July 11, *Abbotsford*.—Corrected my proofs and the lave of it till about one o'clock. Then started for a walk to Chiefswood, which I will take from station to station,[3] with a book in my pouch. I have begun *Lawrie Todd*, which ought, considering the author's undisputed talents, to have been better. He might have laid Cooper aboard, but he follows far behind. No wonder: Galt, poor fellow, was in the King's Bench when he wrote it. No whetter of genius is necessity, though said to be the mother of invention.

July 12.—Another wet day, but I walked twice up and down the terrace, and also wrote a handsome scrap of copy, though mystified by the want of my books, and so forth. Dr. and Mrs. Lockhart and Violet came to luncheon and left us to drive on to Peebles. I read and loitered and longed to get my things in order. Got to work, however, at seven in the morning.

July 13.—Now "what a thing it is to be an ass!"[4] I have a letter from a certain young man, of a sapient family, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken my attentions as to suppose I was only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes and hopes, etc. The party is a woman of rank: so far my vanity may be satisfied. But to think I would wish to appropriate a grim grenadier made to mount guard at St. James's! The Lord deliver me! I excused myself with little picking upon the terms, and there was no occasion for much delicacy in repelling such an attack.

July 14.—The Court of Session Bill is now committed in the House of Lords, so it fairly goes on this season, and I have, I suppose, to look for my *congé*. I can hardly form a notion of the possi-

[1] 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

[2] The biography here spoken of was not published.

[3] Sir Walter had seats placed at suitable distances between the house and Chiefswood.

[4] *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

bility that I am not to return to Edinburgh. My clerk Buchanan came here, and assists me to finish the *Demonology Letters*, and be d—d to them. But it is done to their hand. Two ladies, Mrs. Latouche of Dublin, and her niece, Miss Boyle, came to spend a day or two. The aunt is a fine old lady; the conversation that of a serious person frightened out of her wits by the violence and superstition of our workers of miracles in the west.[1] Miss Boyle is a pretty young woman, rather quiet for an Irish lass.

July 16.—We visited at Lessudden yesterday, and took Mrs. Latouche thither. To-day, as they had left us, we went alone to Major John's house of Ravenswood and engaged a large party of cousins to dine to-morrow.

In the evening a party of foreigners came around the door, and going out I found Le Comte Ladislaus de Potocki, a great name in Poland, with his lady and brother-in-law, so offered wine, coffee, tea, etc. The lady is strikingly pretty. If such a woman as she had taken an affection for a lame baronet, nigh sixty years old, it would be worth speaking about! I have finished the *Demonology*.[2]

July 17.—Another bad day, wet past all efforts to walk, and threatening a very bad harvest. Persecuted with begging letters; an author's Pegasus is like a post-chaise leaving the door of the inn: the number of beggars is uncountable. The language they hold of my character for charity makes my good reputation as troublesome as that of Joseph Surface.[3] A dinner of cousins, the young Laird of Raeburn, so he must be called, though nearly as old as I am, at their head. His brother Robert, who has been in India for forty years, excepting one short visit: a fine manly fellow, who has belled the cat with fortune, and held her at bay as a man of mould may. Being all kinsmen and friends, we made a merry day of our re-union. All left at night.

July 18.—

"Time runs, I know not how, away."

Here am I beginning the second week of my vacation—though what needs me note that?—vacation and session will probably be the same to me in the future. The long remove must then be looked to, for the final signal to break up, and that is a serious thought.

I have corrected two sets of proofs, one for the mail, another for the Blucher to-morrow.

[*No entry between July* 18 *and September* 5.]

[Mr. Lockhart remarks that it was during this interval that the

[1] For an account of these "miracles" see *Peace in Believing*—a memoir of Isabella Campbell of Fernicarry. Roseneath, 8vo, 1829.

[2] *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., was published before the end of the year in Murray's *Family Library*.

[3] *School for Scandal*.

highest point of his recovery was reached. The following little note accompanied the review of Southey's *Bunyan* to Chiefswood on August 6th :—

"Dear Lockhart, I send you the enclosed. I intended to have brought it myself with help of 'Daddy Dun,' but I find the weather is making a rain of it to purpose.

"I suppose you are all within doors, and the little gardeners all off work.—Yours, W. S."]

A playful yet earnest petition, showing Sir Walter's continued solicitude for the welfare of the good "Dominie Sampson," was also written at this time to the Duke of Buccleuch :—

"ABBOTSFORD, 20*th August.*

"The minister of —— having fallen among other black cocks of the season, emboldens me once more to prefer my humble request in favour of George Thomson, long tutor in this family. His case is so well known to your Grace that I would be greatly to blame if I enlarged upon it. His morals are irreproachable, his talents very respectable. He has some oddity of manner, but it is far from attaching to either the head or the heart. . . .

"It would be felt by me among one of the deepest obligations of the many which I owe to the house of Buccleuch. I daresay your Grace has shot a score of black game to-day. Pray let your namesake bag a parson."

SEPTEMBER

September 5.—In spite of resolution I have left my Diary for some weeks, I cannot tell why. We have had the usual number of travelling Counts and Countesses, Yankees male and female, and a Yankee-Doodle-Dandy into the bargain, a smart young Virginia man. We have had friends of our own also, the Miss Ardens, young Mrs. Morritt and Anne Morritt, most agreeable visitors.[1] Cadell came out here yesterday with his horn filled with good news. This will in effect put an end to the trust; only the sales and produce must be pledged to insure the last £15,000 and the annuity interest of £600. In this way Mr. Cadell will become half-partner in the remaining vol-

[1] Sir Walter had written to Morritt on his retirement from the Court of Session, and his old friend responded in the following cordial letter:—

"*November*, 1830.

"My dear Scott,— . . . I am sorry to read what you tell me of your lameness, but legs are not so obedient to many of us at our age as they were twenty years ago, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*, as the learned Partridge and Lilly's Grammar tells us. I find mine swell, and am forced to bandage, and should not exert them with impunity in walking as I used to do, either in long walks or in rough ground. I am glad, however, you have escaped from the Court of Session, even at the risk of sometimes feeling the want you allude to of winter society. You think you shall tire of solitude in these months: and in spite of books and the love of them, I have discovered by experience the possibility of such a feeling; but can we not in some degree remedy this? Why should we both be within two days' march of each other and not sometimes together, as of old? How I have enjoyed in your house the *summum bonum* of Sir Wm. Temple's philosophy, 'something which is not Home and yet with the liberty of Home, which is not Solitude, and yet hath the ease of Solitude, and which is only found in the house of an old friend.' Our summer months are well provided with summer friends. You have plenty and to spare of sight-seers, Lions, and their hunters, and I have travellers, moor-shooters, etc., in equal abundance, but now when the country is abandoned, and Walter is leaving you, how I wish you would bring dear Anne and partake for a while our little circle here—we stir not till Christmas—if before that time such a pleasure could be attainable. Well, then, for auld lang syne, will you not, now that the Session has no claim on you, combine our forces against the possibility of *ennui*. If you will do this, I will positively, and in good faith, hold myself in readiness to do as much by you in the next November, and in every alternate November, nor shall the month ever pass without bringing us together. Do not tell me, as Wm. Rose would not fail to do if I gave him so good an opportunity, that my proposal would be a greater bore than the solitude it destroyed. It shall be no such thing, but only the trouble of the journey. I feel too, as I grow older, the *vis inertiæ*, and fancy that locomotion is more difficult, but let us abjure the doctrine, for it baulks much pleasure. Pray—pray as the children say—come to us, think of it first as not impossible, then weigh fairly the objections, and if they resolve themselves into mere aversion to change, overcome them by an assurance that the very change will give value to the resumption of your home avocations. If I plead thus strongly, perhaps it is because I feel the advantage to myself. Time has made gaps in the list of old friends as in yours; young ones, though very cheering and useful, are not, and cannot be, the same. I enjoy them too when present, but in absence I regret the others. What remains but to make the most of those we have still left when both body and mind permit us [to enjoy] them. I have books; also a room that shall [be your own], and a [pony] off which I can shoot, which I will engage shall neither tumble himself or allow you to tumble in any excursion on which you may venture. Dear Anne will find and make my womenkind as happy as you will make me, and we have only to beg you to stay long and be most cordially welcome. . . . Adieu, dear Scott. I fear you will not come for all I can say. I could almost lose a tooth or a finger (if it were necessary) to find myself mistaken. Come, and come soon; stay long; be assured of welcome.

"All unite in this and in love to you and Anne, with your assured friend,

"J. B. Morritt."

umes of the books following *St. Ronan's*; with all my heart, but he must pay well for it, for it is good property. Neither is any value stated for literary profits; yet, four years should have four novels betwixt 1830–4. This at £2500 per volume might be £8000, which would diminish Mr. Cadell's advance considerably. All this seems feasible enough, so my fits of sullen alarm are ill placed. It makes me care less about the terms I retire upon. The efforts by which we have advanced thus far are new in literature, and what is gained is secure.

[*No entry between September* 5 *and December* 20.]

DECEMBER

December 20.—From September 5 to December 20 is a long gap, and I have seen plenty of things worth recollecting, had I marked them down when they were gliding past. But the time has gone by. When I feel capable of taking it up, I will.

Little self will jostle out everything else, and my affairs, which in some respects are excellent, in others, like the way of the world, are far from being pleasant.

Of good I have the pleasure of saying I have my children well, and in good health. The dividend of 3s. in the pound has been made to the creditors, and the creditors have testified their sense of my labours by surrendering my books, furniture, plate, and curiosities. I see some friends of mine think this is not handsomely done. In my opinion it is extremely so. There are few things so [easy] as to criticise the good things one does, and to show that we ourselves would have done [more] handsomely. But those who know the world and their own nature are always better pleased with one kind action carried through and executed, than with twenty that only glide through their minds, while perhaps they tickle the imagination of the benevolent Barmecide who supposes both the entertainment and the eater. These articles do not amount to less than £10,000 at least, and, without dispensing with them entirely, might furnish me with a fund for my younger children.[1] Now, suppose these creditors had not seriously carried their purpose into execution, the transaction might have been afterwards challenged, and the ease of mind which it produced to me must have been uncertain in comparison. Well! one-half of these claims are cleared off, furnished in a great measure by one-half issue of the present edition of the Waverley Novels, which had reached the 20th of the series.

It cannot be expected that twenty more will run off so fast; the later volumes are less favourites, and are really less interesting. Yet when I read them over again since their composition, I own I found them considerably better than I expected, and I think, if other circumstances do not crush them and blight their popularity, they will make their way. Mr. Cadell is still desirous to acquire one-half of the property of this part of the work, which is chiefly my own. He proposes assembling all my detached works of fiction and articles in Annuals, so that the whole, supposing I write, as is proposed, six new

[1] See *Life*, vol. x. pp. 10–25.

volumes, will run the collection to fifty, when it is time to close it. Between cash advanced on this property, and a profit on the sale of the second part, Mr. Cadell thinks, having taken a year or two years' time, to gather a little wind into the bag, I will be able to pay, on my part, a further sum of £30,000, or the moiety remaining of the whole debts, amounting now to less then £60,000.

Should this happy period arrive in or about the year 1832 the heavy work will be wellnigh finished. For, although £30,000 will still remain, yet there is £20,000 actually secured upon my life, and the remaining £10,000 is set against the sale of *Waverley*, which shall have been issued; besides which there is the whole Poetry, *Bonaparte*, and several other articles, equally [available] in a short time to pay up the balance, and afford a very large reversion.

This view cannot be absolutely certain, but it is highly probable, and is calculated in the manner in which Building Schemes [are dealt with], and is not merely visionary. The year 1833 may probably see me again in possession of my estate.

A circumstance of great consequence to my habits and comforts was my being released from the Court of Session on November 1830 (18th day). My salary, which was £1300, was reduced to £840. My friends, just then leaving office, were desirous to patch up the deficiency with a pension. I do not see well how they could do this without being exposed to obloquy, which they shall not be on my account. Besides, though £500 a year is a round sum, yet I would rather be independent than I would have it.

My kind friend the Lord Chief-Commissioner offered to interfere to have me named a Privy Councillor; but besides that when one is poor he ought to avoid taking rank, I would be much happier if I thought any act of kindness was done to help forward Charles; and, having said so much, I made my bow, and declared my purpose of remaining satisfied with the article of my knighthood. And here I am, for the rest of my life I suppose, with a competent income, which I can [increase].

All this is rather pleasing, nor have I the least doubt that I could make myself easy by literary labour. But much of it looks like winding up my bottom for the rest of my life. But there is a worse symptom of settling accounts, of which I have felt some signs.

Last spring, Miss Young, the daughter of Dr. Young, had occasion to call on me on some business, in which I had hopes of serving her. As I endeavoured to explain to her what I had to say, I had the horror to find I could not make myself understood. I stammered, stuttered, said one word in place of another—did all but speak; Miss Young went away frightened enough, poor thing; and Anne and Violet Lockhart were much alarmed. I was bled with cupping-glasses, took medicine, and lived on panada; but in two or three days I was well again. The physicians thought, or said at least, that the evil was from the stomach. It is very certain that I have seemed to

speak with an impediment, and I was, or it might be fancied myself, troubled with a mispronouncing and hesitation. I felt this particularly at the Election, and sometimes in society. This went on till last November, when Lord —— came out to make me a visit. I had for a long time taken only one tumbler of whisky and water without the slightest reinforcement. This night I took a very little drop, not so much as a bumper glass, of whisky altogether. It made no difference on my head that I could discover, but when I went to the dressing-room I sank stupefied on the floor. I lay a minute or two—was not found, luckily, gathered myself up, and got to my bed. I was alarmed at this second warning, consulted Abercrombie and Ross, and got a few restrictive orders as to diet. I am forced to attend to them; for, as Mrs. Cole says, "Lack-a-day! a thimbleful oversets me."

To add to these feelings I have the constant increase of my lameness: the thigh-joint, knee-joint, and ankle-joint.

December 21.—I walk with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, reminded of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I was sure of dying handsomely. Cadell's calculations would be sufficiently firm though the author of *Waverley* had pulled on his last nightcap. Nay, they might be even more trustworthy, if Remains, and Memoirs, and such like, were to give a zest to the posthumous. But the fear is the blow be not sufficient to destroy life, and that I should linger on an idiot and a show.[1] . . . .

We parted on good terms and hopes.[2] But, fall back, fall edge, nothing shall induce me to publish what I do not think advantageous to the community, or suppress what is.

December 23.—To add for this day to the evil thereof, I am obliged to hold a Black-fishing Court at Selkirk. This is always a very unpopular matter in one of our counties, as the salmon never do get up to the heads of the waters in wholesome season, and are there in numbers in spawning-time. So that for several years during the late period, the gentry, finding no advantage from preserving the spawning fish, neglected the matter altogether in a kind of dudgeon, and the peasantry laid them waste at their will. As the property is very valuable, the proprietors down the country agreed to afford some additional passage for fish when the river is open, providing they

1 "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."
—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

2 Mr. Cadell and Mr. Ballantyne had arrived at Abbotsford on the 18th, bringing with them the good news from Edinburgh of the payment of the second dividend, and of the handsome conduct of the creditors. There had been a painful discussion between them and Sir Walter during the early part of the winter on *Count Robert of Paris*, particulars of which are given in the *Life* (vol. x. pp. 6, 10–17, 21–23), but they found their host much better than they had ventured to anticipate, and he made the gift of his library the chief subject of conversation during the evening. Next morning Mr. Ballantyne was asked to read aloud a political essay on Reform—intended to be a *Fourth Epistle of Malachi*. After careful consideration, the critical arbiters concurred in condemning the production, but suggested a compromise. His friends left him on the 21st, and the essay, though put in type, was never published. Proof and MS. were finally consigned to the flames!—*Life*, vol. x. pp. 21–25.

will protect the spawning fish during close-time. A new Act has been passed, with heavy penalties and summary powers of recovery. Some persons are cited under it to-day; and a peculiar licence of poaching having distinguished the district of late years, we shall be likely to have some disturbance. They have been holding a meeting for reform in Selkirk, and it will be difficult to teach them that this consists in anything else save the privilege of obeying only such laws as please them. We shall see, but I would have counselled the matter to have been delayed for a little season. I shall do my duty, however. Do what is right, come what will.

Six black-fishers were tried, four were condemned. All went very quietly till the conclusion, when one of the criminals attempted to break out. I stopped him for the time with my own hand.[1] But after removing him from the Court-house to the jail he broke from the officers, who are poor, feeble old men, the very caricature of peace officers.

December 24. — This morning my old acquaintance and good friend Miss Bell Ferguson died after a short illness: an old friend, and a woman of the most excellent condition. The last two or almost three years were very sickly.

A bitter cold day. Anne drove me over to Huntly Burn to see the family. I found Colonel Ferguson and Captain John, R.N., in deep affliction, expecting Sir Adam hourly. Anne sets off to Mertoun, and I remain alone. I wrote to Walter about the project of making my succession in movables. J. B. sent me praises of the work I am busy with.[2] But I suspect a little *supercherie*, though he protests not. He is going to the country without sending me the political article. But he shall either set up or return it, as I won't be tutored by any one in what I do or forbear.

December 25.—I have sketched a political article on a union of Tories and an Income Tax. But I will not show my teeth if I find I cannot bite. Arrived at Mertoun, and found with the family Sir John Pringle, Major Pringle, and Charles Baillie. Very pleasant music by the Miss Pringles.

December 26, [*Mertoun*].—Prayers after breakfast, being Sunday. Afterwards I shut myself up in Mr. Scott's room. He has lately become purchaser of his grandfather's valuable library, which was collected by Pope's Lord Marchmont. Part of it is a very valuable collection of tracts during the great Civil War. I spent several hours in turning them over, but I could not look them through with any accuracy. I passed my time very pleasantly, and made some extracts, however, and will resume my research another day.

[1] An account of this incident is given by an eye-witness, Mr. Peter Rodger, Procurator-Fiscal, who says: "The prisoner, thinking it a good chance of escaping, made a movement in direction of the door. This Sir Walter detected in time to descend from the Bench and place himself in the desperate man's path. 'Never!' said he; 'if you do, it will be over the body of an old man.' Whereupon the other officials of the Court came to the Sheriff's assistance and the prisoner was secured."—Craig-Brown's *Selkirkshire*, vol. ii. p. 141.

[2] *Count Robert of Paris.*

Major Pringle repeated some pretty verses of his own composing. I had never a more decided inclination to go loose, yet I know I had better keep quiet.

December 27, [*Abbotsford*].—Commences snow, and extremely bitter cold. When I returned from Mertoun, half frozen, I took up the *Magnum*, and began to notify the romance called *Woodstock*, in which I got some assistance from Harden's ancient tracts. I ought rather to get on with *Robert of Paris*; but I have had all my life a longing to do something else when I am called to particular labour,—a vile contradictory humour which I cannot get rid of. Well, I can work at something, so at the *Magnum* work I. The day was indeed broken, great part having been employed in the return from Mertoun.

December 28.—Drove down to Huntly Burn. Sir Adam very melancholy, the death of his sister having come with a particular and shocking surprise upon him. After half-an-hour's visit I returned and resumed the *Magnum*.

December 29.—Attended poor Miss Bell Ferguson's funeral. I sat by the Rev. Mr. Thomson. Though ten years younger than me, I found the barrier between him and me much broken down. We remember it though with more or less accuracy. We took the same old persons for subjects of correspondence of feeling and sentiment. The difference of ten years is little after sixty has passed. In a cold day I saw poor Bell laid in her cold bed. Life never parted with a less effort. Letter from Cadell offering to advance on second series French Tales. This will come in good time, and keep me easy. He proposes views for the *Magnum*. I fear politics may disappoint them.

December 30.—Meeting at Selkirk to-day about the new road to Galashiels. It was the largest meeting I ever saw in Selkirkshire. We gain the victory by no less than 14 to 4. I was named one of the committee to carry the matter on, so in gaining my victory I think I have caught a Tartar, for I have taken on trouble enough. Some company,—Lord Napier, Scotts of Harden, Johnstone of Alva, Major Pringle. In the evening had some private conversation with H. F. S. and R. J., and think there is life in a mussel. More of this hereafter.

December 31.—My two young friends left this morning, but not without renewing our conversation of last night. We carried on the little amusements of the day, and spent our Hogmanay pleasantly enough, in spite of very bad auguries.

1831.—JANUARY

January 1, 1831.—I cannot say the world opens pleasantly with me this new year. I will strike the balance. There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful.

First.—Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded, and he augurs well as to the next two years, reckoning £30,000 on the stuff now on hand, and £20,000 on the insurance money, and £10,000 to be borrowed somehow. This will bring us wonderfully home.

Second.—Cadell is of opinion if I meddle in politics, and I am strongly tempted to do so, I shall break the milk-pail, and threatens me with the fate of Basil Hall, who, as he says, destroyed his reputation by writing impolitic politics. Well, it would be my risk, and if I can do some good, which I rather think I can, is it right or manly to keep myself back?

Third.—I feel myself decidedly weaker in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer. This general failure

> "With mortal crisis doth portend,
> My days to appropinque an end."[1]

I am not solicitous about this, only if I were worthy I would pray God for a sudden death, and no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist.

The Scotts of Harden, Pringles of Stitchill, and Russells of Ashestiel, are all here; I am scarce fit for company though.

January 2.—Held a great palaver with the Scotts, etc. I find my language apt to fail me; but this is very like to be fancy, and I must be cautious of giving way to it. This cautions me against public exertion much more than Cadell's prognostications, which my blood rises against, and which are ill calculated to keep me in restraint. We dozed through a gloomy day, being the dullest of all possible thaws.

January 3.—I had a letter from the Lord Chief Commissioner, mentioning the King's intention to take care of Charles's interests and promotion in the Foreign Office, an additional reason why I should not plunge rashly into politics, yet not one which I can understand as putting a padlock on my lips neither. I may write to L. C. C. that I

[1] *Hudibras.*

may be called on to express an opinion on the impending changes, that I have an opinion, and a strong one, and that I hope this fresh favour [may not be regarded] as padlocking my lips at a time when it would otherwise be proper to me to speak or write. I am shocked to find that I have not the faculty of delivering myself with facility —an embarrassment which may be fanciful, but is altogether as annoying as if real.

January 4.—A base, gloomy day, and dispiriting in proportion. I walked out with Swanston[1] for about an hour: everything gloomy as the back of the chimney when there is no fire in it. My walk was a melancholy one, feeling myself weaker at every step and not very able to speak. This surely cannot be fancy, yet it looks something like it. If I knew but the extent at which my inability was like to stop, but every day is worse than another. I have trifled much time, too much; I must try to get afloat to-morrow, perhaps getting an amanuensis might spur me on, for one-half is nerves. It is a sad business though.

January 5.—Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused. When I begin to form my ideas for conversation expressions fail me, even in private conversation, yet in solitude they are sufficiently arranged. I incline to hold that these ugly symptoms are the work of imagination; but, as Dr. Adam Ferguson,[2] a firm man if ever there was one in the world, said on such an occasion, What is worse than imagination? As Anne was vexed and frightened, I allowed her to send for young Clarkson. Of course he could tell but little, save what I knew before.

January 6.—A letter from Henry Scott about the taking ground for keeping the reform in Scotland upon the Scottish principles. I will write him my private sentiments, but avoid being a *boute-feu.*

Go this day to Selkirk, where I found about 120 and more persons of that burgh and Galashiels, who were sworn in as special constables, enough to maintain the peace. What shocked me particularly was the weakness of my voice and the confusion of my head attempting to address them, which was really a poor affair. On my return I found the Rev. Mr. Milne of Quebec, a friend of my sister-in-law. Another time would have been better for company, but Captain John Ferguson and Mr. Laidlaw coming in to dinner, we got over the day well enough.

January 7.—A fine frosty day, and my spirits lighter. I have a letter of great comfort from Walter, who in a manly, handsome, and dutiful manner expressed his desire to possess the library and movables of every kind at Abbotsford, with such a valuation laid upon them as I choose to impose. This removes the only delay to making

[1] John Swanston, a forester at Abbotsford, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie.—*Life*, vol. x. p. 66.

[2] Dr. Ferguson, Sir Adam's father, died in 1816.—See *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xix. pp. 331–33.

my will. Supposing the literary property to clear the debts by aid of insurances and other things, about 1835 it will come into my person, and I will appoint the whole to work off the heritable debt of £10,000. If the literary property can produce that sum, besides what it has already done, I would convey it to the three younger children.

January 8.—Spent much time in writing instructions for my last will and testament. Sent off parcel by Dr. Milne, who leaves to-day. Have up two boys for shop-lifting. Remained at Galashiels till four o'clock, and returned starved. Could work none, and was idle all evening—try to-morrow for a work-day; so loiter on.

January 10.—Went over to Galashiels, and was busied the whole time till three o'clock about a petty thieving affair, and had before me a pair of gallows'-birds, to whom I could say nothing for total want of proof, except, like the sapient Elbow, Thou shalt continue there; know thou, thou shalt continue.[1] A little gallow brood they were, and their fate will catch them. Sleepy, idle, and exhausted on this. Wrought little or none in the evening.

Wrote a long letter to Henry [Scott], who is a fine fellow, and what I call a heart of gold. He has sound parts, good sense, and is a true man. Also, I wrote to my excellent friend the Lord Chief [Commissioner]. I thought it right to say that I accepted with gratitude his Majesty's goodness, but trusted it was not to bind me to keep my fingers from pen and ink should a notion impress me that I could help the country. I walked a little, to my exceeding refreshment. I am using that family ungratefully. But I will not, for a punctilio, avoid binding, if I can, a strong party together for the King and country, and if I see I can do anything, or have a chance of it, I will not fear for the skin-cutting. It is the selfishness of this generation that drives me mad.

> "A hundred pounds?
> Ha! thou hast touched me nearly."

I will get a parcel copied to-morrow; wrote several letters at night.

January 11.—Wrote and sent off three of my own pages in the morning, then walked with Swanston. I tried to write before dinner, but, with drowsiness and pain in my head, made little way. My friend Will Laidlaw came in to dinner, and after dinner kindly offered his services as amanuensis. Too happy was I, and I immediately plunged him into the depths of *Count Robert*, so we got on three or four pages, worth perhaps double the number of print. I hope it did not take him too short, but after all to keep the press going without an amanuensis is impossible, and the publishers may well pay a sponsible person. He comes back to-morrow. It eases many of my

[1] See *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 1.

anxieties, and I will stick to it. I really think Mr. Laidlaw is pleased with the engagement for the time. Sent off six close pages.

January 12.—I have a visit from Mr. Macdonald the sculptor, who wishes to model a head of me. He is a gentlemanlike man, and pleasant as most sculptors and artists of reputation are, yet it is an awful tax upon time. I must manage to dictate while he models, which will do well enough.

So there we sat for three hours or four, I sitting on a stool mounted on a packing-box, for the greater advantage; Macdonald modelling and plastering away, and I dictating, without interval, to good-natured Will Laidlaw, who wrought without intermission. It is natural to ask, Do I progress? but this is too feverish a question. A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value. I always remember the prayer of Virgil's sailor in extremity:—

> "Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo;
> Quamquam O!—Sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!
> Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
> Et prohibete nefas!"[1]

We must to our oar; but I think this and another are all that even success would prompt me to write; and surely those that have been my defenders

> "Have they so long held out with me untired,
> And stop they now for breath? Well, be it so."[2]

January 13.—Went to Selkirk on the business of the new high road. I perceive Whytbank and my cousin Colonel Russell of Ashestiel are disposed to peep into the expenses of next year's outlay, which must be provided by loan. This will probably breed strife. Wrote a hint of this to Charles Balfour. Agreed with Smith so far as contracting for the Bridges at £1200 each. I suspect we are something like the good manager who distressed herself with buying bargains.

January 15.—Gave the morning from ten till near two to Mr. Macdonald, who is proceeding admirably with his bust. It is bloody cold work, but he is an enthusiast and much interested; besides, I can sit and dictate owing to Mr. Laidlaw, and so get forward, while I am advancing Lorenzo di Guasco, which is his travelling name. I wrote several letters too, and got through some business. Walked, and took some exercise between one and three.

January 16.—Being Sunday, read prayers. Mr. and Mrs. James[3] go to look for a house, which they desire to take in this country. As

[1] *Æneid* v. 194–7: thus rendered in English by Professor Conington:—

> 'Tis not the palm that Mnestheus seeks:
> No hope of Victory fires his cheeks:
> Yet, O that thought!—but conquer they
> To whom great Neptune wills the day:
> Not to be last make that your aim,
> And triumph by averting shame.

[2] *King Richard the Third*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

[3] Mr. G. P. R. James, author of *Richelieu*, etc. He afterwards took Maxpopple for the season.

Anne is ill, the presence of strangers, though they are pleasant, is rather annoying. Macdonald continues working to form a new bust out of my old scalp. I think it will be the last sitting which I will be enticed to. Thanks to Heaven, the work finishes to-morrow.[1]

January 17.—This morning, when I came down-stairs, I found Mr. Macdonald slabbering away at the model. He has certainly great enthusiasm about his profession, which is a *sine qua non*. It was not till twelve that a post-chaise carried off my three friends.

I had wrote two hours when Dr. Turner came in, and I had to unfold my own complaints. I was sick of these interruptions, and dismissed Mr. Laidlaw, having no hope of resuming my theme with spirit. God send me more leisure and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls!

Another fool sends to entreat an autograph, which he should be ashamed in civility to ask, as I am to deny it. I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death. He has long maintained a niche in Scottish Literature—gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental.

January 18.—Came down from my bedroom at eight, and took a rummage in the way of putting things to rights. Dictated to Laidlaw till about one o'clock, during which time it was rainy. Afterwards I walked, sliding about in the mud, and very uncomfortable. In fact, there is no mistaking the three sufficients,[2] and Fate is now straitening its circumvallations round me. Little likely to be better than I am. I am heart-whole as a biscuit, and may last on as now for eight or ten years; the thing is not uncommon, considering I am only in my sixtieth year. I cannot walk; but the intense cold

[1] Mr. Skene tells us that when No. 39 Castle Street was "displenished" in 1826, Scott sent him the full-length portrait of himself by Raeburn, now at Abbotsford, saying that he did not hesitate to claim his protection for the picture, which was threatened to be paraded under the hammer of the auctioneer, and he felt that his interposition to turn aside that buffet might admit of being justified. "As a piece of successful art, many might fancy the acquisition, but for the sake of the original he knew no refuge where it was likely to find a truer welcome. The picture accordingly remained many years in my possession, but when his health had begun to break, and the plan of his going abroad was proposed, I thought it would be proper to return the picture, for which purpose I had a most successful copy made of it, an absolute facsimile, for when the two were placed beside each other it was almost impossible to determine which was the original and which the copy." —*Reminiscences*. Thus forestalling the wish expressed in the affecting letter now given, which belongs to this day. See *ante*, p. 87 *n*.

"MY DEAR SKENE,—I have had no very pleasant news to send you, as I know it will give Mrs. Skene and you pain to know that I am suffering under a hundred little ailments which have greatly encroached upon the custom of the season which I used to take. On this I could say much, but it is better to leave alone what must be said with painful feeling, and you would be vexed with reading.

"One thing I will put to rights with all others respecting my little personal affairs. I am putting [in order] this house with what it contains, and as Walter will probably be anxious to have a memorial of my better days, I intend to beg you and my dear Mrs. Skene . . . to have it [the picture] copied by such an artist as you should approve of, to supply the blank which must then be made on your hospitable walls with the shadow of a shade. If the opportunity should occur of copying the picture to your mind, I will be happy to have the copy as soon as possible. You must not think that I am nervous or foolishly apprehensive that I take these precautions. They are necessary and right, and if one puts off too long, we sometimes are unfit for the task when we desire to take it up. . . .

"When the weather becomes milder, I hope Mrs. Skene and you, and some of the children, will come out to brighten the chain of friendship with your truly faithful,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, 16 *January*, 1831."

[2] Sir W. alludes to Mrs. Piozzi's Tale of *The Three Warnings*.—J. G. L.

weather may be to blame in this. My riding is but a scramble, but it may do well enough for exercise; and though it is unpleasant to find one's enjoyment of hill and vale so much abridged, yet still when I enjoy my books, and am without acute pain, I have but little to complain of, considering the life I have led so long.

"So hap what may;
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."[1]

Mr. Laidlaw came down at ten, and we wrought till one. This should be a good thing for an excellent man, and is an important thing to me, as it saves both my eyesight and nerves, which last are cruelly affected by finding those "who look out of the windows" grow gradually darker and darker.[2] Rode out, or more properly, was carried out, into the woods to see the course of a new road, which may serve to carry off the thinnings of the trees, and for rides. It is very well lined, and will serve both for beauty and convenience. Mr. Laidlaw engages to come back to dinner, and finish two or three more pages. Met my agreeable and lady-like neighbour, Mrs. Brewster, on my pony, and I was actually ashamed to be seen by her.

"Sir Dennis Brand, and on so poor a steed."[3]

I believe detestable folly of this kind is the very last that leaves us. One would have thought I ought to have little vanity at this time o' day; but it is an abiding appurtenance of the old Adam, and I write for penance what, like a fool, I actually felt.

January 19.—Wrote on by Mr. Laidlaw's assistance. Things go bobbishly enough; we have a good deal finished before dinner. Henry Scott comes to dine with me *vis-à-vis*, and we have a grand dish of politics. The friends of old Scotland want but a signal. A certain great lawyer says that if Sir W. S. wrote another *Malachi* it would set more men on fire than a dozen associations. This almost tempts me. But the canny lad says moreover that to appeal to national partiality, *i.e.* that you should call on Scotsmen to act like Scotsmen, is unfair, and he would be sorry it was known he, late and future placeman, should encourage such paw-paw doings. Yet if Sir W. S. could be got to stand forlorn hope, the legal gentleman would suggest, etc., etc. Suggest and be d—d. Sir W. S. knows when to [doff] his bonnet, and when to cock it in the face of all and sundry. Moreover, he will not be made a cat's-paw of, look you now.

January 20.—Wrought all morning; a monstrous packet of letters at mid-day. Borrow honest Laidlaw's fingers in the evening. I hope his pay will recompense him: it is better than "grieve-ing" or playing Triptolemus.[4] Should be, if I am hard-working, 100 guineas,

[1] *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 3.
[2] Eccles. xii. 3.
[3] Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xiii.—J. G. L.
[4] See *Pirate*.

which, with his house, cow, and free rent, would save, I believe, some painful thoughts to him and his amiable wife and children. We will see how the matter fudges. Almost finished the first volume.

January 21.—James Ballantyne in ecstasies at our plan of an amanuensis. I myself am sensible that my fingers begin to stammer—that is, to write one word instead of another very often. I impute this to fancy, the terrible agency of which is too visible in my illness, and it encourages me to hope the fatal warning is yet deferred. I feel lighter by a million ton since I made this discovery. If I can dictate freely, and without hesitation, my fear to speak at the meeting about the road was vain terror, and so *Andiamo Caracci.* Wrote some letters this afternoon.

January 22.—Mr. Laidlaw rather late of coming. One of his daughters has been ill, and he is an approved physician. Pity when one so gifted employs his skill on himself and family for all patients. We got on, however, to page 46.

January 23.—I wrought a little to-day. Walked to Chiefswood, or rather from it, as far only as Habbie's Howe. Came home, cold indeed, but hearty. Slept after dinner. I think the peep, real or imaginary, at the gates of death has given me firmness not to mind little afflictions. I have jumbled this and the preceding day strangely, when I went to Chiefswood and Huntly Burn. I thought this a week-day.

January 24.—Worked with Mr. Laidlaw, and, as the snow was on the ground, did so without intermission, which must be sinking to the spirits. Held on, however.

January 25.—Same drizzling waste, rendering my footing insecure, and leaving me no refuge but in sitting at home and working till one o'clock. Then retired upon the Sheriff Court processes. Bran,[1] poor fellow, lies yawning at my feet, and cannot think what is become of the daily scamper, which is all his master's inability affords him. This grieves me, by calling back the days of old. But I may call them as I may,

"Youth winna return, nor the days of lang syne."

January 26.—I have Skene and Mr. M'Culloch of Ardwell, to the relief of my spirits and the diminishing of my time. Mr. Laidlaw joined us at dinner.

Bitter cold.

January 27.—So fagged with my frozen vigils that I slept till after ten. When I lose the first two hours in the morning I can seldom catch them again during the whole day.

A friendly visit from Ebenezer Clarkson of Selkirk, a medical

[1] The deer-hound Bran which was presented by Macpherson of Cluny; Nimrod was Glengarry's gift. — See letter to Miss Edgeworth, printed in *Life*, vol. ix. p. 345.

gentleman in whose experience and ingenuity I have much confidence, as well as his personal regard for myself. He is quite sensible of the hesitation of speech of which I complain, and thinks it arises from the stomach. Recommends the wild mustard as an aperient. But the brightest ray of hope is the chance that I may get some mechanical aid made by Fortune at Broughton Street, which may enable me to mount a pony with ease, and to walk without torture. This would, indeed, be almost a restoration of my youth, at least of a green old age full of enjoyment. The shutting one out from the face of living nature is almost worse than sudden death.

January 28.—I wrote with Laidlaw. It does not work clear; I do not know why. The plot is, nevertheless, a good plot, and full of expectation.[1] But there is a cloud over me, I think, and interruptions are frequent. I creep on, however.

January 29.—Much in the same way as yesterday, rather feeling than making way. Mr. Williams and his brother came in after dinner. Welcome both; yet the day was not happy. It consumed me an afternoon, which, though well employed, and pleasantly, had the disagreeable effect of my being kept from useful work.

January 30.—Snow deep, which makes me alter my purpose of going to town to-morrow. For to-day, my friends must amuse themselves as they can.

January 31 [*to February* 9, *Edinburgh*].—Retain my purpose, however, and set out for Edinburgh alone—that is, no one but my servant. The snow became impassable, and in Edinburgh I remain immovably fixed for ten days—that is, till Wednesday—never once getting out of doors, save to dinner, when I went and returned in a sedan chair. I commenced my quarantine in Mackenzie's Hotel,[2] where I was deadly cold, and it was tolerably noisy. The second day Mr. Cadell made a point of my coming to his excellent house, where I had no less excellent an apartment and the most kind treatment—that is, not making a show of me, for which I was in but bad tune.[3] The physical folks, Abercrombie and Ross, bled me with cupping-glasses, purged me confoundedly, and restricted me of all creature comforts. But they did me good, as I am sure they meant to do sincerely; and I got rid of a giddy feeling, which I have been plagued with, and have certainly returned much better. I did not neglect my testamentary affairs. I executed my last will, leaving Walter

[1] 1 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[2] No. 1 Castle Street.

[3] "His host perceived that he was unfit for any company but the quietest, and had sometimes one old friend, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Clerk, or Mr. Skene to dinner, but no more. He seemed glad to see them, but they all observed him with pain. He never took the lead in conversation, and often remained altogether silent. In the mornings he wrote usually for several hours at *Count Robert*; and Mr. Cadell remembers in particular, that on Ballantyne's reminding him that a motto was wanted for one of the chapters already finished, he looked out for a moment at the gloomy weather, and penned these lines—

'The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parchèd summer cools his lips with.
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dyke shall stop it?'"
—*The Deluge—a Poem.*

—*Life*, vol. x. p. 37.

burdened, by his own choice, with £1000 to Sophia, and another received at her marriage, and £2000 to Anne, and the same to Charles. He is to advance them money if they want it; if not, to pay them interest, which is his own choice, otherwise I would have sold the books and rattletraps. I have made provisions for clearing my estate by my publications, should it be possible; and should that prove possible, from the time of such clearance being effected, to be a fund available to all my children who shall be alive or leave representatives. My bequests must, many of them, seem hypothetical; but the thing, being uncertain, must be so stated.

Besides, during the unexpected stay in town, I employed Mr. Fortune, an ingenious artist,[1] to make a machine to assist my lame leg,—an odd enough purchase to be made at this time of day, yet who would not purchase ease? I dined with the Lord Chief Commissioner, with the Skenes twice, with Lord Medwyn, and was as happy as anxiety about my daughter would permit me.

The appearance of the streets was most desolate: the hackney-coaches, with four horses, strolling about like ghosts, the foot-passengers few but the lowest of the people.

I wrote a good deal of *Count Robert*, yet I cannot tell why my pen stammers egregiously, and I write horridly incorrect. I long to have friend Laidlaw's assistance.

[1] A skilful mechanist, who, by a clever piece of handiwork, gave Sir Walter great relief, but only for a brief period.—*Life*, vol. x. p. 38.

FEBRUARY

February 9, [*Abbotsford*].—A heavy and most effective thaw coming on I got home about five at night, and found the haugh covered with water, dogs, pigs, cows, to say nothing of human beings, all who slept at the offices in danger of being drowned. They came up to the mansion-house about midnight, with such various clamour, that Anne thought the house was attacked by Captain Swing and all the Radicals.

February 10.—I set to work with Mr. Laidlaw, and had after that a capital ride; my pony, little used, was somewhat frisky, but I rode on to Huntly Burn. Began my diet on my new régime, and like it well, especially porridge to supper. It is wonderful how old tastes rise.

February 11.—Wrought again to-day, and John Swanston walked with me. Wrote many letters, and sent copy to Ballantyne. Rode as usual. It is well enough to ride every day, but confoundedly tiresome to write it down.

February 13.—I did not ask down Mr. Laidlaw, thinking it fair to spare his Sunday. I had a day of putting to rights, a disagreeable work which must be done. I took the occasion to tell Mr. Cadell that *Malachi* will break forth again; but I will not make a point of it with him. I do not fear there will be as many to strike up as to strike down, and I have a strong notion we may gain the day. I have a letter from the Duchess of Wellington, asking a copy of Melville's Memoirs. She shall have it if it were my last.

February 14.—I had hardly begun my letter to Mr. Cadell than I began also to "pull in resolution."[1] I considered that I had no means of retreat; and that in all my sober moments, meaning my unpassionate ones, for the doctors have taken from me the means of producing Dutch courage, I have looked on political writing as a false step, and especially now when I have a good deal at stake. So, upon the whole, I cancelled the letter announcing the publication. If this was actually meanness it is a foible nobody knows of. Anne set off for Edinburgh after breakfast. Poor girl, she is very nervous. I wrote with Mr. L. till one—then had a walk till three—then wrote this diary till four. Must try to get something for Mr. Laidlaw, for I am afraid I am twaddling. I do not think my head is weakened,

[1] *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 5.

but a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail, becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose,

> ". . . that way madness lies; let me shun that:
> No more of that . . ."[1]

Yet, why be a child about it? what must be, will be.

February 15.—I wrote and corrected through the long day till one o'clock; then rode out as far as Dr. Scott's, and called on him. Got a fresh dose of proofs at Mathieson's, and returned home. At nine o'clock at night had a card from Miss Bell [Maclachlan], wishing to speak to me about some Highland music. Wrote for answer I knew nothing of the matter, but would be happy to see Mrs. and Miss Bell to breakfast. I had a letter of introduction by Robert Chambers, which I declined, being then unwell. But as Trotter of Braid said, "The ladies maun come."

February 16.—Mrs. and Miss Bell Maclachlan of the West Highlands, mother and daughter, made their way to me to breakfast. I did not wish to see them, being strangers; but she is very pretty—that is, the daughter—and enthusiastic, and that is always flattering to an old gentleman. She wishes to have words to Celtic melodies, and I have promised her some, to the air of Crochallan, and incline to do her good, perhaps, to the extent of getting her words from Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Lockhart, and one or two others. We parted, she pleased with my willing patronage, and I with an uncommon handsome countenance she showed me.

This detained Mr. Laidlaw *re infecta*, and before I had written a page the pony came to the door; but wrote something after dinner.

February 17 and 18.—We had the usual course of food, study, and exercise in the forenoon. Was extremely sleepy in the afternoon, which made, I fear, but bad work. We progress, however. In riding met Sir Adam Ferguson, and asked him and his brother the Colonel to dinner to-morrow. Wrote in the meantime as usual.

February 19.—Plagued by the stay for leg starting a screw bolt, which is very inconvenient. Sent off, this morning, proofs as far as end of first volume, and 20 manuscript pages, equal to about a quarter of the second. Is it good or not? I cannot say. I think it better as it goes on; and so far so good. I am certain I have written worse abomination, as John Ballantyne, poor fellow, used to say.

February 20.—Wrote five pages this morning; then rode out to the hill and looked at some newly planted, rather transplanted, trees. Mr. Laidlaw gone for the day. I trust I shall have proofs to correct. In the meantime I may suck my paws and prepare some copy, or rather assemble the raw material.

February 21.—I made up parcels by mail-coach and Blucher to

[1] *Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4.

go to-morrow—second volume *Redgauntlet*. At one fetched a walk through wet and dry, looking at the ravages of the late flood. After I came in, till two hours after tea-time, busied with the Sheriff Court processes, which I have nearly finished. After this I will lounge over my annotating. The *Tales of the Crusades* come next.

February 22.—Wrought with Mr. L. from ten to three, then took the pony carriage, with the purpose of going to Chiefswood, but a heavy squall came on with snow, so we put about-ship and returned. Read Lyttelton's *History of England* to get some notes for *Crusaders*, vol. i. After dinner Mr. Laidlaw from six to eight. Sent off six pages.

February 23, 24, 25.—These three days I can hardly be said to have varied from my ordinary.

Rose at seven, dressed before eight, wrote letters, or did any little business till a quarter past nine. Then breakfast. Mr. Laidlaw comes from ten till one. Then take the pony, and ride *quantum mutatus* two or three miles, John Swanston walking by my bridle-rein lest I fall off. Come home about three or four. Then to dinner on a single plain dish and half a tumbler, or by'r lady three-fourths of a tumbler, of whisky and water. Then sit till six o'clock, when enter Mr. Laidlaw again, and work commonly till eight. After this, work usually alone till half-past nine, then sup on porridge and milk, and so to bed. The work is half done. If any [one] asks what time I take to think on the composition, I might say, in one point of view, it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day. In another light, it was never the serious subject of consideration at all, for it never occupied my thoughts entirely for five minutes together, except when I was dictating to Mr. Laidlaw.

February 26.—Went through the same routine, only, being Saturday, Mr. Laidlaw does not come in the evening. I think there is truth in the well-known phrase, *Aurora musis amica*. I always have a visit of invention between six and seven—that is, if anything has been plaguing me, in the way of explanation, I find it in my head when I wake. I have need of it to-night.

February 27.—Being Saturday, no Mr. Laidlaw came yesterday evening, nor to-day, being Sunday. Truth is, I begin to fear I was working too hard, and gave myself to putting things in order, and working at the *Magnum*, and reading stupid German novels in hopes a thought will strike me when I am half occupied with other things. In fact, I am like the servant in the *Clandestine Marriage*,[1] who assures his mistress he always watches best with his eyes shut.

February 28.—Past ten, and Mr. Laidlaw, the model of a clerk in other respects, is not come yet. He has never known the value of time, so is not quite accurate in punctuality; but that, I hope, will

[1] Colman the elder.

come if I can drill him to it without hurting him. I think I hear him coming. I am like the poor wizard who is first puzzled how to raise the devil and then how to employ him. But *vogue la galère.* Worked till one, then walked with great difficulty and pain till half-past two. I think I can hardly stir without my pony, which is a sad pity. Mr. Laidlaw dines here.

MARCH

March 1, 2, 3.—All these three days I wrote forenoon and fagged afternoon. Kept up the ball indifferent well, but began to tire on the third, and suspected that I was flat—a dreary suspicion, not easily chased away when once it takes root.

March 4.—Laid aside the novel, and began with vigour a review of Robson's Essay on Heraldry;[1] but I missed some quotations which I could not get on without. I gave up, and took such a rash ride nowadays. Returned home, and found Colonel Russell there on a visit. Then we had dinner, and afterwards the making up this miserable Journal.

March 5.—I have a letter from our member, Whytbank, adjuring me to assist the gentlemen of the county with an address against the Reform Bill, which menaces them with being blended with Peeblesshire, and losing of consequence one half of their franchise. Mr. Pringle conjures me not to be very nice in choosing my epithets. Mr. Pringle, Torwoodlee, comes over and speaks to the same purpose, adding, it will be the greatest service I can do the county, etc. This, in a manner, drives me out of a resolution to keep myself clear of politics, and "let them fight dog, fight bear." But I am too easy to be persuaded to bear a hand. The young Duke of Buccleuch comes to visit me also; so I promised to shake my duds and give them a cast of my calling, fall back, fall edge.

March 7–10.—In these four days I drew up, with much anxiety, an address reprobatory of the Bill, both with respect to Selkirkshire, and in its general purport. I was not mealy-mouthed, and those who heard the beginning could hardly avoid listening to the end. It was certainly in my best style, and would have made a deal of noise. From the uncompromising style it would have attracted attention. Mr. Laidlaw, though he is on t'other side on the subject, thinks it the best thing I ever wrote; and I myself am happy to find that it cannot be said to smell of the apoplexy. The pointed passages were, on the contrary, clever and well put. But it was too declamatory, too much like a pamphlet, and went far too generally into opposition to please the country gentlemen, who are timidly inclined to dwell on their own grievances rather than the public wrongs.

March 11.—This day we had our meeting at Selkirk. I found

[1] *The British Herald*, by Thomas Robson, 3 vols. 4to, 1830. Mr. Lockhart says this review never was published.

Borthwickbrae (late member) had sent the form of an address, which was finished by Mr. Andrew Lang.[1] It was the reverse of mine in every respect. It was short, and to the point. It only contained a remonstrance against the incorporation with [Peebles]shire, and left it to be inferred that they approved the Bill in other respects.[2] As I saw that it met the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than such an address as mine, I instantly put it in my pocket. But I endeavoured to add to their complaint of a private wrong a general clause, stating their sense of the hazard of passing a Bill full of such violent innovations at once on the public. But though Harden, Alva, and Torwoodlee voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment; since in its present state it will not be attended to, and is in fact too milk-and-water to attract notice. I am, however, personally out of the scrape; I was a fool to stir such a mess of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.[3] If some of the gentlemen of the press get hold of this story, what would they make of it, and how little would I care! One thing is clear: it gives me a right to decline future interference, and let the world wag, *Sessa.*[4]

March 12.—Wrote the history of my four days' labour in vain to Sandy Pringle, Whytbank, and so *transeat* with *cæteris erroribus.* I only gave way to one jest. A rat-catcher was desirous to come and complete his labours in my house, and I, who thought he only talked and laughed with the servants, recommended him to go to the head courts and meetings of freeholders, where he would find rats in plenty.

March 13.—I have finally arranged a thorny transaction. Mr. Cadell has an interest in some of the Novels, amounting to one-half; but the following are entirely my own, viz.:—

St. Ronan's Well	3 vols.	Redgauntlet	3 vols.
Tales of Crusaders	4 "	Woodstock	3 "
First Chronicles	2 "	Second Chronicles	3 "
Anne of Geierstein	3 "	Count Robert	3 "

In all, twenty-four volumes, which will begin printing after *Quentin Durward*, and concludes the year 1831. For half the property he proposes to pay 6000 guineas on 2d February 1831 [1832?]. I think that with this sum, and others coming in, I may reduce the debt to £45,000.

But I do not see clearly enough through this affair to accept this offer. *First*, I cannot see that there is wisdom in engaging Mr.

[1] Mr. Andrew Lang, Sheriff and Commissary Clerk, and Clerk of Peace, for Selkirkshire, grandfather of Mr. Andrew Lang, the accomplished poet and man of letters of the present time. The tact and ability of the grandfather are noticed by Sir Walter in his letter to Lord Montagu of Oct. 3, 1819, describing Prince Leopold at Selkirk.—*Life*, vol. vi. p. 131.

[2] This proposal, resisted successfully in 1832, has since been put in force so far as Parliament is concerned.

[3] 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[4] *Taming of the Shrew*, Introd.

Cadell in deep speculations, unless they served him very much. I am, in this respect, a burnt child: I have not forgotten the fire, or rather the furnace. *Second*, I think the property worth more, if publicly sold. *Third*, I cannot see any reasons which should render it advantageous for me to sell one half of this property, it being admittedly at the same [time] highly judicious to keep the other half. This does not fadge. *Fourth*, As to the immediate command of the money, I am not pressed for it, not having any advantage by paying it a year or two sooner or later. The actual proceeds of the sales will come in about 1834, and I daresay will not be far behind in amount the sum of £6000.

In short, I will not sell on a rainy day, as our proverb says. I have communicated my resolution to Cadell, to whom, no doubt, it will be a disappointment, for which I am sorry, but cannot help it.

March 14.—Had a very sensible and good-humoured answer from Mr. Cadell, readily submitting to my decision. He mentions, what I am conscious of, the great ease of accomplishing, if the whole is divided into two halves. But this is not an advantage to me, but to them who keep the books, and therefore I cannot be moved by it. It is the great advantage of uniformity, of which Malachi Malagrowther tells so much. I do not fear that Mr. Cadell will neglect the concern because he has not the large share in it which he had in the other. He is, I think, too honest a man. He has always shown himself every way willing and ready to help me, and verily he hath his reward; and I can afford him on that property a handsome percentage for the management. But if his fate was to lose considerably by this transaction, I must necessarily be a sufferer; if he be a great gainer, it is at my expense, so it is like the children's game of "Odds I win, evens you lose"—so will say no more about it. I think I will keep my ground nearly, so these cursed politics do not ruin the country. I am unable to sit at good men's boards, and Anne has gone to Mertoun to-day without me. I cannot walk or ride but for a mile or two. Naboclish! never mind. I am satisfied that I am heart-whole as a biscuit, and I may live to see the end of those affairs yet. I am driving on the *Count of Paris* right merrily. I have plenty of leisure, and *vive la plume!* I have arranged matters as I think for the best, so will think no more about it.

March 16.—The affair with Mr. Cadell being settled, I have only to arrange a set of regular employment for my time, without overfatiguing myself. What I at present practise seems active enough for my capacity, and even if I should reach the threescore and ten, from which I am thrice three years distant, or nearer ten, the time may pass honourably, usefully, and profitably, both to myself and other people. My ordinary runs thus:—Rise at a quarter before seven; at a quarter after nine breakfast, with eggs, or in the singular number, at least; before breakfast private letters, etc.; after breakfast Mr. Laidlaw comes at ten, and we write together till one. I am

greatly helped by this excellent man, who takes pains to write a good hand, and supplies the want of my own fingers as far as another person can. We work seriously at the task of the day till one o'clock, when I sometimes walk — not often, however, having failed in strength, and suffering great pain even from a very short walk. Oftener I take the pony for an hour or two and ride about the doors; the exercise is humbling enough, for I require to be lifted on horseback by two servants, and one goes with me to take care I do not fall off and break my bones, a catastrophe very like to happen. My proud promenade à pied or à cheval, as it happens, concludes by three o'clock. An hour intervenes for making up my Journal and such light work. At four comes dinner,—a plate of broth or soup, much condemned by the doctors, a bit of plain meat, no liquors stronger than small beer, and so I sit quiet to six o'clock, when Mr. Laidlaw returns, and remains with me till nine or three quarters past, as it happens. Then I have a bowl of porridge and milk, which I eat with the appetite of a child. I forgot to say that after dinner I am allowed half a glass of whisky or gin made into weak grog. I never wish for any more, nor do I in my secret soul long for cigars, though once so fond of them. About six hours per day is good working, if I can keep at it.

March 17.—Little of this day, but that it was so uncommonly windy that I was almost blown off my pony, and was glad to grasp the mane to prevent its actually happening. Rode round by Brigends. I began the third volume of *Count Robert of Paris*, which has been on the anvil during all these vexatious circumstances of politics and health. But "the blue heaven bends over all." It may be ended in a fortnight if I keep my scheme. But I will take time enough. This would be on Thursday. I would like it much.

March 18.—We get well on. *Count Robert* is finished so far as the second goes, and some twenty [pages] of the third. *Blackwood's Magazine*, after long bedaubing me with compliment, has began to bedaub Lockhart for my sake, or perhaps me for Lockhart's sake, with abuse. Lockhart's chief offence seems to have been explaining the humbug of showing up Hogg as a fool and blackguard in what he calls the *Noctes*.[1] For me I care wonderfully little either for his flattery or his abuse.[2]

[1] As this is the last reference to the Ettrick Shepherd in the Journal, it may be noted that Sir Walter, as late as March 23d, 1832, was still desirous to promote Hogg's welfare. In writing from Naples he says, in reference to the Shepherd's social success in London, "I am glad Hogg has succeeded so well. I hope he will make hay while the sun shines; but he must be aware that the Lion of this season always becomes the Boar of the next. . . . I will subscribe the proper sum, *i.e.* what you think right, for Hogg, by all means; and I pray God, keep farms and other absurd temptations likely to beset him out of his way. He has another chance for comfort if he will use common sense with his very considerable genius."

[2] This expression of irritation can easily be understood after reading the passages referred to in the twenty-ninth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*, pp. 30–35, and 535–544. Readers of this *Journal* have seen what uphill work these "Letters on Demonology" were to the author, but the unsparing criticism of *Christopher North* must have appeared to the author as a very unfriendly act, more especially, he thought, if the critic really knew the conditions under which the book had been written.

March 19.—I made a hard working day—almost equal to twenty pages, but there was some reason for it, for Ballantyne writes me that the copy sent will not exceed 265 pages when the end of volume ii. is reached; so 45 more pages must be furnished to run it out to page 329. This is an awful cast back; so the gap is to be made up.

March 20.—I thought I was done with politics, but it is easy getting into the mess, and difficult and sometimes disgraceful to get out. I have a letter from Sheriff Oliver, desiring me to go [to Jedburgh] on Monday (to-morrow) and show countenance by adhering to a set of propositions, being a resolution. Though not well drawn, they are uncompromising enough; so I will not part company. Had a letter, too, from Henry Scott. He still expects to refuse the Bill. I wrote him that would but postpone the evil day, unless they could bring forward a strong Administration, and, what is most essential, a system of finance; otherwise it won't do. Henry has also applied to me for the rejected address. But this I shall decline.

March 22.—Went to-day at nine o'clock to the meeting. A great number present, with a tribune full of Reformers, who showed their sense of propriety by hissing, hooting, and making all sorts of noises; and these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators. There was some speaking, but not good. I said something, for I could not sit quiet.[1]

We did not get home till about nine, having fasted the whole time. James, the blockhead, lost my poor Spice, a favourite terrier. The fool shut her in a stable, and somebody, [he] says, opened the door and let her out. I suspect she is lost for aye, for she was carried to Jedburgh in a post-chaise.

March 23.—The measure carried by a single vote.[2] In other circumstances one would hope for the interference of the House of Lords, but it is all hab-nab at a venture. The worst is that there is a popular party who want personal power, and are highly unfitted to enjoy it. It has fallen easily, the old Constitution; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well trained, the good sense of the people is much trusted to; we will see what it will do for us.[3]

The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass. *Sed transeat.* It is vain to mourn what cannot be mended.

March 24.—Frank Grant and his lady came here. Frank will, I believe, and if he attends to his profession, be one of the celebrated

[1] Mr. Lockhart says:—"He proposed one of the Tory resolutions in a speech of some length, but delivered in a tone so low, and with such hesitation in utterance, that only a few detached passages were intelligible to the bulk of the audience."—See *Life*, vol. x. pp. 46–8.

[2] The passing of the great Reform Bill in the House of Commons on the 22d March.

[3] His friend Richardson, who was a Whig, writes him from London on February 14:—"What a singular feeling it was to me to find Brougham Lord Chancellor, and Jeffrey and Cockburn in their present stations! I am afraid that the spirit of reform goes at present beyond the limits to which even the Government will go—and but for the large stock of good sense and feeling which I think yet pervades the country, I should tremble for the future."

men of the age. He is well known to me as the companion of my sons and the partner of my daughters. In youth, that is in extreme youth, he was passionately fond of fox-hunting and other sports, but not of any species of gambling. He had also a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection. As he had sense enough to feel that a younger brother's fortune would not last long under the expenses of a good stud and a rare collection of *chef-d'œuvres*, he used to avow his intention to spend his patrimony, about £10,000, and then again to make his fortune by the law. The first he soon accomplished. But the law is not a profession so easily acquired, nor did Frank's talents lie in that direction. His passion for painting turned out better. Nature had given him the rare power of judging soundly of painting, and in a remarkable degree the power of imitating it. Connoisseurs approved of his sketches, both in pencil and oils, but not without the sort of criticisms made on these occasions—that they were admirable for an amateur; but it could not be expected that he should submit to the technical drudgery absolutely necessary for a profession, and all that species of criticism which gives way before natural genius and energy of character.

Meantime Frank Grant, who was remarkably handsome, and very much the man of fashion, married a young lady with many possibilities, as Sir Hugh Evans says.[1] She was eldest sister of Farquharson of Invercauld, chief of that clan; and the young man himself having been almost paralysed by the malaria in Italy, Frank's little boy by this match becomes heir to the estate and chieftainship. In the meantime fate had another chance for him in the matrimonial line. At Melton-Mowbray, during the hunting season, he had become acquainted (even before his first marriage) with a niece of the Duke of Rutland, a beautiful and fashionable young woman, with whom he was now thrown into company once more. It was a natural consequence that they should marry. The lady had not much wealth, but excellent connections in society, to whom Grant's good looks and good breeding made him very acceptable.

March 25.—In the meantime Frank saw the necessity of doing something to keep himself independent, having, I think, too much spirit to become a Stulko,[2] drinking out the last glass of the bottle, riding the horses which the laird wishes to sell, and drawing sketches to amuse the lady and the children,—besides a prospect on Invercauld elevating him, when realised, to the rank of the laird's father.

March 26.—Grant was above all this, and honourably and manfully resolved to cultivate his taste for painting, and become a professional artist. I am no judge of painting, but I am conscious that Francis Grant possesses, with much taste, a sense of beauty derived from the best source, that of really good society, while in many modern artists, the total want of that species of feeling is so great as to

[1] *Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 1.

[2] *Stulko* or *Stulk* (?*Stocaire*, in Irish), a word formerly in common use among the Irish, signifying an idle, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow.

be revolting. His former acquaintances render his immediate entrance into business completely secure, and it will rest with himself to carry on his success. He has, I think, that degree of energy and force of character which will make him keep and enlarge any reputation which he may acquire. He has confidence too in his own powers, always a requisite for a young painter whose aristocratic pretensions must be envied by [his less fortunate brethren].

March 27.—Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased—I think very deservedly so—with a cabinet picture of myself, armour, and so forth, together with my two noble staghounds of the greyhound race. I wish Cadell had got it; it is far better than Watson's—though his is well too. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time.[1]

March 28.—We went out a little ride. The weather most tempting, the day beautiful. We rode and walked a little.

March 29.—We had an hour's sitting of the dogs, and a good deal of success. I cannot compose my mind on this public measure. It will not please those whom it is the object to please.

March 30.—Robert Dundas[2] and his wife—Miss Durham that was—came to spend a day or two. I was heartily glad to see him, being my earliest and best friend's son. John Swinton came by Blucher, on the part of an anti-Reform meeting in Edinburgh; exhorting me to take up the pen, but I declined and pleaded health, which, God

[1] Mary Campbell, Lady Ruthven, for whom the picture was painted, was not only the friend of Scott, but she held relations more or less close with nearly every one famous in Art and Literature during the greater part of the nineteenth century. No mean artist herself, and though, perhaps, not a clever letter-writer, she had among her correspondents some of the most brilliant men of her day. She survived all her early friends, but had the gift of being attractive to the young, and for three generations was the delight of their children and grandchildren. Those who were privileged to share in the refined hospitality of Winton, never forgot either the picturesque old house (the supposed Ravenswood Castle of the *Bride of Lammermoor*), or its venerable mistress as she sat of an evening in her unique drawing-room, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of Grecian temple and landscape, her own handiwork in days long gone by when she was styled by her friends Queen of Athens. Her conversation, after she was ninety, was fresh and vigorous; and, despite blindness and imperfect hearing, she kept herself well acquainted with the affairs of the day. The last great speech in Parliament, or the newest *bon mot*, were equally acceptable and equally relished. Her sense of humour and fun made her, at times, forget her own sufferings, and her splendid memory enabled her to while away many a sleepless hour by repeating long passages from the Bible or Milton. The former she had so much in her heart that it was scarcely possible to believe she was not reading from the Book. Above all was her truly divine gift of charity, the practical application of which, in her every-day life, was only bounded by her means.

It was said of her by one who knew her well—

"She lived to a great age, dispensing kindness and benevolence to the last, and cheered in the sore infirmities of her later years by the love of friends of all ranks, and all parties of all ages.

"The Living Lamp of Lothian, which from Winton, has so long shed its beneficent lustre, has been extinguished, but not so will be lost the memory of the gifted lady, for by not a few will still be cherished the recollection of her noble nature, and of her Christian life."

Lady Ruthven prized the picture referred to. She would not, as Sir Francis Grant relates,* permit him to touch the canvas after it left the Abbotsford studio; and it remained a cherished possession which she took pride in showing to appreciative guests, pointing out the details of face and form which she still saw with that inner eye, which time had not darkened.

It is now in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland—bequeathed to the nation with other pictures, as well as the magnificent collection of Greek archæological objects gathered by herself and Lord Ruthven in their early married life. She was born in 1789, and died in 1885.

[2] Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq., the worthy representative of an illustrious lineage, died at his paternal seat in June, 1838.—J. G. L. See *Arniston Memoirs—Three Centuries of a Scottish House*, 1571–1838. Edin. 8vo, 1887.

* See long and interesting letter of June 5, 1879, from Sir Francis to Sir W. S. Maxwell. — Laing's *Catalogue*, pp. 72–81.

knows, I have a right to urge. I might have urged also the chance of my breaking down, but there would be a cry of this kind which might very well prove real.

March 31.—Swinton returned in the forenoon yesterday after lunch. He took my denial very quietly, and said it would be wrong to press me. I have not shunned anything that came fairly on me, but I do not see the sense of standing forth a champion. It is said that the Duke of Buccleuch has been offered the title of Monmouth if he would cease to oppose. He said there were two objections—they would not give it him if he seriously thought of it, and he would not take it if they did. The Dundases went off to-day. I was glad I had seen them, although visitors rather interrupt work.

APRIL

April 2.—Mr. Henry Liddell, eldest son of Lord Ravensworth, arrived here. I like him and his brother Tom very much. They are what may be termed fine men. Young Mackenzie of Cromarty came with him, who is a fine lad and sings very beautifully. I knew his father and mother, and was very glad to see him. They had been at Mertoun fishing salmon, with little sport.

April 3.—A letter from the Lord Chief-Commissioner reporting Lord Palmerston and Sir Herbert Taylor's letters in Charles's favour. Wrote a grateful answer, and resolved, that as I have made my opinion public at every place where I could be called on or expected to appear, I will not throw myself forward when I have nothing to say. May the Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this vow!

April 4.—Mr. Liddell and Hay Mackenzie left us this morning. Liddell showed me yesterday a very good poem, worthy of Pope or Churchill, in old-fashioned hexameters, called the [*illegible*]. He has promised me a copy, for it is still being printed. There are some characters very well drawn. The force of it belies the character of a Dandie, too hastily ascribed to the author. He is accomplished as an artist and musician, and certainly has a fine taste for poetry, though he may never cultivate it.[1] He promises to bring his lady—who is very clever, but pretty high, they say, in the temper—to spend a day or two with us after leaving Edinburgh.

April 5.—This fifth day of April is the March fair at Selkirk. Almost every one of the family goes there, Mr. Laidlaw among others. I have a hideous paralytic custom of stuttering with my pen, and cannot write without strange blunders; yet I cannot find any failure in my intellect. Being unable to write to purpose with my own hand, this forenoon was a sort of holiday to me. The third volume of *Count Robert* is fairly begun, but I fear I shall want stuff to fill it, for I would not willingly bombast it with things inappropriate. If I could fix my mind to the task to-day, my temper, notwithstanding my oath, sets strong towards politics, where I would be sure of making a figure, and feel I could carry with me a great part of the middle-class, who wait for a shot between wind and water—half comic, half serious, which is a better argument than most which are going. The regard of my health is what chiefly keeps me in check. The provok-

[1] Henry Liddell, second Baron Ravensworth, author of a translation of the Odes of Horace, a volume of Latin Poems, etc.

ing odium I should mind much less; for there will always be as many for as against me, but it would be a foolish thing to take flight to the next world in a political gale of wind. If Cadell gave me the least encouragement I would give way to the temptation. Meantime I am tugging at the chain for very eagerness. I have done enough to incense people against me, without, perhaps, doing so much as I could, would, or should have done.

April 6.—I have written to Alva and Lord Elgin, explaining why I cannot, as they encourage me to do, take upon me the cause of the public, and bell-the-cat with the reformers. I think I have done enough for an individual.

I have more than half dictated the third volume to Mr. Laidlaw; but I feel the subject wants action, and that a little repose will be very necessary. Resolve to-morrow shall be a resting-day. I have not had one this long time. I had a letter from Croker, advising a literary adventure—the personal history of Charles Edward.[1] I think it will do. Rode to Melrose and brought home the letters from the post-office.

April 8.—I took leave of poor Major John Scott,[2] who, being afflicted with a distressing asthma, has resolved upon selling his house in Ravenswood, which he had dressed up with much neatness, and going abroad to Jamaica. Without having been intimate friends, we were always affectionate relations, and now we part, probably never to meet in this world. He has a good deal of the character said to belong to the family. Our parting with mutual feeling may be easily supposed.

April 9.—This being Saturday, I expect the bibliopolist and typographer about two o'clock, I suppose, when I shall have much to journalise. Failures among the trade are alarming, yet not if we act with prudence. *Nous verrons.*

Mr. Cadell and J. Ballantyne, with the son of the latter. Their courage is much stouter than I apprehended. Cadell says he has lost £1000 by bad debts, which is less than he expected, by bad times coming on at this time. We have been obliged to publish the less popular part of the Waverley Novels. At present I incline to draw a period after 48 volumes, and so close the publication. About nine or ten volumes will then conclude our *Magnum Opus*, so called, and Mr. Cadell thinks we shall then begin the Poetical Works, in twelve volumes, with illustrations by Turner, which he expects to rise as far as 12,000. The size is to be that of the Waverley Novels.

April 10.—I had a letter from Mr. Cowan, Trustee for Constable's creditors, telling that the manuscripts of the Waverley Novels had

[1] In a letter from Sir Walter to his son-in-law, of April 11th, he says:—

"When you can take an hour to think of this, I will be glad to hear from you. . . . I am in possession of five or six manuscripts, copies, or large extracts, taken under my own eyes. Croker thinks, and I am of his opinion, that if there was room for a personal narrative of the character, it would answer admirably."

[2] This gentleman, a brother to the Laird of Raeburn, had made some fortune in the East Indies, and bestowed the name of Ravenswood on a villa which he built near Melrose. He died in 1831.—J. G. L.

been adjudged to him, and offering them to me, or rather asking my advice about the disposal of them. Answered that I considered myself as swindled out of my property, and therefore will give no consent to any sale of the pillage.[1] Cadell says he is determined to get the MSS. from Cowan. I told him I would give him the rest of the MSS., which are in my own hand, for Mr. Cadell has been very friendly to me in not suffering me to want money in difficult times. We are not pushed by our creditors, so can take our own time; and as our plans prosper, we can pay off debt. About two o'clock enter two gentlemen in an open carriage, both from Makerstoun, and both Captains in the Navy. Captain Blair, a son of the member for Ayrshire, my old friend the Laird of Blair. Just as they retreat, Mr. Pontey is announced. I was glad to see this great forester. He is a little man, and gets along with an air of talent, something like Gifford, the famous editor of the *Quarterly*. As in his case mental acuteness gave animation to that species of countenance which attends personal deformity. The whole of his face was bizarre and odd, yet singularly impressive. We walked round, I with great pain, by the Hooded Corbies' seat, and this great Lord of the woodland gave the plantation great approbation. He seems rather systematic in pruning, yet he is in a great measure right. He is tolerably obstinate in his opinions. He dined, leaving me flattered with his applause, and pleased with having seen him.

April 11.—This day I went, with Anne and Miss Jane Erskine,[2] to see the laying of the stones of foundation of two bridges in my neighbourhood over Tweed and the Ettrick. There was a great many people assembled. The day was beautiful, the scene romantic, and the people in good spirits and good-humour. Mr. Paterson[3] of Galashiels made a most excellent prayer; Mr. Smith[4] gave a proper repast to the workmen, and we subscribed sovereigns apiece to provide for any casualty. I laid the foundation-stone of the bridge over Tweed, and Mr. C. B. Scott[5] of Woll that of Ettrick. The general spirit of good-humour made the scene, though without parade, extremely interesting.

April 12.—We breakfasted with the Fergusons, after which Anne

[1] The Manuscripts were sold by auction in London on August 19th, 1831, and the prices realised fell far short of what might have been expected, *e.g.* (1) *Monastery*, £18; (2) *Guy Mannering*, £27, 10s.; (3) *Old Mortality*, £33; (4) *Antiquary*, £42; (5) *Rob Roy*, £50; (6) *Peveril of the Peak*, £42; (7) *Waverley*, £18; (8) *Abbot*, £14; (9) *Ivanhoe*, £12; (10) *Pirate*, £12; (11) *Nigel*, £16, 16s.; (12) *Kenilworth*, £17; (13) *Bride of Lammermoor*, £14, 14s.—Total £317.—See David Laing's Catalogue, pp. 99–108, for an account of the dispersion and sales of the original MSS., prose and poetry.

[2] Miss J. Erskine, a daughter of Lord Kinnedder's. She died in 1838.—J. G. L.

[3] The Rev. N. Paterson, author of *The Manse Garden*; afterwards minister of St. Andrew's, Glasgow. He died in 1871. Mr. Paterson was a grandson of Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality," and brother of the Rev. Walter Paterson, minister of Kirkurd, author of the *Legend of Iona*—a poem written in imitation of the style of Scott, and in which he recognises his obligations to Sir Walter in the following terms:—"From him I derived courage to persevere in an undertaking on which I had often reflected with terror and distrust."—*Legend*, notes, p. 305.

[4] Mr. John Smith of Darnick, the builder of Abbotsford, and architect of these bridges.—J. G. L.

[5] This gentleman died in Edinburgh on the 4th February, 1838.—J. G. L.

and Miss Erskine walked up the Rhymer's Glen. I could as easily have made a pilgrimage to Rome with pease in my shoes unboiled. I drove home, and began to work about ten o'clock. At one o'clock I rode, and sent off what I had finished. Mr. Laidlaw dined with me. In the afternoon we wrote five or six pages more. I am, I fear, sinking a little, from having too much space to fill, and a want of the usual inspiration which makes me, like the chariot wheels of Pharaoh in the sands of the Red Sea, drive heavily. It is the less matter if this prove, as I suspect, the last of this fruitful family.

April 13.—Corrected a proof in the morning. At ten o'clock began where I had left off at my romance. Mr. Laidlaw agrees as to the portion of what we are presently busy with. Laidlaw begins to smite the rock for not giving forth the water in quantity sufficient. I remarked to him that this would not profit much. Doing, perhaps, twelve pages a day will easily finish us, and if it prove dull, why, dull it must be. I shall, perhaps, have half a dozen to make up this night. I have against me the disadvantage of being called the Just, and every one of course is willing to worry me. But they have been long at it, and even those works which have been worst received at their appearance now keep their ground fairly enough. So we 'll try our old luck another voyage.

It is a close, thick rain, and I cannot ride, and I am too dead lame to walk in the house. So, feeing really exhausted, I will try to sleep a little.

My nap was a very short one, and was agreeably replaced by Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages. Everything about the inside of a vessel is interesting, and my friend has the great sense to know this is the case. I remember when my eldest brother took the humour of going to sea, James Watson[1] used to be invited to George Square to tell him such tales of hardships as might disgust him with the service. Such were my poor mother's instructions. But Captain Watson could not render a sea life disgusting to the young midshipman or to his brother, who looked on and listened. The account of assistance given to the Spaniards at Cape Finisterre, and the absurd behaviour of the Junta, are highly interesting—a more inefficient, yet a more resolved class of men than the Spaniards were never conceived.

April 14.—Advised by Mr. Cadell that he has agreed with Mr. Turner, the first draughtsman of the period, to furnish to the poetical works two decorations to each of the proposed twelve volumes, to wit, a frontispiece and vignette to each, at the rate of £25 for each, which is cheap enough considering these are the finest specimens of art going. The difficulty is to make him come here to take drawings. I have written to the man of art, inviting him to my house, though,

[1] The late Captain Watson, R.N., was distantly related to Sir Walter's mother. His son, Sir John Watson Gordon, rose to great eminence as a painter; and his portraits of Scott and Hogg rank among his best pieces. He became President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1850, died in 1864, leaving funds to endow a Chair of Fine Arts in the Edinburgh University.

if I remember, he is not very agreeable, and offered to transport him to the places where he is to exercise his pencil. His method is to take various drawings of remarkable places and towns and stick them all together. He can therefore derive his subjects from good accurate drawings, so with Skene's assistance we can equip him. We can put him at home on all the subjects. Lord Meadowbank and his son, Skene and his son, Colonel Russell and his sister, dined with us.[1]

April 15.—Lord Meadowbank, etc., went to Newark with me, and returned to dine with the foregoing. Charming day.

April 16.—Lord Meadowbank went to the circuit and our party to their various homes. By the bye, John Pringle and his brother of Haining dined with us yesterday. Skene walks with me and undertakes readily to supply Turner with subjects. Weather enchanting. About 100 leaves will now complete *Robert of Paris*. Query, will it answer? Not knowing, can't say. I think it will.

Sunday 16*th* [17*th*] *April to Sunday* 24*th* of the same month unpleasantly occupied by ill [health], and its consequences, a distinct shock of paralysis affecting both my nerves and spine, though beginning only on Monday with a very bad cold. Dr. [Abercrombie] was brought out by the friendly care of Cadell, but young Clarkson had

[1] Mr. W. F. Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, and son of Scott's dear friend, has been good enough to give me his recollections of these days:—

"On referring to my Diary for the year 1831 I find the following entry: 'This Spring, on 31st April, I went with my father to Abbotsford and left on Sir Walter Scott being taken ill.' The date here given for my visit does not correspond with that in Sir Walter's Diary, but, as there are only thirty days in April it has evidently been written by mistake for the 13th. I had just attained my twenty-first year, and as such a visit at that early age was a great event in my life, I retain a very distinct recollection of the main features of it. I recollect that Lord Meadowbank and his eldest son Alan came at the same time, and the dinner party, at which Mr. Pringle of the Haining and his brother were present. The day after our arrival Sir Walter asked me to drive with him. We went in his open carriage to the Yarrow, where we got out, and Sir Walter, leaning on my arm, walked up the side of the river, pouring forth a continuous stream of anecdotes, traditions, and scraps of ballads. I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and thought I had never spent such a day. On Sunday Sir Walter did not come down to breakfast, but sent a message to say that he had caught cold and had taken some medicine for it the night before, which had made him ill, and would remain in bed. When we sat at either lunch or dinner, I do not recollect which, Sir Walter walked into the room and sat down near the table, but ate nothing. He seemed in a dazed state, and took no notice of any one, but after a few minutes' silence, during which his daughter Anne, who was at table, and was watching him with some anxiety, motioned to us to take no notice, he began in a quiet voice to tell us a story of a pauper lunatic, who, fancying he was a rich man, and was entertaining all sorts of high persons to the most splendid banquets, communicated to his doctor in confidence that there was one thing that troubled him much, and which he could not account for, and that was that all these exquisite dishes seemed to him to taste of oatmeal porridge. Sir Walter told this with much humour, and after a few minutes' silence began again, and told the same story over a second time, and then again a third time.* His daughter, who was watching him with increasing anxiety, then motioned to us to rise from table, and persuaded her father to return to his bedroom. Next day the doctor, who had been sent for, told us that he was seriously ill, and advised that his guests should leave at once, so that the house might be kept quiet and his daughter devote herself entirely to the care of her father. We accordingly left at once, and I never saw Sir Walter again. I still, however, retain a memorial of my visit. I had fallen into indifferent health in the previous year, and been recommended Highland air. By Sir Walter's advice I was sent to live with a friend of his, the Reverend Doctor Macintosh Mackay, then minister of Laggan, in the Inverness-shire Highlands, and had passed my time learning from him the Gaelic language. This excited in me a taste for Celtic Antiquities, and finding in Sir Walter's Library a copy of O'Connor's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores veteres*, I sat up one night transcribing from it the Annals of Tighernac. This transcript is still in my library.—William F. Skene.

"27 Inverleith Row,
Sept. 1890."

* An echo of one of his own singular illustrations (see *Letters on Demonology*) of the occasional collision between a disturbed imagination and the organs of sense.

already done the needful—that is, had bled and blistered severely, and placed me on a very restricted diet. Whether these precautions have been taken in time I cannot tell. I think they have, though severe in themselves, beat the disease. But I am alike prepared,

"Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere morti."[1]

I only know that to live as I am just now is a gift little worth having. I think I will be in the Secret next week unless I recruit greatly.

April 27.—They have cut me off from animal food and fermented liquor of every kind, and would press upon me such trash as panada and the like, which affect my stomach. This I will none of, but quietly wait till my ordinary diet is permitted, and thank God I can fast with any one. I walked out and found the day delightful; the woods are looking charming, just bursting forth to the tune of the birds. I have been whistling on my wits like so many chickens, and cannot miss any of them. I feel, on the whole, better than I have yet done. I believe I have fined and recovered, and so may be thankful.

April 28 and 29.—Walter made his appearance, well and stout, and completely recovered of his stomach complaints by abstinence. He has youth on his side, and I in age must submit to be a Lazarus. The medical men persist in recommending a seton. I am no friend to these risky remedies, and will be sure of the necessity before I yield consent. The dying like an Indian under torture is no joke, and, as Commodore Trunnion says, I feel heart-whole as a biscuit. My mind turns to politics. I feel better just now, and so I am. I will wait till Lockhart comes, but that may be too late.

[1] *Æneid* II. 62.

MAY

April 30 *and May* 1.—To meet Sandy Pringle to settle the day of election on Monday. Go on with *Count Robert* half-a-dozen leaves per day. I am not much pleased with my handiwork. The Chancery money seems like to be paid. This will relieve me of poor Charles, who is at present my chief burthen. The task of pumping my brains becomes inevitably harder when "both chain-pumps are choked below;"[1] and though this may not be the case literally, yet the apprehension is wellnigh as bad.

May 2.—The day passed as usual in dictating (too little) and riding a good deal. I must get finished with *Count Robert*, who is progressing, as the Transatlantics say, at a very slow pace indeed. By the bye, I have a letter from Nathan T. Rossiter, Williamstown, New York City, offering me a collection of poems by Byron, which are said to have been found in Italy some years since by a friend of Mr. Rossiter. I don't see I can at all be entitled to these, so shall write to decline them. If Mr. Rossiter chooses to publish them in Italy or America he may, but, published here, they must be the property of Lord Byron's executors.

May 3.—Sophia arrives—with all the children looking well and beautiful, except poor Johnnie, who looks very pale. But it is no wonder, poor thing!

May 4.—I have a letter from Lockhart, promising to be down by next Wednesday, that is, to-day. I will consult him about Byron's exec., and as to these poems said to be his Lordship's. They are very probably first copies thrown aside, or may not be genuine at all. I will be glad to see Lockhart. My pronunciation is a good deal improved. My time glides away ill employed, but I am afraid of the palsy. I should not like to be pinned to my chair. But I believe even that kind of life is more endurable than we could suppose. Your wishes are limited to your little circle—yet the idea is terrible to a man who has been active. My own circle in bodily matters is daily narrowing; not so in intellectual matters, but I am perhaps a bad judge. The plough is coming to the end of the furrow, so it is likely I shall not reach the common goal of mortal life by a few years. I am now in my sixtieth year only, and

"Three score and ten years do sum up."[2]

[1] Falconer's *Shipwreck*, p. 162—"The Storm." 12mo ed. London, Albion Press, 1810.

[2] Scotch Metrical Version of the 90th Psalm.

May 5.—A fleece of letters, which must be answered, I suppose—all from persons, my zealous admirers, of course, and expecting a degree of generosity, which will put to rights all their maladies, physical and mental; and expecting that I can put to rights whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desirable rank, and [stand] their protector and patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonished at having an address from a stranger; on the contrary, I would be astonished if any of these extravagant epistles were from any one who had the least title to enter into correspondence with me. I have all the plague of answering these teasing people.

Mr. Burn, the architect, came in, struck by the appearance of my house from the road. He approved my architecture greatly. He tells me the edifice for Jeanie Deans—that is, her prototype—is nigh finished, so I must get the inscription ready.[1] Mr. Burn came to meet with Pringle of Haining; but, alas! it is two nights since this poor young man, driving in from his own lake, where he had been fishing, an ill-broken horse ran away with him, and, at his own stable-door, overturned the vehicle and fractured poor Pringle's skull; he died yesterday morning. A sad business; so young a man, the proprietor of a good estate, and a well-disposed youth. His politics were, I think, mistaken, being the reverse of his father's; but that is nothing at such a time. Burn went on to Richardson's place of Kirklands, where he is to meet the proprietor, whom I too would wish to see, but I can hardly make it out. Here is a world of arrangements. I think we will soon hit upon something. My son Walter takes leave of me to-day to return to Sheffield. At his entreaty I have agreed to put

[1] On the 18th October Sir Walter sent Mr. Burn the following inscription for the monument he had commissioned, and which now stands in the churchyard of Irongray:—

"This stone was erected by the Author of Waverley to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God, 1791. This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans; refusing the slightest departure from veractity, even to save the life of a sister, she nevertheless showed her kindness and fortitude, in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable. Respect the grave of Poverty when combined with the love of Truth and dear affection."

It is well known that on the publication of *Old Mortality* many people were offended by what was considered a caricature of the Covenanters, and that Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, wrote a series of papers in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, which Scott affected to despise, and said he would not read. He not only was obliged to read the articles, but found it necessary to inspire or write an elaborate defence of the truth of his own picture of the Covenanters in the Number for January, 1817, of the *Quarterly Review*.

In June, 1818, however, he made ample amends, and won the hearts of all classes of his countrymen by his beautiful pictures of national character in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

It is worth noticing also that ten years later, viz., in December, 1828, his friend Richardson having written that in the *Tales of a Grandfather* "You have paid a debt which you owed to the manes of the Covenanters for the flattering picture which you drew of Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*. His character is inconceivable to me: the atrocity of his murder of those peasants, as undauntedly devoted to their own good cause as himself to his, his personal (almost hangman-like) superintendence of their executions, are wholly irreconcilable with a chivalrous spirit, which, however scornful of the lowly, could never, in my mind, be cruel." Scott, in reply, gave his matured opinion in the following words:—

"As to Covenanters and Malignants, they were both a set of cruel and bloody bigots, and had, notwithstanding, those virtues with which bigotry is sometimes allied. Their characters were of a kind much more picturesque than beautiful; neither had the least idea either of toleration or humanity, so that it happens that, so far as they can be distinguished from each other, one is tempted to hate most the party which chances to be uppermost for the time."

in a seton, which they seem all to recommend. My own opinion is, this addition to my tortures will do me no good; but I cannot hold out against my son. So, when the present blister is well over, let them try their seton, as they call it.

May 6 *and* 7.—Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical persons, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of *Count Robert*, which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready. Yet God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We will see. I am determined to write a political pamphlet *coûte que coûte*; ay,—should it cost me my life.

I will right and left at these unlucky proof-sheets, and alter at least what I cannot mend.

May 8.—I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under. Did I know how to begin, I would begin this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembleth at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too?

May 9.—The weather uncommonly beautiful and I am very eager to get on thinning woods while the peeling season lasts. We made about £200 off wood last season, and this is a sum worth looking at.

May 10.—Some repairs on the mill-dam still keep the people employed, and we cannot get to the thinning. Yet I have been urging them for a month. It's a great fault of Scottish servants that they cannot be taught to time their turns.

May 11.—By old practice I should be going into town to-day, the Court sitting to-morrow. Am I happier that I am free from this charge? Perhaps I am; that is certain, time begins to make my literary labour more precious than usual. Very weak, scarce able to crawl about without the pony—lifted on and off—and unable to walk half a mile save with great pain.

May 12.—Resolved to lay by *Robert of Paris*, and take it up when I can work. Thinking on it really makes my head swim, and that is not safe. Miss Ferrier comes out to us. This gifted personage, besides having great talents, has conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered,—simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready

at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.[1]

May 13.—Mr., or more properly Dr., Macintosh Mackay comes out to see me, a simple learned man, and a Highlander who weighs his own nation justly—a modest and estimable person.

I was beat up at midnight to sign a warrant against some delinquents. I afterwards heard that the officers were pursued by a mob from Galashiels, with purpose of deforcing them as far as St. Boswell's Green, but the men were lodged in Jedburgh Castle.

Reports of mobs at all the elections, which, I fear, will prove too true. They have much to answer for who in gaiety of heart have brought a peaceful and virtuous population to such a pass.

May 14.—Rode with Lockhart and Mr. Mackay through the plantations, and spent a pleasanter day than of late months. Story of a haunted glen in Laggan:—A chieftain's daughter or cousin loved a man of low degree. Her kindred discovered the intrigue and punished the lover's presumption by binding the unhappy man, and laying him naked in one of the large ants' nests common in a Highland forest. He died in agony of course, and his mistress became distracted, roamed wildly in the glen till she died, and her phantom, finding no repose, haunted it after her death to such a degree that the people shunned the road by day as well as night. Mrs. Grant of Laggan tells the story, with the addition, that her husband, then minister of Laggan, fixed a religious meeting in the place, and, by the exercise of public worship there, overcame the popular terror of the Red Woman. Dr. Mackay seems to think that she was rather banished by a branch of the Parliamentary road running up the glen than by the prayers of his predecessor. Dr. Mackay, it being Sunday, favoured us with an excellent discourse on the Socinian controversy, which I wish my friend Mr. Laidlaw had heard.

May 15.—Dr. M. left us early this morning; and I rode and studied as usual, working at the *Tales of My Grandfather*. Our good and learned Doctor wishes to go down the Tweed to Berwick. It is a laudable curiosity, and I hope will be agreeably satisfied.

May 16 *and* 17.—I wrote and rode as usual, and had the pleasure of Miss Ferrier's company in my family hours, which was a great satisfaction; she has certainly less affectation than any female I have known that has stood so high—Joanna Baillie hardly excepted. By the way, she [Mrs. Baillie] has entered on the Socinian controversy, for which I am very sorry; she has published a number of texts on which she conceives the controversy to rest, but it escapes her that she can only quote them through a translation. I am sorry this gifted woman is hardly doing herself justice, and doing what is not required at her hands. Mr. Laidlaw of course thinks it the finest thing in the world.[2]

[1] See Miss Ferrier's account of this visit prefixed to Mr. Bentley's choice edition of her works, 6 vols. cr. 8vo, London, 1881.

[2] Mr. Carruthers remarks in his Abbotsford *Notanda*:—"Joanna Baillie published a thin volume of selections from the New Testament

May 18.—Went to Jedburgh to the election, greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutish, as they usually are now-a-days. But the Sheriff had two troops of dragoons at Ancrum Bridge, and all went off quietly. The populace gathered in formidable numbers—a thousand from Hawick alone; they were sad blackguards, and the day passed with much clamour and no mischief. Henry Scott was re-elected—for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit.*

I left the burgh in the midst of abuse and the gentle hint of "Burke Sir Walter." Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart. Upwards of forty freeholders voted for Henry Scott, and only fourteen for the puppy that opposed him. Even of this party he gained far the greater number by the very awkward coalition with Sir William Scott of Ancrum. I came home at seven at night.

May 20.—This is the Selkirk election, which I supposed would be as tumultuous as the Jedburgh one, but the soutars of Selkirk had got a new light, and saw in the proposed Reform Bill nothing but a mode of disfranchising their ancient burgh. Although the crowd was great, yet there was a sufficient body of special constables, hearty in their useful office, and the election passed as quietly as I ever witnessed one. I came home before dinner, very quiet. I am afraid there is something serious in Galashiels; Jeffrey is fairly funked about it, and has written letters to the authorities of Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire to caution us against making the precognitions public, which looks ill. Yet I think he would have made arrests when the soldiers were in the country. The time at which I settled at Abbotsford, Whitsunday 1811, I broke up a conspiracy of the weavers. It will look like sympathising with any renewal if another takes place just now. Incendiary letters have been sent, and the householders are in a general state of alarm. The men at Jedburgh Castle are said to be disposed to make a clean breast; if so, we shall soon know more of the matter. Lord William Graham has been nearly murdered at Dumbarton. Why should he not have brought down 50 or 100 lads with the kilts, each with a good kent[1] in his hand fit to call the soul out of the body of these weavers? They would have kept order, I warrant you.

May 21.—Little more than my usual work and my usual exercise. I rode out through the plantations and saw the woodmen getting down what was to be felled. It seems there will be as much for sale as last year of bark: I think about £40 worth. A very nice additional pond to the sawmill has been executed. As for my *Tales*, they go on well, and are amusing to myself at least. The History of France is very entertaining.

'regarding the nature and dignity of Jesus Christ.' The tendency of the work was Socinian, or at least Arian, and Scott was indignant that his friend should have meddled with such a subject. 'What had she to do with questions of that sort?' He refused to add the book to his library and gave it to Laidlaw."—P. 179.

[1] A long staff.

May 22.—I have a letter from my friend John Thomson of Duddingston. I had transmitted him an order for the Duke of Buccleuch for his best picture, at his best price, leaving the choice of the subject and everything else to himself. He expresses the wish to do, at an ordinary price, a picture of common size. The declining to put himself forward will, I fear, be thought like shrinking from his own reputation, which nobody has less need to do. The Duke may wish a large picture for a large price for furnishing a large apartment, and the artist should not shrink from it. I have written him my opinion. The feeling is no doubt an amiable, though a false one. He is modest in proportion to his talents. But what brother of the finer arts ever approached [excellence] so as to please himself?

May 23, 24, *and* 25.—Worked and exercised regularly. I do not feel that I care twopence about the change of diet as to taste, but I feel my strength much decayed. On horseback my spine feels remarkably sore, and I am tired with a few miles' ride. We expect Walter coming down for the Fife election.

[From May 25th to October 9th there are no dates in the Journal, but the entry beginning "I have been very ill" must have been made about the middle of September. "In the family circle," says Mr. Lockhart, "he seldom spoke of his illness at all, and when he did, it was always in a hopeful strain." "In private, to Laidlaw and myself, his language corresponded exactly with the tone of the Diary. He expressed his belief that the chances of recovery were few—very few—but always added that he considered it his duty to exert what faculties remained to him for the sake of his creditors to the very last. —'I am very anxious,' he repeatedly said to me, 'to be done one way or other with this *Count Robert*, and a little story about the Castle Dangerous—which also I had long in my head—but after that I will attempt nothing more, at least not until I have finished all the notes for the Novels,'" etc.

On the 18th July he set out in company with Mr. Lockhart to visit Douglas Castle, St. Bride's Church and its neighbourhood, for the purpose of verifying the scenery of *Castle Dangerous*, then partly printed, returning on the 20th.

He finished that book and *Count Robert* before the end of August.

In September, Mr. Lockhart, then staying at Chiefswood, and proposing to make a run into Lanarkshire for a day or two, mentioned overnight at Abbotsford that he intended to take his second son, then a boy of five or six years of age, and Sir Walter's namesake, with him on the stage-coach.

Next morning the following affectionate billet was put into his hands:—

To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Chiefswood.

"Dear Don, or Doctor Giovanni,

"Can you really be thinking of taking Wa-Wa by the coach—and I think you said outside? Think of Johnny, and be careful of this little man. Are you *par hazard* something in the state of the poor capitaine des dragons that comes in singing:—

'Comment? Parbleu! Qu'en pensez vous,
Bon gentilhomme, et pas un sous'?

"If so, remember 'Richard's himself again,' and make free use of the enclosed cheque on Cadell for £50. He will give you the ready as you pass through, and you can pay when I ask.

"Put horses to your carriage, and go hidalgo fashion. We shall all have good days yet.

'And those sad days you deign to spend
With me I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send
And thank their love in Grayling Hall!'[1]

"W. S."[2]

On the 15th September he tells the Duke of Buccleuch, "I am going to try whether the air of Naples will make an old fellow of sixty young again."

On the 17th the old splendour of the house was revived. Col. Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, then in Scotland, came

"To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford."

The neighbours were assembled, and, having his son to help him, Sir Walter did the honours of the table once more as of yore.

On the 19th the poet Wordsworth arrived, and left on the 22d.

On the 20th, Mrs. Lockhart set out for London to prepare for her father's reception there, and on the 23d Sir Walter left Abbotsford for London, where he arrived on the 28th.[3]]

[1] See Crabbe's *Sir Eustace Grey*.
[2] *Life*, vol. x. pp. 100–1.
[3] See *Life*, vol. x. pp. 76–106.

OCTOBER

INTERVAL

I HAVE been very ill, and if not quite unable to write, I have been unfit to do so. I have wrought, however, at two Waverley things, but not well, and, what is worse, past mending. A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is, besides, some mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not perhaps fully acquainted. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and, like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless muddiness of mind which renders me incapable of anything rational. The expense of my journey will be something considerable, which I can provide against by borrowing £500 from Mr. Gibson. To Mr. Cadell I owe already, with the cancels on these apoplectic books, about £200, and must run it up to £500 more at least; yet this heavy burthen would be easily borne if I were to be the Walter Scott I once was; but the change is great. This would be nothing, providing that I could count on these two books having a sale equal to their predecessors; but as they do not deserve the same countenance, they will not and cannot have such a share of favour, and I have only to hope that they will not involve the *Waverley*, which are now selling 30,000 volumes a month, in their displeasure. Something of a Journal and the *Reliquiae Trotcosienses* will probably be moving articles, and I have in short no fears in pecuniary matters. The ruin which I fear involves that of my King and country. Well says Colin Mackenzie:—

> "Shall this desolation strike thy towers alone?
> No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 'twill bring,
> That the storm shall have power to unsettle the throne,
> And thy fate shall be mixed with the fate of thy King."[1]

I fear that the great part of the memorialists are bartering away the dignity of their rank by seeking to advance themselves by a job, which is a melancholy sight. The ties between democrat and aristocrat are sullen discontent with each other. The former are regarded

[1] See "Ellandonan Castle," in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Scott's *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. p. 361.

as a house-dog which has manifested incipient signs of canine madness, and is not to be trusted. Walter came down to-day to join our party.

[*September* 20?]—Yesterday, Wordsworth, his son [nephew[1]] and daughter, came to see us, and we went up to Yarrow. The eldest son of Lord Ravensworth also came to see us, with his accomplished lady. We had a pleasant party, and to-day were left by the Liddells, *manent* the three Wordsworths, *cum cæteris*, a German or Hungarian Count Erdödy, or some such name.

We arrived in London [September 28,] after a long and painful journey, the weakness of my limbs palpably increasing, and the physic prescribed making me weaker every day. Lockhart, poor fellow, is as attentive as possible, and I have, thank God, no pain whatever; could the end be as easy it would be too happy. I fancy the instances of Euthanasia are not very uncommon. Instances there certainly are among the learned and the unlearned—Dr. Black, Tom Purdie. I should wish, if it please God, to sleep off in such a quiet way; but we must take what Fate sends. I have not warm hopes of being myself again.

Wordsworth and his daughter, a fine girl, were with us on the last day. I tried to write in her diary, and made an ill-favoured botch—no help for it. "Stitches will wear, and ill ones will out," as the tailor says.[2]

[*October* 8, London.]—The King has located me on board the *Barham*, with my suite, consisting of my eldest son, youngest daughter, and perhaps my daughter-in-law, which, with poor Charles, will make a goodly tail. I fancy the head of this tail cuts a poor figure, scarce able to stir about.

The town is in a foam with politics. The report is that the Lords will throw out the Bill, and now, morning of 8th October, I learn it is quoited downstairs like a shovel-board shilling, with a plague to it, as the most uncalled-for attack upon a free constitution, under which men lived happily, which ever was ventured in my day. Well, it would have been pleasing to have had some share in so great a victory, yet even now I am glad I have been quiet. I believe I should only have made a bad figure. Well, I will have time enough to think of all this.

October 9.—The report to-day is that the Chancellor[3] will unite with the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to bring in a Bill of his own concocting, modified to the taste of the other two, with

[1] Now the Bishop of St. Andrew's.

As has been already said, Wordsworth arrived on the 19th and left on the 22d September, *i.e.* the visit lasted from Monday till Thursday. There are no dates in the Journal between May 25 and October 8, but Wordsworth says, "At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which upon the whole he had led."—Knight's *Wordsworth*, vol. iii. p. 201.

[2] Wordsworth notes that on placing the volume in his daughter's hand, Sir Walter said, "I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write."—Knight's *Wordsworth*, vol. iii. p. 201.

[3] Lord Brougham.

which some think they will be satisfied. This is not very unlikely, for Lord Brougham has been displeased with not having been admitted to Lord John Russell's task of bill-drawing. He is a man of unbounded ambition, as well as unbounded talent and [uncertain] temper. There have been hosts of people here, particularly the Duke of Buccleuch, to ask me to the christening of his son and heir, when the King stands godfather. I am asked as an ally and friend of the family, which makes the compliment greater. Singular that I should have stood godfather to this Duke himself, representing some great man.

October 10.—Yesterday we dined alone, so I had an opportunity of speaking seriously to John; but I fear procrastination. It is the cry of Friar Bacon's Brazen head, *time is—time was*; but the time may soon come—*time shall be no more.* The Whigs are not very bold, not much above a hundred met to support Lord Grey to the last. Their resolutions are moderate, probably because they could not have carried stronger. I went to breakfast at Sir Robert Henry Inglis', and coming home about twelve found the mob rising in the Regent's Park, and roaring for Reform as rationally as a party of Angusshire cattle would have done.

Sophia seemed to act as the jolly host in the play. "These are my windows," and, shutting the shutters, "let them batter—I care not serving the good Duke of Norfolk." After a time they passed out of our sight, hurrying doubtless to seek a more active scene of reformation. As the night closed, the citizens who had hitherto contented themselves with shouting, became more active, and when it grew dark set forth to make work for the glaziers.

October 11, *Tuesday.*—We set out in the morning to breakfast with Lady Gifford. We passed several glorious specimens of the last night's feats of the reformers. The Duke of Newcastle's and Lord Dudley's houses were sufficiently broken. The maidens, however, had resisted, and from the top of the house with coals, which had greatly embarrassed the assembled mob. Surely if the people are determined on using a right so questionable, and the Government resolved to consider it as too sacred to be resisted, some modes of resistance might be resorted to of a character more ludicrous than firearms,—coals, for example, scalding oil, boiling water, or some other mode of defence against a sudden attack. We breakfasted with a very pleasant party at Lady Gifford's. I was particularly happy to meet Lord Sidmouth; at seventy-five, he tells me, as much in health and spirits as at sixty. I also met Captain Basil Hall, to whom I owe so much for promoting my retreat in so easy a manner. I found my appointment to the *Barham* had been pointed out by Captain Henry Duncan, R.N., as being a measure which would be particularly agreeable to the officers of the service. This is too high a compliment. In returning I called to see the repairs at Lambeth, which are proceeding under the able direction of Blore, who met me there. They are in the best Gothic

taste, and executed at the expense of a large sum, to be secured by way of mortgage, payable in fifty years; each incumbent within the time paying a proportion of about £4000 a year. I was pleased to see this splendour of church architecture returning again.

Lord Mahon, a very amiable as well as a clever young man, comes to dinner with Mr. Croker; Lady Louisa Stuart in the afternoon, or, more properly, at night.

October 12.—Misty morning—looks like a yellow fog, which is the curse of London. I would hardly take my share of it for a share of its wealth and its curiosity—a vile double-distilled fog of the most intolerable kind. Children scarce stirring yet, but baby and the Macaw beginning their Macaw notes. Among other feats of the mob on Monday, a gentleman who saw the onslaught told me two men got on Lord Londonderry's carriage and struck him; the chief constable came to the rescue and belaboured the rascals, who ran and roared. I should have liked to have seen the onslaught—Dry beating, and plenty of it, is a great operator of a reform among these gentry. At the same time Lord Londonderry is a brain-sick man, very unlike his brother. He horsewhipped a sentinel under arms at Vienna for obeying his *consigne*, which was madness. On the other side all seems to be prepared. Heavy bodies of the police are stationed in all the squares and places supporting each other regularly. The men themselves say that their numbers amount to 3000, and that they are supported by troops in still greater numbers, so that the Conservative force is sufficiently strong. Four o'clock—a letter from the Duke saying the party is put off by command of the King, and probably the day will be put off until the Duke's return from Scotland, so our hopes of seeing the fine ceremony are all ended.

October 13.—*Nocte pluit tota*—an excellent recipe for a mob, so they have been quiet accordingly, as we are informed. Two or three other wet nights would do much to weary them out with inactivity. Milman, whom I remember a fine gentlemanlike young man, dined here yesterday. He says the fires have never ceased in his country, but that the oppressions and sufferings occasioned by the poor's rates are very great, and there is no persuading the English farmer that an amended system is comfortable both for rich and poor. The plan of ministers is to keep their places maugre Peers and Commons both, while they have the countenance of the crown; but if a Prince shelters, by authority of the prerogative, ministers against the will of the other authority of the state, does he not quit the defence which supposes he can do no wrong? This doctrine would make a curious change of parties. Will they attempt to legitimize the Fitz Clarences? God forbid! Yet it may end in that,—it would be Paris all over. The family is said to have popular qualities. Then what would be the remedy? Marry! seize on the person of the Princess Victoria, carrying her north and setting up the banner of England with the Duke of W. as dictator! Well, I am too old to fight, and

therefore should keep the windy side of the law; besides, I shall be buried before times come to a decision. In the meantime the King dare not go to stand godfather to the son of one of his most powerful peers, a party of his own making, lest his loving subjects pull the house about the ears of his noble host and the company invited to meet him. Their loyalty has a pleasant way of displaying itself. I will go to Westminster after breakfast and see what people are saying, and whether the *Barham* is likely to sail, or whether its course is not altered to the coast of the Low Countries instead of the Mediterranean.

October 14.—Tried to walk to Lady Louisa Stuart's, but took a little vertigo and came back. Much disturbed by a letter from Walter. He is like to be sent on an obnoxious service with very inadequate force, little prospect of thanks if he does his duty, and much of blame if he is unable to accomplish it. I have little doubt he will ware his mother's calf-skin on them.

The manufacturing districts are in great danger. London seems pretty secure. Sent off the revise of introduction to Mr. Cadell.[1]

October 16.—A letter from Walter with better news. He has been at hard-heads with the rogues and come off with advantage; in short, practised with success the art of drawing two souls out of one weaver.[2] All seems quiet now, and I suppose the Major will get his leave as proposed. Two ladies—[one] Byron's Mary Chaworth—have been frightened to death while the mob tore the dying creatures from their beds and proposed to throw them into the flames, drank the wine, destroyed the furniture, and committed other excesses of a jacquerie.[3] They have been put down, however, by a strong force of yeomanry and regulars. Walter says the soldiers fired over the people's heads, whereas if they had levelled low, the bullets must have told more among the multitude. I cannot approve of this, for in such cases severity is ultimate mercy.[4] However, if they have made a sufficient impression to be striking—why, enough is as good as a feast.

There is a strange story about town of ghost-seeing vouched by Lord Prudhoe, a near relation of the Duke of Northumberland, and whom I know as an honourable man. A colonel described as a cool-headed sensible man of worth and honour, Palgrave, who dined with us yesterday, told us twice over the story as vouched by Lord Prudhoe, and Lockhart gave us Colonel Felix's edition, which coincided exactly. I will endeavour to extract the essence of both. While at Grand Cairo they were attracted by the report of a physician who could do the most singular magical feats, and was in the habit not only of relieving the living, but calling up the dead. This sage was

[1] The Introductory address to *Count Robert of Paris* bears the date October 15th, 1831.

[2] *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

[3] See Moore's edition of *Byron's Works*, vol. vii. pp. 43-44, note.

[4] Scott's views received strong confirmation a few days later at Bristol, where the authorities, through mistaken humanity, hesitated to order the military to act.

the member of a tribe in the interior part of Africa. They were some time (two years) in finding him out, for he by no means pressed himself on the curious, nor did he on the other hand avoid them; but when he came to Grand Cairo readily agreed to gratify them by a sight of his wonders. The scenes exhibited were not visible to the operator himself, nor to the person for whose satisfaction they were called up, but, as in the case of Dr. Dee and other adepts, by means of a viewer, an ignorant Nubian boy, whom, to prevent imposition, the English gentlemen selected for the purpose, and, as they thought, without any risk of imposture by confederacy betwixt him and the physician. The process was as follows:—A black square was drawn in the palm of the boy's hand, or rather a kind of pentacle with an Arabic character inscribed at each angle. The figures evoked were seen through this space as if the substance of the hand had been removed. Magic rites, and particularly perfumes, were liberally resorted to. After some fumigation the magician declared that they could not proceed until the seven flags should become visible. The boy declared he saw nothing, then said he saw a flag, then two; often hesitated at the number for a certain time, and on several occasions the spell did not work and the operation went no further, but in general the boy saw the seven flags through the aperture in his hand. The magician then said they must call the Sultan, and the boy said he saw a splendid tent fixed, surrounded by immense hosts, Eblis no doubt, and his angels. The person evoked was then named, and appeared accordingly. The only indispensable requisite was that he was named speedily, for the Sultan did not like to be kept waiting. Accordingly, William Shakespeare being named, the boy declared that he saw a Frank in a dress which he described as that of the reign of Elizabeth or her successor, having a singular countenance, a high forehead, and a very little beard. Another time a brother of the Colonel was named. The boy said he saw a Frank in his uniform dress and a black groom behind him leading a superb horse. The dress was a red jacket and white pantaloons; and the principal figure turning round, the boy announced that he wanted his arm, as was the case with Felix's brother. The ceremony was repeated fourteen times; successfully in twelve instances, and in two it failed from non-appearance of the seven banners in the first instance. The apparent frankness of the operator was not the least surprising part of the affair. He made no mystery, said he possessed this power by inheritance, as a family gift; yet that he could teach it, and was willing to do so, for no enormous sum—nay, one which seemed very moderate. I think two gentlemen embraced the offer. One of them is dead and the other still abroad. The sage also took a price for the exhibition of his skill, but it was a moderate one, being regulated by the extent of the perfumes consumed in the ceremony.

There remains much more to ask I understood the witnesses do

not like to bother about, which is very natural. One would like to know a little more of the Sultan, of the care taken to secure the fidelity of the boy who was the viewer and on whom so much depended; whether another sage practising the same feat, as it was said to be hereditary, was ever known to practise in the city. The truth of a story irreconcilable with the common course of nature must depend on cross-examination. If we should find, while at Malta, that we had an opportunity of expiscating this matter, though at the expense of a voyage to Alexandria, it would hardly deter me.[1] The girls go to the Chapel Royal this morning at St. James's. A visit from the Honourable John Forbes, son of my old and early friend Lord Forbes, who is our fellow-passenger. The ship expects presently to go to sea. I was very glad to see this young officer and to hear his news. Drummond and I have been friends from our infancy.

October 17.—The morning beautiful. To-day I go to look after the transcripts in the Museum and have a card to see a set of chessmen[2] thrown up by the sea on the coast of Scotland, which were offered to sale for £100. The King, Queen, Knight, etc., were in the costume of the 14th century, the substance ivory or rather the tusk of the morse, somewhat injured by the salt water in which they had been immersed for some time.

Sir John Malcolm told us a story about Garrick and his wife. The lady admired her husband greatly, but blamed him for a taste for low life, and insisted that he loved better to play Scrub to a low-lifed audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste. On one particular occasion she was in her box in the theatre. *Richard III.* was the performance, and Garrick's acting, especially in the night scene, drew down universal applause. After the play was

[1] At Malta, accordingly, we find Sir Walter making inquiry regarding this Arabian conjurer, and writing to Mr. Lockhart, on Nov. 1831, in the following terms:—

"I have got a key to the conjuring story of Alexandria and Grand Cairo. I have seen very distinct letters of Sir John Stoddart's son, who attended three of the formal exhibitions which broke down, though they were repeated afterwards with success. Young Stoddart is an excellent Arabian scholar—an advantage which I understand is more imperfectly enjoyed by Lord Prudhoe and Colonel Felix. Much remains to be explained, but the boldness of the attempt exceeds anything since the days of the Automaton chess-player, or the Bottle conjurer. The first time Shakespeare was evoked he appeared in the complexion of an Arab. This seems to have been owing to the first syllable of his name, which resembled the Arabian word *Sheik*, and suggested the idea of an Arabian chief to the conjurer. A gentleman named Galloway has bought the secret, and talks of being frightened. There can be little doubt that, having so far interested himself, it would become his interest to put the conjurer more up to the questions likely to be asked. So he was more perfect when consulted by Lord Prudhoe than at first, when he made various blunders, and when we must needs say *falsum in uno falsum in omnibus*. As all this will come out one day, I have no wish to mingle in the controversy. . . . There are still many things to explain, but I think the mystery is unearthed completely."

See also Lane's *Egyptians* for an account of what appears to be the same man in 1837. Also *Quarterly Review*, No. 117, pp. 196–208, for an examination of this "Magic Mirror" exhibition.

[2] A hoard of seventy-eight chess-men found in the island of Lewis in 1831. The greater number of the figures were purchased for the British Museum, and formed the subject of a learned dissertation by Sir Frederick Madden; see *Archæologia*, xxiv. Eleven of these very interesting pieces fell into the hands of Scott's friend, C. K. Sharpe, and afterwards of Lord Londesborough. More recently these identical pieces were purchased for the Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, where they now are. See *Proc. Soc. Antiq.*, vol. xxiii.

over Mrs. G. proposed going home, which Garrick declined, alleging he had some business in the green-room, which must detain him. In short, the lady was obliged to acquiesce, and wait the beginning of a new entertainment, in which was introduced a farmer giving his neighbours an account of the wonders seen on a visit to London. This character was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Garrick began to think it rivalled those which had been so lately lavished on Richard the Third. At last she observed her little spaniel dog was making efforts to get towards the balcony which separated him from the facetious farmer. Then she became aware of the truth. "How strange," she said, "that a dog should know his master, and a woman, in the same circumstances, should not recognise her husband!"

October 18.—Sophia had a small but lively party last night, as indeed she has had every night since we were here—Ladies—[Lady Stafford,] Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Montagu, Miss Montagu, Lady [Davy], [Mrs.] Macleod, and two or three others; Gentlemen—Lord Montagu, Macleod, Lord Dudley, Rogers [Mackintosh]. A good deal of singing. If Sophia keeps to early hours she may beat London for small parties as poor Miss White did, and without much expense. A little address is all that is necessary. Sir John[1] insists on my meeting this Rammohun Roy;[2] I am no believer in his wandering knight, so far. The time is gone of sages who travelled to collect wisdom as well as heroes to reap honour. Men think and fight for money. I won't see the man if I can help it. Flatterers are difficult enough to keep at a distance though they be no renegades. I hate a fellow who begins with throwing away his own religion, and then affects a prodigious respect for another.

October 19.—Captain H. Duncan called with Captain Pigot, a smart-looking gentlemanlike man, and announces his purpose of sailing on Monday. I have made my preparations for being on board on Sunday, which is the day appointed. Captain Duncan told me jocularly never to take a naval captain's word on shore, and quoted Sir William Scott, who used to say, waggishly, that there was nothing so accommodating as a naval captain on shore; but when on board he became a peremptory lion. Henry Duncan has behaved very kindly, and says he only discharges the wishes of his service in making me as easy as possible, which is very handsome. No danger of feud, except about politics, which would be impolite on my part, and though it bars out one great subject of discourse, it leaves enough besides. That I might have nothing doubtful, Walter arrives with his wife, ready to sail, so what little remains must be done without

[1] Sir John Malcolm, who was at this time M.P. for Launceston. His last public appearance was in London, at a meeting convened for the purpose of raising a monument of his friend Sir Walter, and his concluding words were, that when he himself "was gone, his son might be proud to say that his father had been among the contributors to that shrine of genius." Sir John was struck down by paralysis on the following day, and died in May, 1833.

[2] The celebrated Brahmin philosopher and theist; born in Bengal about 1774, died at Stapleton Grove, near Bristol, September 27, 1833.

loss of time. This is our last morning, so I have money to draw for and pay away. To see our dear Lord Montagu too. The Duchess came yesterday. I suppose £50 will clear me, with some balance for Gibraltar.

I leave this country uncertain if it has got a total pardon or only a reprieve. I won't think of it, as I can do no good. It seems to be in one of those crises by which Providence reduces nations to their original elements.[1] If I had my health, I should take no worldly fee, not to be in the bustle; but I am as weak as water, and I shall be glad when I have put the Mediterranean between the island and me.

October 21 *and* 22.—Spent in taking of farewell and adieus, which had been put off till now. A melancholy ceremonial, with some a useless one; yet there are friends whom it sincerely touches one to part with. It is the cement of life giving way in a moment. Another unpleasant circumstance is—one is called upon to recollect those whom death or estrangement has severed, after starting merrily together in the voyage of life.

October 23.—Portsmouth; arrived here in the evening. Found the *Barham* will not sail till 26th October, that is Wednesday next. The girls break loose, mad with the craze of seeing sights, and run the risk of our losing some of our things and deranging the naval officers, who offer their services with their natural gallantry. Captain Pigot came to breakfast, with several other officials. The girls contrived to secure a sight of the Block manufactory, together with that of the Biscuit, also invented by Brunel. I think that I have seen the first of these wonderful [sights] in 1816, or about that time.[2] Sir Thomas Foley gives an entertainment to the Admiralty, and sends to invite [me]; but I pleaded health, and remained at home. Neither will I go out sight-seeing, which madness seems to have seized my womankind. This ancient town is one of the few in England which is fortified, and which gives it a peculiar appearance. It is much surrounded with heaths or thin poor muirs covered with heather, very barren, yet capable of being converted into rich arable and pasturage. I would [not] desire a better estate than to have 2000 acres which would be worth 40 shillings an acre.

October 24.—My womankind are gone out with Walter and Captain Hall. I wish they would be moderate in their demands on people's complaisance. They little know how inconvenient are such seizures. A sailor is in particular a bad refuser, and before he can turn three times round, he is bound with a triple knot to all kinds

[1] Sir Walter's fears for the country were also shared by some of the wisest men in it. The Duke of Wellington, it is well known, was most desponding, and he anticipated greater horror from a convulsion here than in any other European nation.

Talleyrand said to the Duke during the Reform Bill troubles, "Duke of Wellington, you have seen a great deal of the world. Can you point out to me any one place in Europe where an old man could go to and be quite sure of being safe and dying in peace?"—Stanhope *Notes*, p. 224.

[2] See Mr. Charles Cowan's privately printed *Reminiscences* for Scott's recollections of his visit to Portsmouth in 1816, and his stories, of the wonders he had seen, to the little boy at his side.

of [engagements]. The wind is west, that is to say contrary, so our sailing on the day after to-morrow is highly doubtful.

October 25.—A gloomy October day, the wind inflexibly constant in the west, which is fatal. Sir James Graham proposes to wait upon us after breakfast. A trouble occurs about my taking an oath before a master-extraordinary in Chancery; but such cannot easily be found, as they reside in chambers in town, and rusticate after business, so they are difficult to catch as an eel. At ten my children set off to the dockyard, which is a most prodigious effort of machinery, and they are promised the sight of an anchor in the act of being forged, a most cyclopean sight. Walter is to call upon the solicitor and appoint him to be with [me] by twelve.

About the reign of Henry VIII. the French took the pile, as it was called, of ——,[1] but were beat off. About the end of the American war, an individual named John Aitken, or John the Painter, undertook to set the dockyard on fire, and in some degree accomplished his purpose. He had no accomplice, and to support himself committed solitary robberies. Being discovered, he long hung in chains near the outward fortifications. Last night a deputation of the Literary and Philosophical Society of [Portsmouth] came to present me with the honorary freedom of their body, which I accepted with becoming gratitude. There is little credit in gathering the name of a disabled invalid. Here I am, going a long and curious tour without ability to walk a quarter of a mile; quere, what hope of recovery? I think and think in vain, when attempting to trace the progress of this disease, and so gradually has my health declined, that I believe it has been acting upon me for ten years, gradually diminishing my strength. My mental faculties may perhaps recover; my bodily strength cannot return unless climate has an effect on the human frame which I cannot possibly believe or comprehend. The safe resolution is, to try no foolish experiments, but make myself as easy as I can, without suffering myself to be vexed about what I cannot help. If I sit on the deck and look at Vesuvius, it will be all I ought to think of.

Having mentioned John the Painter, I may add that it was in this town of Portsmouth that the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed to death by Felton, a fanatic of the same kind with the Incendiary, though perpetrator of a more manly crime. This monster-breeding age can afford both Feltons and John Aitkens in abundance. Every village supplies them, while in fact a deep feeling of the coarsest selfishness furnishes the ruling motive, instead of an affectation of public spirit —that hackneyed affectation of patriotism, as like the reality as a Birmingham halfpenny to a guinea.

The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics in all weathers and in all sorts of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence can offend no one, and

[1] Compare Froude's *History*, vol. iv. p. 424.

there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them both remember they were among ordinary strangers. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture!

Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty came and told us the whole fleet, *Barham* excepted, were ordered to the North Sea to help to bully the King of Holland, and that Captain Pigot, whose motions are of more importance to us than those of the whole British Navy, sails, as certainly as these things can be prophesied, on Thursday, 27th October.

October 26.—Here we still are, fixed by the inexorable wind. Yesterday we asked a few old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, and two or three others, to tea and talk. I engaged in a new novel, by Mr. Smith,[1] called *New Forest*. It is written in an old style, calculated to meet the popular ideas—somewhat like "Man as he is not"[2] and that class. The author's opinions seem rather to sit loose upon him and to be adopted for the nonce and not very well brought out. His idea of a hero is an American philosopher with all the affected virtues of a Republican which no man believes in.

This is very tiresome—not to be able to walk abroad for an instant, but to be kept in this old house which they call "The Fountain," a mansion made of wood in imitation of a ship. The timbers were well tried last night during the squall. The barometer has sunk an inch very suddenly, which seems to argue a change, and probably a deliverance from port. Sir Michael Seymour, Mr. Harris, Captain Lawrence came to greet us after breakfast; also Sir James Graham. They were all learned on this change of weather which seems to be generally expected. I had a good mess of Tory chat with Mr. Harris. We hope to see his daughters in the evening. He keeps his courage amid the despair of too many of his party. About one o'clock our Kofle, as Mungo Park words it, set out, self excluded, to witness the fleet sailing from the ramparts.

October 27.—The weather is more moderate and there is a chance of our sailing. We whiled away our time as we could, relieved by several kind visits. We realised the sense of hopeless expectation described by Fielding in his Voyage to Lisbon, which identical tract Captain Hall, who in his eagerness to be kind seems in possession of the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, was able to provide for us. To-morrow is spoken of as certainly a day to move.

October 28.—But the wind is as unfavourable as ever and I take a hobbling morning walk upon the rampart, where I am edified by a good-natured officer who shows me the place, marked by a buoy, where the *Royal George* went down "with twice four hundred men."[3] Its hull forms a shoal which is still in existence, a neglect scarcely

[1] Mr. Horace Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*.

[2] An anonymous novel, published some years earlier in 4 vols. 12mo.

[3] Cowper's Monody.

reconcilable with the splendour of our proceedings where our navy is concerned. Saw a battle on the rampart between two sailor boys, who fought like game-cocks. Returned to "The Fountain," to a voluminous breakfast. Captain Pigot calls, with little hope of sailing to-day. I made my civil affidavit yesterday to a master-extraordinary in Chancery, which I gave to Sophia last night.

October 29 (The *Barham*).—The weather is changed and I think we shall sail. Captain Forbes comes with offer of the Admiral Sir Michael Seymour's barge, but we must pause on our answer. I have had a very disturbed night. Captain Pigot's summons is at length brought by his own announcement, and the same time the Admiral's barge attends for our accommodation and puts us and our baggage on board the *Barham*, a beautiful ship, a 74 cut down to a 50, and well deserving all the commendations bestowed on her. The weather a calm which is almost equal to a favourable wind, so we glide beautifully along by the Isle of Wight and the outside of the island. We landsfolk feel these queerish sensations, when, without being in the least sick, we are not quite well. We dine enormously and take our cot at nine o'clock, when we sleep undisturbed till seven.

October 30.—Find the Bill of Portland in sight, having run about forty miles during the night. About the middle of the day turn seasick and retire to my berth for the rest of the evening.

October 31.—A sleepless night and a bilious morning, yet not so very uncomfortable as the phrase may imply. The bolts clashed, and made me dream of poor Bran. The wind being nearly completely contrary, we have by ten o'clock gained Plymouth and of course will stand westward for Cape Finisterre; terrible tossing and much seasickness, beating our passage against the turn. I may as well say we had a parting visit from Lady Graham, who came off in a steamer, saluted us in the distance and gave us by signal her "bon voyage." On Sunday we had prayers and Service from Mr. Marshall, our Chaplain, a Trinity College youth, who made a very respectable figure.

NOVEMBER

November 1.—The night was less dismal than yesterday, and we hold our course, though with an unfavourable wind, and make, it is said, about forty miles progress. After all, this sort of navigation recommends the steamer, which forces its way whether the breeze will or no.

November 2.—Wind as cross as two sticks, with nasty squalls of wind and rain. We keep dodging about the Lizard and Land's End without ever getting out of sight of these interesting terminations of Old England. Keep the deck the whole day though bitter cold. Betake myself to my berth at nine, though it is liker to my coffin.

November 3.—Sea-sickness has pretty much left us, but the nights are far from voluptuous, as Lord Stowell says. After breakfast I established myself in the after-cabin to read and write as well as I can, whereof this is a bad specimen.

November 4.—The current unfavourable, and the ship pitching a great deal; yet the vessel on the whole keeps her course, and we get on our way with hope of reaching Cape Finisterre when it shall please God.

November 5.—We still creep on this petty pace from day to day without being able to make way, but also without losing any. Meanwhile, *Fröhlich!* we become freed from the nausea and disgust of the sea-sickness and are chirruping merrily. Spend the daylight chiefly on deck, where the sailors are trained in exercising the great guns on a new sort of carriage called, from the inventor, Marshall's, which seems ingenious.

November 6.—No progress to-day; the ship begins to lay her course but makes no great way. Appetite of the passengers excellent, which we amuse at the expense of the sea stock. Cold beef and biscuit. I feel myself very helpless on board, but everybody is ready to assist me.

November 7.—The wind still holds fair, though far from blowing steadily, but by fits and variably. No object to look at—

> "One wide water all around us,
> All above us one 'grey' sky."[1]

There are neither birds in the air, fish in the sea, nor objects on face

[1] See Sailor's Song, *Cease, rude Boreas*, etc., *ante*, p. 539: "The Storm."

of the waters. It is odd that though once so great a smoker I now never think on a cigar; so much the better.

November 8.—As we begin to get southward we feel a milder and more pleasing temperature, and the wind becomes decidedly favourable when we have nearly traversed the famous Bay of Biscay. We now get into a sort of trade wind blowing from the East.

November 9.—This morning run seventy miles from twelve at night. This is something like going. Till now, bating the rolling and pitching, we lay

> "... as idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

November 10.—Wind changes and is both mild and favourable. We pass Cape Ortegal, see a wild cluster of skerries or naked rocks called Berlingas rising out of the sea like M'Leod's Maidens off the Isle of Skye.

November 11.—Wind still more moderate and fair, yet it is about eleven knots an hour. We pass Oporto and Lisbon in the night. See the coast of Portugal: a bare wild country, with here and there a church or convent. If it keeps fair this evening we [make] Gibraltar, which would be very desirable. Our sailors have been exercised at a species of sword exercise, which recalls many recollections.

November 12.—The favourable wind gets back to its quarters in the south-west, and becomes what the Italians call the Sirocco, abominated for its debilitating qualities. I cannot say I feel them, but I dreamt dreary dreams all night, which are probably to be imputed to the Sirocco. After all, it is not an uncomfortable wind to a Caledonian wild and stern. Ink won't serve.

November 13.—The wind continues unaccommodating all night, and we see nothing, although we promised ourselves to have seen Gibraltar, or at least Tangiers, this morning, but we are disappointed of both. Tangiers reminded me of my old Antiquarian friend Auriol Hay Drummond, who is Consul there.[1] Certainly if a human voice could have made its hail heard through a league or two of contending wind and wave, it must have been Auriol Drummond's. I remember him at a dinner given by some of his friends when he left Edinburgh, where he discharged a noble part "self pulling like Captain Crowe 'for dear life, for dear life' against the whole boat's crew," speaking, that is, against 30 members of a drunken company and maintaining the predominance. Mons Meg was at that time his idol. He had a sort of avarice of proper names, and, besides half a dozen which were his legitimately, he had a claim to be called *Garvadh*, which uncouth appellation he claimed on no very good authority to be the ancient name of the Hays—a tale. I loved him dearly; he

[1] See *ante*, p. 166, note.

had high spirits, a zealous faith, good-humour, and enthusiasm, and it grieves me that I must pass within ten miles of him and leave him unsaluted; for mercy-a-ged what a yell of gratitude would there be! I would put up with a good rough gale which would force us into Tangiers and keep us there for a week, but the wind is only in gentle opposition, like a well-drilled spouse. Gibraltar we shall see this evening, Tangiers becomes out of the question. Captain says we will lie by during the night, sooner than darkness shall devour such an object of curiosity, so we must look sharp for the old rock.

November 14.—The horizon is this morning full of remembrances. Cape St. Vincent, Cape Spartel, Tarifa, Trafalgar—all spirit-stirring sounds, are within our ken, and recognised with enthusiasm both by the old sailors whose memory can reinvest them with their terrors, and by the naval neophytes who hope to emulate the deeds of their fathers. Even a non-combatant like myself feels his heart beat faster and fuller, though it is only with the feeling of the unworthy boast of the substance in the fable, *nos poma natamus.*

I begin to ask myself, Do I feel any symptoms of getting better from the climate?—which is delicious,—and I cannot reply with the least consciousness of certainty; I cannot in reason expect it should be otherwise: the failure of my limbs has been gradual, and it cannot be expected that an infirmity which at least a year's bad weather gradually brought on should diminish before a few mild and serene days, but I think there is some change to the better; I certainly write easier and my spirits are better. The officers compliment me on this, and I think justly. The difficulty will be to abstain from working hard, but we will try. I wrote to Mr. Cadell to-day, and will send my letter ashore to be put into Gibraltar with the officer who leaves us at that garrison. In the evening we saw the celebrated fortress, which we had heard of all our lives, and which there is no possibility of describing well in words, though the idea I had formed of it from prints, panoramas, and so forth, proved not very inaccurate. Gibraltar, then, is a peninsula having a tremendous precipice on the Spanish side—that is, upon the north, where it is united to the mainland by a low slip of land called the neutral ground. The fortifications which rise on the rock are innumerable, and support each other in a manner accounted a model of modern art; the northern face of the rock itself is hewn into tremendous subterranean batteries called the hall of Saint George, and so forth, mounted with guns of a large calibre. But I have heard it would be difficult to use them, from the effect of the report on the artillerymen. The west side of the fortress is not so precipitous as the north, and it is on this it has been usually assailed. It bristles with guns and batteries, and has at its northern extremity the town of Gibraltar, which seems from the sea a thriving place, and from thence declines gradually to Cape Europa, where there is a great number of remains of old caverns and towers, formerly the habitation or refuge of the Moors. At a distance, and curving

into a bay, lie Algeciras, and the little Spanish town of Saint Roque, where the Spanish lines were planted during the siege.[1] From Europa Point the eastern frontier of Gibraltar runs pretty close to the sea, and arises in a perpendicular face, and it is called the back of the rock. No thought could be entertained of attacking it, although every means were used to make the assault as general as possible. The efforts sustained by such extraordinary means as the floating batteries were entirely directed against the defences on the west side, which, if they could have been continued for a few days with the same fury with which they commenced, must have worn out the force of the garrison. The assault had continued for several hours without success on either side, when a private man of the artillery, his eye on the floating batteries, suddenly called with ecstasy, "She burns, by G—!";[2] and first that vessel and then others were visibly discovered to be on fire, and the besiegers' game was decidedly up.

We stood into the Bay of Gibraltar and approached the harbour firing a gun and hoisting a signal for a boat: one accordingly came off—a man-of-war's boat—but refused to have any communication with us on account of the quarantine, so we can send no letters ashore, and after some pourparlers, Mr. L——, instead of joining his regiment, must remain on board. We learned an unpleasant piece of news. There has been a tumult at Bristol and some rioters shot, it is said fifty or sixty. I would flatter myself that this is rather good news, since it seems to be no part of a formed insurrection, but an accidental scuffle in which the mob have had the worst, and which, like Tranent, Manchester, and Bonnymoor, have always had the effect of quieting the people and alarming men of property.[3] The Whigs will find it impossible to permit men to be plundered by a few blackguards called by them the people, and education and property probably will recover an ascendency which they have only lost by faintheartedness.

We backed out of the Bay by means of a current to the eastward, which always runs thence, admiring in our retreat the lighting up the windows in the town and the various barracks or country seats visible on the rock. Far as we are from home, the general lighting up of the windows in the evening reminds us we are still in merry old England, where in reverse of its ancient law of the curfew, almost every individual, however humble his station, takes as of right a part of the evening for enlarging the scope of his industry or of his little pleasures. He trims his lamp to finish at leisure some part of his task,

[1] Lasting from 21st June, 1779, to 6th February, 1783.

[2] Compare the reflection of the Chevalier d'Arcon, the contriver of the floating batteries. He remained on board the *Talla Piedra* till past midnight, and wrote to the French Ambassador in the first hours of his anguish: "I have burnt the Temple of Ephesus; everything is gone, and through my fault! What comforts me under my calamity is that the honour of the two kings remains untarnished."—Mahon's *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 290.

[3] Nothing like these Bristol riots had occurred since those in Birmingham in 1791.—Martineau's *History of the Peace*, p. 353. The Tranent (East Lothian) and Bonnymoor (Stirlingshire) conflicts took place in 1797 and 1820; the Manchester riot in 1826.

which seems in such circumstances almost voluntary, while his wife prepares the little meal which is to be its legitimate reward. But this happy privilege of English freemen has ceased. One happiness it is, they will soon learn their error.

November 15.—I had so much to say about Gibraltar that I omitted all mention of the Strait, and more distant shores of Spain and Barbary, which form the extreme of our present horizon; they are highly interesting. A chain of distant mountains sweep round Gibraltar, bold peaked, well defined, and deeply indented; the most distinguishable points occasionally garnished with an old watch-tower to afford protection against a corsair. The mountains seemed like those of the first formation, liker, in other words, to the Highlands than those of the South of Scotland. The chains of hills in Barbary are of the same character, but more lofty and much more distant, being, I conceive, a part of the celebrated ridge of Atlas.

Gibraltar is one of the pillars of Hercules, Ceuta, on the Moorish side is well known to be the other; to the westward of a small fortress garrisoned by the Spaniards is the Hill of Apes, the corresponding pillar to Gibraltar. There is an extravagant tradition that there was once a passage under the sea from the one fortress to the other, and that an adventurous governor, who puzzled his way to Ceuta and back again, left his gold watch as a prize to him who had the courage to go to seek it.

We are soon carried by the joint influence of breeze and current to the African side of the straits, and coast nearly along a wild shore formed of mountains, like those of Spain, of varied form and outline. No churches, no villages, no marks of human hand are seen. The chain of hills show a mockery of cultivation, but it is only wild heath intermingled with patches of barren sand. I look in vain for cattle or flocks of sheep, and Anne as vainly entertains hopes of seeing lions and tigers on a walk to the sea-shore. The land of this wild country seems to have hardly a name. The Cape which we are doubling has one, however—the Cape of the Three Points. That we might not be totally disappointed we saw one or two men engaged apparently in ploughing, distinguished by their turbans and the long pikes which they carried. Dr. Liddell says that on former occasions he has seen flocks and shepherds, but the war with France has probably laid the country waste.

November 16.—When I waked about seven found that we had the town of Oran twelve or fourteen miles off astern. It is a large place on the sea-beach, near the bottom of a bay, built close and packed together as Moorish [towns], from Fez to Timbuctoo, usually are. A considerable hill runs behind the town, which seems capable of holding 10,000 inhabitants. The hill up to its eastern summit is secured by three distinct lines of fortification, made probably by the Spanish when Oran was in their possession; latterly it belonged to the State of Algiers; but whether it has yielded to the French or not we have

no means of knowing. A French schooner of eighteen guns seems to blockade the harbour. We show our colours, and she displays hers, and then resumes her cruise, looking as if she resumed her blockade. This would infer that the place is not yet in French hands. However, we have in any event no business with Oran, whether African or French. Bristol is a more important subject of consideration, but I cannot learn there are papers on board. One or two other towns we saw on this dreary coast, otherwise nothing but a hilly coast covered with shingle and gum cistus.

November 17.—In the morning we are off Algiers, of which Captain Pigot's complaisance afforded a very satisfactory sight. It is built on a sloping hill, running down to the sea, and on the water side is extremely strong; a very strong mole or causeway enlarges the harbour, by enabling them to include a little rocky island, and mount immense batteries, with guns of great number and size. It is a wonder, in the opinion of all judges, that Lord Exmouth's fleet was not altogether cut to pieces. The place is of little strength to the land; a high turreted wall of the old fashion is its best defence. When Charles v. attacked Algiers, he landed in the bay to the east of the town, and marched behind it. He afterwards reached what is still called the Emperor's fort, a building more highly situated than any part of the town, and commanding the wall which surrounds it. The Moors did not destroy this. When Bourmont landed with the French, unlike Charles v., that general disembarked to the westward of Algiers, and at the mouth of a small river; he then marched into the interior, and, fetching a circuit, presented himself on the northern side of the town. Here the Moors had laid a simple stratagem for the destruction of the invading army. The natives had conceived they would rush at once to the fort of the Emperor, which they therefore mined, and expected to destroy a number of the enemy by its explosion. This obvious device of war was easily avoided, and General Bourmont, in possession of the heights, from which Algiers is commanded, had no difficulty in making himself master of the place. The French are said now to hold their conquests with difficulty, owing to a general commotion among the Moorish chiefs, of whom the Bey was the nominal sovereign. To make war on these wild tribes would be to incur the disaster of the Emperor Julian; to neglect their aggressions is scarcely possible.

Algiers has at first an air of diminutiveness inferior to its fame in ancient and modern times. It rises up from the shore like a wedge, composed of a large mass of close-packed white houses, piled as thick on each other as they can stand; white-terraced roofs, and without windows, so the number of its inhabitants must be immense, in comparison to the ground the buildings occupy—not less, perhaps, than 30,000 men. Even from the distance we view it, the place has a singular Oriental look, very dear to the imagination. The country around Algiers is [of] the same hilly description with the ground on which

the town is situated—a bold hilly tract. The shores of the bay are studded with villas, and exhibit enclosures: some used for agriculture, some for gardens, one for a mosque, with a cemetery around it. It is said they are extremely fertile; the first example we have seen of the exuberance of the African soil. The villas, we are told, belong to the Consular Establishment. We saw our own, who, if at home, put no remembrance upon us. Like the Cambridge Professor and the elephant, "We were a paltry beast," and he would not see us, though we drew within cannon [shot], and our fifty 36-pounders might have attracted some attention. The Moors showed their old cruelty on a late occasion. The crews of two foreign vessels having fallen into their hands by shipwreck, they murdered two-thirds of them in cold blood. There are reports of a large body of French cavalry having shown itself without the town. It is also reported by Lieutenant Walker,[1] that the Consul hoisted, *comme de raison*, a British flag at his country house, so our vanity is safe.

We leave Algiers and run along the same kind of heathy, cliffy, barren reach of hills, terminating in high lines of serrated ridges, and scarce showing an atom of cultivation, but where the mouth of a river or a sheltering bay has encouraged the Moors to some species of fortification.

November 18.—Still we are gliding along the coast of Africa, with a steady and unruffled gale; the weather delicious. Talk of an island of wild goats, by name Golita; this species of deer-park is free to every one for shooting upon—belongs probably to the Algerines or Tunisians, whom circumstances do not permit to be very scrupulous in asserting their right of dominion; but Dr. Liddell has himself been present at a grand *chasse* of the goats, so the thing is true.

The wild sinuosities of the land make us each moment look to see a body of Arabian cavalry wheel at full gallop out of one of these valleys, scour along the beach, and disappear up some other recess of the hills. In fact we see a few herds, but a red cow is the most formidable monster we have seen.

A general day of exercise on board, as well great guns as small arms. It was very entertaining to see the men take to their quarters with the unanimity of an individual. The marines shot a target to pieces, the boarders scoured away to take their position on the yards with cutlass and pistol. The exhibition continued two hours, and was loud enough to have alarmed the shores, where the Algerines might, if they had thought fit, have imputed the firing to an opportune quarrel between the French and British, and have shouted "Allah Kerim"—God is merciful! This was the Dey's remark when he heard that Charles x. was dethroned by the Parisians.

We are near an African Cape called Bugiaroni, where, in the last war, the Toulon fleet used to trade for cattle.

[1] Afterwards Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, so long in command of the Turkish Navy.

November 19.—Wind favourable during night, dies away in the morning, and blows in flurries rather contrary. The steamboat packet, which left Portsmouth at the same time with us, passes us about seven o'clock, and will reach a day or two before us. We are now off the coast of Tunis: not so high and rocky as that of Algiers, and apparently much more richly cultivated. A space of considerable length along shore, between a conical hill called Mount Baluty and Cape Bon, which we passed last night, is occupied by the French as a coral fishery. They drop heavy shot by lines on the coral rocks and break off fragments which they fish up with nets. The Algerines, seizing about 200 Neapolitans thus employed gave rise to the bombardment of their town by Lord Exmouth. All this coast is picturesquely covered with enclosures and buildings and is now clothed with squally weather. One hill has a smoky umbrella displayed over its peak, which is very like a volcano—many islets and rocks bearing the Italian names of sisters, brothers, dogs, and suchlike epithets. The view is very striking, with varying rays of light and of shade mingling and changing as the wind rises and falls. About one o'clock we pass the situation of ancient Carthage, but saw no ruins, though such are said to exist. A good deal of talk about two ancient lakes called ——; I knew the name, but little more. We passed in the evening two rocky islands, or skerries, rising straight out of the water, called Gli Fratelli or The Brothers.

November 20.—A fair wind all night, running at the merry rate of nine knots an hour. In the morning we are in sight of the highest island, Pantellaria, which the Sicilians use as a state prison, a species of Botany Bay. We are about thirty miles from the burning island—I mean Graham's—but neither that nor Etna make their terrors visible. At noon Graham's Island appears, greatly diminished since last accounts. We got out the boats and surveyed this new production of the earth with great interest. Think I have got enough to make a letter to our Royal Society and friends at Edinburgh.[1] Lat. 37° 10′ 31″ N., long. 12° 40′ 15″ E., lying north and south by compass, by Mr. Bokely, the Captain's clerk['s measurements]. Returned on board at dinner-time.

November 21.—Indifferent night. In the morning we are running off Gozo, a subordinate island to Malta, intersected with innumerable enclosures of dry-stone dykes similar to those used in Selkirkshire, and this likeness is increased by the appearance of sundry square towers of ancient days. In former times this was believed to be Calypso's island, and the cave of the enchantress is still shown. We saw the entrance from the deck, as rude a cavern as ever opened out of a granite rock. The place of St. Paul's shipwreck is also shown, no doubt on similarly respectable authority.

At last we opened Malta, an island, or rather a city, like no other

[1] See long letter to Mr. Skene in *Life*, vol. x. pp. 126–130.

in the world. The seaport, formerly the famous Valetta, comes down to the sea-shore. On the one side lay the [Knights], on the other side lay the Turks, who finally got entire possession of it, while the other branch remained in the power of the Christians. Mutual cruelties were exercised; the Turks, seizing on the survivors of the knights who had so long defended St. Elmo, cut the Maltese cross on the bodies of the slain, and, tying them to planks, let them drift with the receding tide into the other branch of the harbour still defended by the Christians. The Grand-Master, in resentment of this cruelty, caused his Turkish prisoners to be decapitated and their heads thrown from mortars into the camp of the infidels.[1]

November 22.—To-day we entered Malta harbour, to quarantine, which is here very strict. We are condemned by the Board of Quarantine to ten day's imprisonment or sequestration, and go in the *Barham's* boat to our place of confinement, built by a Grand-Master named Manuel[2] for a palace for himself and his retinue. It is spacious and splendid, but not comfortable; the rooms connected one with another by an arcade, into which they all open, and which forms a delightful walk. If I was to live here a sufficient time I think I could fit the apartments up so as to be handsome, and even imposing, but at present they are only kept as barracks for the infirmary or lazaretto. A great number of friends come to see me, who are not allowed to approach nearer than a yard. This, as the whole affair is a farce, is ridiculous enough. We are guarded by the officers of health in a peculiar sort of livery or uniform with yellow neck, who stroll up and down with every man that stirs—and so mend the matter.[3] My friends Captain and Mrs. Dawson, the daughter and son-in-law of the late Lord Kinnedder, occupying as military quarters one end of the Manuel palace, have chosen to remain, though thereby subjected to quarantine, and so become our fellows in captivity. Our good friend Captain Pigot, hearing some exaggerated report of our being uncomfortably situated, came himself in his barge with the purpose of reclaiming his passengers rather than we should be subjected to the least inconvenience. We returned our cordial thanks, but felt we had already troubled him sufficiently. We dine with Captain and Mrs. Dawson, sleep in our new quarters, and, notwithstanding mosquito curtains and iron bedsteads, are sorely annoyed by vermin, the only real hardship we have to complain of since the tossing on the Bay of Biscay, and which nothing could save us from.

Les Maltois ne se mariaient jamais dans le mois de mai. Ils

[1] In the memorable siege of 1565.

[2] Manuel de Vilhena, Grand-Master 1722–1736.

[3] An example of the rigour with which the Quarantine laws were enforced is given by Sir Walter on the 24th:—"We had an instance of the strictness of these regulations from an accident which befell us as we entered the harbour. One of our seamen was brushed from the main yard, fell into the sea and began to swim for his life. The Maltese boats bore off to avoid giving him assistance, but an English boat, less knowing, picked up the poor fellow, and were immediately assigned to the comforts of the Quarantine, that being the Maltese custom of rewarding humanity."—Letter to J. G. L.

espérèrent si mal des ouvrages de tout genere commencé durant son cours qu'ils ne se faisaient pas couper d'habits pendant ce mois.

The same superstition still prevails in Scotland.

November 23.—This is a splendid town. The sea penetrates it in several places with creeks formed into harbours, surrounded by buildings, and these again covered with fortifications. The streets are of very unequal height, and as there has been no attempt at lowering them, the greatest variety takes place between them; and the singularity of the various buildings, leaning on each other in such a bold, picturesque, and uncommon manner, suggests to me ideas for finishing Abbotsford by a screen on the west side of the old barn and with a fanciful wall decorated with towers, to enclose the bleaching green —watch-towers such as these, of which I can get drawings while I am here. Employed the forenoon in writing to Lockhart. I am a little at a loss what account to give of myself. Better I am decidely in spirit, but rather hampered by my companions, who are neither desirous to follow my amusements, nor anxious that I should adopt theirs. I am getting on with this Siege of Malta very well. I think if I continue, it will be ready in a very short time, and I will get the opinion of others, and if my charm hold I will be able to get home through Italy—and take up my own trade again.

November 24.—We took the quarantine boat and visited the outer harbour or great port, in which the ships repose when free from their captivity. The British ships of war are there,—a formidable spectacle, as they all carry guns of great weight. If they go up the Levant as reported, they are a formidable weight in the bucket. I was sensible while looking at them of the truth of Cooper's description of the beauty of their build, their tapering rigging and masts, and how magnificent it looks as

"Hulking and vast the gallant warship rides!"

We had some pride in looking at the *Barham*, once in a particular manner our own abode. Captain Pigot and some of his officers dined with us at our house of captivity. By a special grace our abode here is to be shortened one day, so we leave on Monday first, which is an indulgence. To-day we again visit Dragut's Point. The guardians who attend to take care that we quarantiners do not kill the people whom we meet, tell some stories of this famous corsair, but I scarce can follow their Arabic. I must learn it, though, for the death of Dragut[1] would be a fine subject for a poem, but in the meantime I will proceed with my *Knights*.

[*November* 25–30.][2]—By permission of the quarantine board we were set at liberty, and lost no time in quitting the dreary fort of Don

[1] High Admiral of the Turkish fleet before Malta, and slain there in 1565. See *Dragut the Corsair*, in Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*.

[2] The dates are not to be absolutely depended upon during the Malta visit, as they appear to have been added subsequently by Sir Walter.

Manuel, with all its mosquitoes and its thousands of lizards which [stand] shaking their heads at you like their brother in the new Arabian tale of *Daft Jock*. My son and daughter are already much tired of the imprisonment. I myself cared less about it, but it is unpleasant to be thought so very unclean and capable of poisoning a whole city. We took our guardians' boat and again made a round of the harbour; were met by Mrs. Bathurst's[1] carriage, and carried to my very excellent apartment at Beverley's Hotel. In passing I saw something of the city, and very comical it was; but more of that hereafter. At or about four o'clock we went to our old habitation the *Barham*, having promised again to dine in the Ward room, where we had a most handsome dinner, and were dismissed at half-past six, after having the pleasure to receive and give a couple hours of satisfaction. I took the boat from the chair, and was a little afraid of the activity of my assistants, but it all went off capitally; went to Beverley's and bed in quiet.

At two o'clock Mrs. Col. Bathurst transported me to see the Metropolitan Church of St. John, by far the most magnificent place I ever saw in my life; its huge and ample vaults are of the Gothic order. The floor is of marble, each stone containing the inscription of some ancient knight adorned with a patent of mortality and an inscription recording his name and family. For instance, one knight I believe had died in the infidels' prison; to mark his fate, one stone amid the many-coloured pavement represents a door composed of grates (iron grates I mean), displaying behind them an interior which a skeleton is in vain attempting to escape from by bursting the bars. If you conceive he has pined in his fetters there for centuries till dried in the ghastly image of death himself, it is a fearful imagination. The roof which bends over this scene of death is splendidly adorned with carving and gilding, while the varied colours and tinctures both above and beneath, free from the tinselly effect which might have been apprehended, [acquire a] solemnity in the dim religious light, which they probably owe to the lapse of time. Besides the main aisle, which occupies the centre, there is added a chapter-house in which the knights were wont to hold their meetings. At the upper end of this chapter-house is the fine Martyrdom of St. John the Baptist, by Caravaggio, though this has been disputed. On the left hand of the body of the church lie a series of subordinate aisles or chapels, built by the devotion of the different languages,[2] and where some of the worthies inhabit the vaults beneath. The other side of the church is occupied in the same manner; one chapel in which the Communion was imparted is splendidly adorned by a row of silver pillars, which divided the worshippers from the priest. Im-

[1] Wife of the Lieut.-Governor, Colonel Seymour Bathurst.

[2] In 1790 the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem consisted of eight "Lodges" or "Languages," viz.: France, Auvergne, Provence, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Anglo-Bavaria.—Hoare's *Tour*, vol. i. p. 28.

mense riches had been taken from this chapel of the Holy Sacrament by the French; a golden lamp of great size, and ornaments to the value of 50,000 crowns are mentioned in particular; the rich railing had not escaped the soldiers' rapacity had it not been painted to resemble wood. I must visit this magnificent church another time. To-day I have done it at the imminent risk of a bad fall. We drove out to see a Maltese village, highly ornamented in the usual taste. Mrs. Bathurst was so good as to take me in her carriage. We dined with Colonel Bathurst.

November 26.—I visited my old and much respected friend, Mr. John Hookham Frere,[1] and was much gratified to see him the same man I had always known him,—perhaps a little indolent; but that 's not much. A good Tory as ever, when the love of many is waxed cold. At night a grand ball in honour of your humble servant—about four hundred gentlemen and ladies. The former mostly British officers of army, navy, and civil service. Of the ladies, the island furnished a fair proportion—I mean viewed in either way. I was introduced to a mad Italian improvisatore, who was with difficulty prevented from reciting a poem in praise of the King, and imposing a crown upon my head, *nolens volens*. Some of the officers, easily conceiving how disagreeable this must have been to a quiet man, got me out of the scrape, and I got home about midnight; but remain unpoetised and unspeeched.

November 28.—I have made some minutes, some observations, and could do something at my Siege; but I do not find my health gaining ground. I visited Frere at Sant' Antonio; a beautiful place with a splendid garden, which Mr. Frere will never tire of, unless some of his family come to carry him home by force.

November 29.—Lady Hotham was kind enough to take me a drive, and we dined with them—a very pleasant party. I picked up some anecdotes of the latter siege.

Make another pilgrimage, escorted by Captain Pigot and several of his officers. We took a more accurate view of this splendid structure [Church of St. John]. I went down into the vaults and made a visiting acquaintance with La Valette,[2] whom, greatly to my joy, I found most splendidly provided with a superb sepulchre of bronze, on which he reclines in the full armour of a Knight of Chivalrie.

[1] John Hookham Frere, the disciple of Pitt, and bosom friend of Canning, made Malta his home from 1820 till 1846; he died there on January 7th. He was in deep affliction at the time of Scott's arrival, having lost his wife a few months before, but he welcomed his old friend with a melancholy pleasure.

For Scott's high opinion of Frere, as far back as 1804, see *Life*, vol. ii. p. 207 and note.

[2] Grandmaster of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and defender of Malta against Solyman in 1565.

DECEMBER

December 1.—There are two good libraries, on a different plan and for different purposes—a modern subscription library that lends its own books, and an ancient foreign library which belonged to the Knights, but does not lend books. Its value is considerable, but the funds unfortunately are shamefully small; I may do this last some good. I have got in a present from Frere the prints of the Siege of Malta, very difficult to understand, and on loan from Mr. Murray, Agent of the Navy Office, the original of Boiardo, to be returned through Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street. Mr. Murray is very good-natured about it.

December 2.—My chief occupation has been driving with Frere. Dr. Liddell declines a handsome fee. I will want to send some oranges to the children. I am to go with Col. Bathurst to-day as far as to wait on the bishop. My old friend Sir John Stoddart's daughter is to be married to a Captain Atkinson. Rode with Frere. Much recitation.

December 6.—Captain Pigot inclines to take me on with him to Naples, after which he goes to Tunis on Government service. This is an offer not to be despised, though at the expense of protracting the news from Scotland, which I engage to provide for in case of the worst, by offering Mr. Cadell a new romance, to be called The Siege of Malta, which if times be as they were when I came off, should be thankful[ly received] at a round sum, paying back not only what is overdrawn, but supplying finances during the winter.

December 10, [*Naples*].—I ought to say that before leaving Malta I went to wait on the Archbishop: a fine old gentleman, very handsome, and one of the priests who commanded the Maltese in their insurrection against the French. I took the freedom to hint that as he had possessed a journal of this blockade, it was but due to his country and himself to give it to the public, and offered my assistance. He listened to my suggestion, and seemed pleased with the proposal, which I repeated more than once, and apparently with success. Next day the Bishop returned my visit in full state, attended by his clergy, and superbly dressed in costume, the pearls being very fine. (The name of this fine old dignitary of the Romish Church is Don Francis Caruana, Bishop of Malta.)

The last night we were at Malta we experienced a rude shock of an earthquake, which alarmed me, though I did not know what it was. It was said to foretell that the ocean, which had given birth

to Graham's Island, had, like Pelops, devoured its own offspring, and we are told it is not now visible, and will be, perhaps, hid from those who risk the main; but as we did not come near its latitude we cannot say from our own knowledge that the news is true. I found my old friend Frere as fond as ever of old ballads. He took me out almost every day, and favoured me with recitations of the Cid and the continuation of Whistlecraft. He also acquainted me that he had made up to Mr. Coleridge the pension of £200 from the Board of Literature[1] out of his own fortune.

December 13, [*Naples*].—We left Malta on this day, and after a most picturesque voyage between the coast of Sicily and Malta arrived here on the 17th, where we were detained for quarantine, whence we were not dismissed till the day before Christmas. I saw Charles, to my great joy, and agreed to dine with his master, Right Hon. Mr. Hill,[2] resolving it should be my first and last engagement at Naples. Next morning much struck with the beauty of the Bay of Naples. It is insisted that my arrival has been a signal for the greatest eruption from Vesuvius which that mountain has favoured us with for many a day. I can only say, as the Frenchman said of the comet supposed to foretell his own death, "*Ah, messieurs, la comète me fait trop d'honneur.*" Of letters I can hear nothing. There are many English here, of most of whom I have some knowledge.

December 25, [*Bay of Naples*].—We are once more fairly put into quarantine. Captain Pigot does not, I think, quite understand the freedom his flag is treated with, and could he find law for so doing would try his long thirty-six pounders on the town of Naples and its castles; not to mention a sloop of ten guns which has ostentatiously entered the Bay to assist them. Lord knows we would make ducks and drakes of the whole party with the *Barham's* terrible battery!

There is a new year like to begin and no news from Britain. By and by I will be in the condition of those who are sick and in prison, and entitled to visits and consolation on principles of Christianity.

December 26, [*Strada Nuova*].—Went ashore; admitted to pratique, and were received here.[3] Walter has some money left, which we must use or try a begging-box, for I see no other resource, since they seem to have abandoned me so. Go ashore each day to sight-seeing. Have the pleasure to meet Mr.[4] and Mrs. Laing-Meason of Lindertis, and have their advice and assistance and company in our

[1] By "Board of Literature" Scott doubtless means the Royal Society of Literature, instituted in 1824 under the patronage of George IV.; see *ante*, p. 256. Besides the members who paid a subscription there were ten associates, of whom Coleridge was one, who each received an annuity of a hundred guineas from the King's bounty. When William IV. succeeded his brother in 1830, he declined to continue these annuities. Representations were made to the Government, and the then Prime Minister, Earl Grey, offered Coleridge a private grant of £200 from the Treasury, which he declined.

The pension from the Society or the Privy Purse of George IV., which Mr. Hookham Frere told Sir Walter he had made up to Coleridge, was one hundred guineas.

[2] Afterwards Lord Berwick.

[3] The travellers established themselves in the Palazzo Caramanico as soon as they were released from quarantine.

[4] A brother of Malcolm Laing, the historian.

wanderings almost every day. Mr. Meason has made some valuable remarks on the lava where the villas of the middle ages are founded: the lava shows at least upon the ancient maritime villas of the Romans; so the boot of the moderns galls the kibe of the age preceding them; the reason seems to be the very great durability with which the Romans finished their domestic architecture of maritime arches, by which they admitted the sea into their lower houses.[1]

We were run away with, into the grotto very nearly, but luckily stopped before we entered, and so saved our lives. We have seen the Strada Nuova—a new access of extreme beauty which the Italians owe to Murat.

The Bay of Naples is one of the finest things I ever saw. Vesuvius controls it on the opposite side of the town.

I never go out in the evening, but take airings in the day-time almost daily. The day after Christmas I went to see some old parts of the city, amongst the rest a tower called Torre del Carmine, which figured during the Duke of Guise's adventure, and the gallery of as old a church, where Masaniello was shot at the conclusion of his career.[2] I marked down the epitaph of a former Empress,[3] which is striking and affecting. It would furnish matter for my Tour if I wanted it.

> "Naples, thou' rt a gallant city,
> But thou hast been dearly bought"—[4]

So is King Alphonso made to sum up the praises of this princely town, with the losses which he had sustained in making himself master of it. I looked on it with something of the same feelings, and I may adopt the same train of thought when I recall Lady Northampton, Lady Abercorn, and other friends much beloved who have met their death in or near this city.

[1] An account is given by Sir William Gell of an excursion by sea to the ruins of such a Roman villa on the promontory of Posilipo, to which he had taken Sir Walter in a boat on the 26th of January.—See *Life*, vol. x. pp. 157–8.

[2] For a picturesque sketch of Naples during the insurrection of 1647 see Sir Walter's article on Masaniello and the Duke of Guise.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. pp. 355–403.

[3] See Appendix iv.: "A former Empress." Sir Walter no doubt means the mother of Conradin of Suabia, or, as the Italians call him, Corradino, — erroneously called "Empress," though her husband had pretensions to the Imperial dignity, disputed and abortive. For the whole affecting story see *Histoire de la Conquête de Naples*, St. Priest, vol. iii. pp. 130–185, especially pp. 162–3.

[4] A variation of the lines on Alphonso's capture of the city in 1442:—

> "And then he looked on Naples, that great city of the sea,
> 'O city,' saith the King, 'how great hath been thy cost,
> For thee I twenty years—my fairest years—have lost,'"
>
> —Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, "The King of Arragon."

1832.—JANUARY

January 5.—Went by invitation to wait upon a priest, who almost rivals my fighting bishop of Malta. He is the old Bishop of Tarentum,[1] and, notwithstanding his age, eighty and upwards, is still a most interesting man. A face formed to express an interest in whatever passes; caressing manners, and a total absence of that rigid stiffness which hardens the heart of the old and converts them into a sort of petrifaction. Apparently his foible was a fondness for cats; one of them, a superb brindled Persian cat, is a great beauty, and seems a particular favourite. I think we would have got on well together if he could have spoken English, or I French or Latin; but *hélas!* I once saw at Lord Yarmouth's house a Persian cat, but not quite so fine as that of the Bishop. He gave me a Latin devotional poem and an engraving of himself, and I came home about two o'clock.

January 6 to 12.—We reach the 12th January, amusing ourselves as we can, generally seeing company and taking airings in the forenoon in this fine country. Sir William Gell, a very pleasant man, one of my chief cicerones. Lord Hertford comes to Naples. I am glad to keep up an old acquaintance made in the days of George IV. He has got a breed from Maida, of which I gave him a puppy. There was a great crowd at the Palazzo, which all persons attended, being the King's birthday. The apartments are magnificent, and the various kinds of persons who came to pay court were splendid. I went with the boys as Brigadier-General of the Archers' Guard, wore a very decent green uniform, laced at the cuffs, and pantaloons, and looked as well as sixty could make it out when sworded and feathered *comme il faut.* I passed well enough. Very much afraid of a fall on the slippery floor, but escaped that disgrace. The ceremony was very long. I was introduced to many distinguished persons, and, but for the want of language, got on well enough. The King spoke to me about five minutes, of which I hardly understood five words. I answered him in a speech of the same length, and I'll be bound equally unintelligible. We made the general key-tone of the harangue *la belle langue et le beau ciels* of *sa majesté.* Very fine dresses, very many diamonds. . . .

[1] Sir William Gell styles him "Archbishop," and adds that at this time he was in his ninetieth year. Can this prelate be Rogers's "Good Old Cardinal," who told the pleasant tale of the *Bag of Gold*, and is immortalised by the pencil of Landseer seated at table *en famille* with three of his velvet favourites? See *Italy*, fcp. 8vo, 1838, p. 302.

A pretty Spanish ambassadress, Countess da Costa, and her husband. Saw the Countess de Lebzeltern, who has made our acquaintance, and seems to be very clever. I will endeavour to see her again. Introduced to another Russian Countess of the diplomacy. Got from Court about two o'clock. I should have mentioned that I had a letter from Skene[1] and one from Cadell, dated as far back as 2d December, a monstrous time ago, [which] yet puts a period to my anxiety. I have written to Cadell for particulars and supplies, and, besides, have written a great many pages of the Siege of Malta, which I think will succeed.

[*January* 16-23].—I think £200 a month, or thereby, will do very well, and it is no great advance.

Another piece of intelligence was certainly to be expected, but now it has come afflicts us much. Poor Johnny Lockhart! The boy is gone whom we have made so much of. I could not have borne it better than I now do, and I might have borne it much worse.[2]

I went one evening to the Opera to see that amusement in its birthplace, which is now so widely received over Europe. The Opera House is superb, but can seldom be quite full. On this night, however, it was; the guards, citizens, and all persons dependent on the Court, or having anything to win or lose by it, are expected to take places liberally, and applaud with spirit. The King bowed much on entrance, and was received in a popular manner, which he has no doubt deserved, having relaxed many of his father's violent persecutions against the Liberals, made in some degree an amnesty, and employed many of this character. He has made efforts to lessen his expenses; but then he deals in military affairs, and that swallows up his savings, and Heaven only knows whether he will bring [Neapolitans] to fight, which the Martinet system alone will never do. His health is undermined by epileptic fits, which, with his great corpulence, make men throw their thoughts on his brother Prince Charles. It is a pity. The King is only two-and-twenty years old.

The Opera bustled off without any remarkable music, and, so far as I understand the language, no poetry; and except the *coup d'œil*, which was magnificent, it was poor work. It was on the subject of Constantine and Crispus—marvellous good matter, I assure you. I came home at half-past nine, without waiting the ballet, but I was dog-sick of the whole of it. Went to the Studij to-day. I had no

[1] This is the last notice in the Journal by Sir Walter of his dear friend. James Skene of Rubislaw died at Frewen Hall, Oxford, in 1864, in his ninetieth year. His faculties remained unimpaired throughout his serene and beautiful old age, until the end was very near—then, one evening his daughter found him with a look of inexpressible delight on his face, when he said to her "I have had such a great pleasure! Scott has been here—he came from a long distance to see me, he has been sitting with me at the fireside talking over our happy recollections of the past. . . ."

Two or three days later he followed his well loved friend into the unseen world—gently and calmly like a child falling asleep he passed away in perfect peace.

[2] John Hugh Lockhart died December 15, 1831.

answer to my memorial to the Minister of the Interior, which it seems is necessary to make any copies from the old romances. I find it is an affair of State, and Monsieur —— can only hope it will be granted in two or three days;—to a man that may leave Naples to-morrow! He offers me a loan of what books I need, Annals included, but this is also a delay of two or three days. I think really the Italian men of letters do not know the use of time made by those of other places, but I must have patience. In the course of my return home I called, by advice of my *valet de place*, at a bookseller's, where he said all the great messieurs went for books. It had very little the air of a place of such resort, being kept in a garret above a coach-house. Here some twenty or thirty odd volumes were produced by an old woman, but nothing that was mercantile, so I left them for Lorenzo's learned friends. And yet I was sorry too, for the lady who showed them to me was very [civil], and, understanding that I was the famous Chevalier, carried her kindness as far as I could desire. The Italians understand nothing of being in a hurry, but perhaps it is their way.[1]

January 24.—The King grants the favour asked. To be perfect I should have the books [out] of the room, but this seems to [hurt?] Monsieur Delicteriis as he, kind and civil as he is, would hardly [allow] me to take my labours out of the Studij, where there are hosts of idlers and echoes and askers and no understanders of askers. I progress, however, as the Americans say. I have found that Sir William Gell's amanuensis is at present disengaged, and that he is quite the man for copying the romances, which is a plain black letter of 1377, at the cheap and easy rate of 3 *quattrons* a day. I am ashamed at the lowness of the remuneration, but it will dine him capitally, with a share of a bottle of wine, or, by 'r lady, a whole one if he likes it; and thrice the sum would hardly do that in England. But we dawdle, and that there is no avoiding. I have found another object in the Studij—the language of Naples.

Jany. 2[5?].—One work in this dialect, for such it is, was described to me as a history of ancient Neapolitan legends—*quite in my way*; and it proves to be a dumpy fat 12mo edition of Mother Goose's Tales,[2] with my old friends Puss in Boots, Bluebeard, and almost the whole stock of this very collection. If this be the original of this charming book, it is very curious, for it shows the right of Naples to the authorship, but there are French editions very early also;—for there are two—whether French or Italian, I am uncertain—of different dates, both having claims to the original edition, each omitting some tales which the other has.

To what common original we are to refer them the Lord knows.

[1] Sir W. Gell relates that an old English manuscript of the Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, existing in Naples, had attracted Scott's attention, and he resolved to make a copy of it.

The transcript is now in the Library at Abbotsford, under the title, *Old English Romances*, transcribed from MSS. in the Royal Library at Naples, by Sticchini, 2 vols. sm. 8vo.

[2] See Appendix v. for Mr. Andrew Lang's letter on this subject.

I will look into [this] very closely, and if this same copiator is worth his ears he can help me. My friend Mr. D. will aid me, but I doubt he hardly likes my familiarity with the department of letters in which he has such an extensive and valuable charge. Yet he is very kind and civil, and promises me the loan of a Neapolitan vocabulary, which will set me up for the attack upon Mother Goose. Spirit of Tom Thumb assist me! I could, I think, make a neat thing of this, obnoxious to ridicule perhaps;—what then! The author of *Ma Sœur Anne* was a clever man, and his tale will remain popular in spite of all gibes and flouts soever. So *Vamos Caracci!* If it was not for the trifling and dawdling peculiar to this country, I should have time enough, but their trifling with time is the devil. I will try to engage Mr. Gell in two researches in his way and more in mine, namely, the Andrea Ferrara and the Bonnet piece.[1] Mr. Keppel Craven says Andrea de Ferraras[2] are frequent in Italy. Plenty to do if we had alert assistance, but Gell and Laing Meason have both their own matters to puzzle out, and why should they mind my affairs? The weather is very cold, and I am the reverse of the idiot boy—

> "For as my body's growing worse,
> My mind is growing better."[3]

Of this I am distinctly sensible, and thank God that the mist attending this whoreson apoplexy is wearing off.

I went to the Studij and copied Bevis of Hampton, about two pages, for a pattern. From thence to Sir William Gell, and made an appointment at the Studij with his writer to-morrow at ten, when, I trust, I shall find Delicteriis there, but the gentleman with the classical name is rather kind and friendly in his neighbour's behalf.[4]

January 26.—This day arrived (for the first time indeed) answer to last post end of December, an epistle from Cadell full of good tidings.[5] *Castle Dangerous* and *Sir Robert of Paris*, neither of whom I deemed seaworthy, have performed two voyages—that is, each sold about 3400, and the same of the current year. It proves what I have thought almost impossible, that I might write myself [out], but as yet my spell holds fast.

I have besides two or three good things on which I may advance with spirit, and with palmy hopes on the part of Cadell and myself. He thinks he will soon cry *victoria* on the bet about his hat. He

[1] The forty-shilling gold piece coined by James v. of Scotland.

[2] Sword-blades of peculiar excellence bearing the name of this maker have been known in Scotland since the reign of James IV.

[3] Altered from Wordsworth.

[4] The editor of *Reliquæ Antiquæ* (2 vols. 8vo, London, 1843), writing ten years after this visit, says, that "The Chevalier de Licteriis [Chief Librarian in the Royal Library] showed him the manuscript, and well remembered his drawing Sir Walter's attention to it in 1832."

[5] Sir W. Gell records that on the morning he received the good news he called upon him and said he felt quite relieved by his letters, and added, "I could never have slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me; and now," turning to a favourite dog that was with them in the carriage he said, "My poor boy, I shall have my house and my estate round it free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose without fear of reproach."—*Life*, vol. x. p. 160.

was to get a new one when I had paid off all my debts. I can hardly, now that I am assured all is well again, form an idea to myself that I could think it was otherwise.

And yet I think it is the public that are mad for passing those two volumes; but I will not be the first to cry them down in the market, for I have others in hand, which, judged with equal favour, will make fortunes of themselves. Let me see what I have on the stocks—

Castle Dangerous (supposed future Editions)	£1000
Robert of Paris, " " "	1000
Lady Louisa Stuart, " " "	500
Knights of Malta, " " "	2500
Trotcosianæ Reliquiæ, " " "	2500

I have returned to my old hopes, and think of giving Milne an offer for his estate.[1]

Letters or Tour of Paul in 3 vols.	3000
Reprint of Bevis of Hampton for Roxburghe Club	
Essay on the Neapolitan dialect	

[1] Viz, Faldonside, an estate adjacent to Abbotsford which Scott had long wished to possess. As far back as November, 1817, he wrote a friend: "My neighbour, Nicol Milne, is mighty desirous I should buy, at a mighty high rate, some land between me and the lake which lies mighty convenient, but I am mighty determined to give nothing more than the value, so that it is likely to end like the old proverb, *Ex Nichilo Nichil fit.*"

FEBRUARY

February 10.—We went to Pompeii to-day: a large party, all disposed to enjoy the sight in this fine weather. We had Sir Frederick and Lady Adam, Sir William Gell, the coryphæus of our party, who played his part very well. Miss de la Ferronays,[1] daughter of Monsieur le Duc de la Ferronays, the head, I believe, of the constitutional Royalists, very popular in France, and likely to be called back to the ministry, with two or three other ladies, particularly Mrs. Ashley, born Miss Baillie,[2] very pretty indeed, and lives in the same house. The Countess de la Ferronays has a great deal of talent both musical and dramatic.

February 16.—Sir William Gell called and took me out to-night to a bookseller whose stock was worth looking over.

We saw, among the old buildings of the city, an ancient palace called the Vicaría, which is changed into a prison. Then a new palace was honoured with royal residence instead of the old dungeon. I saw also a fine arch called the Capuan gate, formerly one of the city towers, and a very pretty one. We advanced to see the ruins of a palace said to be a habitation of Queen Joan, and where she put her lovers to death chiefly by potions, thence into a well, smothering them, etc., and other little tenderly trifling matters of gallantry.

[1] Probably *Pauline*; married to Hon. Augustus Craven, and author of *Récit d'une Sœur*.

[2] Daughter of Colonel Hugh Duncan Baillie, of Tarradale and Redcastle.

MARCH

March .—Embarked on an excursion to Paestum, with Sir William Gell and Mr. Laing-Meason, in order to see the fine ruins. We went out by Pompeii, which we had visited before, and which fully maintains its character as one of the most striking pieces of antiquity, where the furniture treasure and household are preserved in the excavated houses, just as found by the labourers appointed by Government. The inside of the apartments is adorned with curious paintings, if I may call them such, in mosaic. A meeting between Darius and Alexander is remarkably fine.[1] A street, called the street of Tombs, reaches a considerable way out of the city, having been flanked by tombs on each side as the law directed. The entrance into the town affords an interesting picture of the private life of the Romans. We came next to the vestiges of Herculaneum, which is destroyed like Pompeii but by the lava or molten stone, which cannot be removed, whereas the tufa or volcanic ashes can be with ease removed from Pompeii, which it has filled up lightly. After having refreshed in a cottage in the desolate town, we proceed on our journey eastward, flanked by one set of heights stretching from Vesuvius, and forming a prolongation of that famous mountain. Another chain of mountains seems to intersect our course in an opposite direction and descends upon the town of Castellamare. Different from the range of heights which is prolonged from Vesuvius, this second, which runs to Castellamare, is entirely composed of granite, and, as is always the case with mountains of this formation, betrays no trace of volcanic agency. Its range was indeed broken and split up into specimens of rocks of most romantic appearance and great variety, displaying granite rock as the principal part of its composition. The country on which these hills border is remarkable for its powers of vegetation, and produces vast groves of vine, elm, chestnut, and similar trees, which grow when stuck in by cuttings. The vines produce Lacryma Christi in great quantities—not a bad wine, though the stranger requires to be used to it. The sea-shore of the Bay of Naples forms the boundary on the right of the country through which our journey lies, and we continue to approach to the granite chain of eminences which stretch before us, as if to bar our passage.

[1] Of this visit to Pompeii Sir W. Gell says—"Sir Walter viewed the whole with a poet's eye, not that of an antiquarian, exclaiming frequently, 'The city of the Dead!'" He examined, however, with more interest the "splendid mosaic representing a combat of the Greeks and the Persians."—*Life*, vol. x. p. 159.

As we advanced to meet the great barrier of cliffs, a feature becomes opposed to us of a very pronounced character, which seems qualified to interrupt our progress. A road leading straight across the branch of hills is carried up the steepest part of the mountain, ascending by a succession of zig-zags, which the French laid by scale straight up the hill. The tower is situated upon an artificial eminence, worked to a point and placed in a defensible position between two hills about the same height, the access to which the defenders of the pass could effectually prohibit.

Sir William Gell, whose knowledge of the antiquities of this country is extremely remarkable, acquainted us with the history.

In the middle ages the pasturages on the slope of these hills, especially on the other side, belonged to the rich republic of Amalfi, who built this tower as an exploratory gazeeboo from which they could watch the motions of the Saracens who were wont to annoy them with plundering excursions; but after this fastness [was built] the people of Amalfi usually defeated and chastised them. The ride over the opposite side of the mountain was described as so uncommonly pleasant as made me long to ride it with assistance of a pony. That, however, was impossible. We arrived at a country house, near a large town situated in a ravine or hollow, which was called La Cava from some concavities which is exhibited.

We were received by Miss Whyte, an English lady who has settled at La Cava, and she afforded us the warmest hospitality that is consistent with a sadly cold chilling house. They may say what they like of the fine climate of Naples—unquestionably they cannot say too much in its favour, but yet when a day or two of cold weather does come, the inhabitants are without the means of parrying the temporary inclemency, which even a Scotsman would scorn to submit to. However, warm or cold, to bed we went, and rising next morning at seven we left La Cava, and, making something like a sharp turn backwards, but keeping nearer to the Gulf of Salerno than in yesterday's journey, and nearer to its shore. We had a good road towards Paestum, and in defiance of a cold drizzling day we went on at a round pace. The country through which we travelled was wooded and stocked with wild animals towards the fall of the hills, and we saw at a nearer distance a large swampy plain, pastured by a singularly bizarre but fierce-looking buffalo, though it might maintain a much preferable stock. This palace of Barranco was anciently kept up for the King's sport, but any young man having a certain degree of interest is allowed to share in the chase, which it is no longer an object to preserve. The guest, however, if he shoots a deer, or a buffalo, or wild boar, must pay the keeper at a certain fixed price, not much above its price in the market, which a sportsman would hardly think above its worth for game of his own killing. The town of Salerno is a beautiful seaport town, and it is, as it were, wrapt in an Italian cloak hanging round the limbs, or, to speak common sense, the new

streets which they are rebuilding. We made no stop at Salerno, but continued to traverse the great plain of that name, within sight of the sea, which is chiefly pastured by that queer-looking brute, the buffalo, concerning which they have a notion that it returns its value sooner, and with less expense of feeding, than any other animal.

At length we came to two streams which join their forces, and would seem to flow across the plain to the bottom of the hills. One, however, flows so flat as almost scarcely to move, and sinking into a kind of stagnant pool is swallowed up by the earth, without proceeding any further until, after remaining buried for two or three [miles?] underground, it again bursts forth to the light, and resumes its course. When we crossed this stream by a bridge, which they are now repairing, we entered a spacious plain, very like that which we had [left] and displaying a similar rough and savage cultivation. Here savage herds were under the guardianship of shepherds as wild as they were themselves, clothed in a species of sheep-skins, and carrying a sharp spear with which they herd and sometimes kill their buffaloes. Their farmhouses are in very poor order, and with every mark of poverty, and they have the character of being moved to dishonesty by anything like opportunity; of this there was a fatal instance, but so well avenged that it is not like to be repeated till it has long faded out of memory. The story, I am assured, happened exactly as follows:—A certain Mr. Hunt, lately married to a lady of his own age, and, seeming to have had what is too often the Englishman's characteristic of more money than wit, arrived at Naples a year or two ago *en famille*, and desirous of seeing all the sights in the vicinity of this celebrated place. Among others Paestum was not forgot. At one of the poor farmhouses where they stopped, the inhabitant set her eyes on a toilet apparatus which was composed of silver and had the appearance of great value. The woman who spread this report addressed herself to a youth who had been [under] arms, and undoubtedly he and his companions showed no more hesitation than the person with whom the idea had originated. Five fellows, not known before this time for any particular evil, agreed to rob the English gentleman of the treasure of which he had made such an imprudent display. They were attacked by the banditti in several parties, but the principal attack was directed to Mr. Hunt's carriage, a servant of that gentleman being, as well as himself, pulled out of the carriage and watched by those who had undertaken to conduct this bad deed. The man who had been the soldier, probably to keep up his courage, began to bully, talk violently, and strike the *valet de place*, who screamed out in a plaintive manner, "Do not injure me." His master, hoping to make some impression, said, "Do not hurt my servant," to which the principal brigand replied, "If he dares to resist, shoot him." The man who stood over Mr. Hunt unfortunately took the captain at the word, and his shot mortally wounded the unfortunate gentleman and his wife, who both died next day at our landlady's,

Miss Whyte, who had the charity to receive them that they might hear their own language on their deathbed. The Neapolitan Government made the most uncommon exertions. The whole of the assassins were taken within a fortnight, and executed within a week afterwards. In this wild spot, rendered unpleasing by the sad remembrance of so inhuman an accident, and the cottages which served for refuge for so wretched and wild a people, exist the celebrated ruins of Paestum. Being without arms of any kind, the situation was a dreary one, and though I can scarce expect now to defend myself effectually, yet the presence of [*illegible*] would have been an infinite cordial. The ruins are of very great antiquity, which for a very long time has not been suspected, as it was never supposed that the Sybarites, a luxurious people, were early possessed of a style of architecture simple, chaste, and inconceivably grand, which was lost before the time of Augustus, who is said by Suetonius to have undertaken a journey on purpose to visit these remains of an architecture, the most simple and massive of which Italy at least has any other specimen. The Greeks have specimens of the same kind, but they are composed not of stone, like Paestum, but of marble. All this has been a discovery of recent date. The ruins, which exist without exhibiting much demolition, are three in number. The first is a temple of immense size, having a portico of the largest columns of the most awful species of classic architecture. The roof, which was composed of immense stones, was destroyed, but there are remains of the Cella, contrived for the sacrifices to which the priests and persons of high office were alone [admitted].

A piece of architecture more massive, without being cumbrous or heavy, was never invented by a mason.

A second temple in the same style was dedicated to Ceres as the large one was to Neptune, on whose dominion they looked, and who was the tutelar deity of Paestum, and so called from one of his Greek names. The fane of Ceres is finished with the greatest accuracy and beauty of proportion and taste, and in looking upon it I forgot all the unpleasant feelings which at first oppressed me. The third was not a temple, but a Basilica, or species of town-house, as it was called, having a third row of pillars running up the middle, between the two which surrounded the sides, and were common to the Basilica and temple both. These surprising public edifices have therefore all a resemblance to each other, though also points of distinction. If Sir William Gell makes clear his theory he will throw a most precious light on the origin of civilisation, proving that the sciences have not sprung at once into light and life, but rose gradually with extreme purity, and continued to be practised best by those who first invented them. Full of these reflections, we returned to our hospitable Miss Whyte in a drizzling evening, but unassassinated, and our hearts completely filled with the magnificence of what we had seen. Miss Whyte had in the meanwhile, by her interest at La Trinità with the

Abbot, obtained us permission to pay a visit to him, and an invitation indeed to dinner, which only the weather and the health of Sir William Gell and myself prevented our accepting. After breakfast, therefore, on the 18th of March, we set out for the convent, situated about two or three miles from the town in a very large ravine, not unlike the bed of the Rosslyn river, and traversed by roads which from their steepness and precipitancy are not at all laudable, but the views were beautiful and changing incessantly, while the spring advancing was spreading her green mantle over rock and tree, and making that beautiful which was lately a blighted and sterile thicket. The convent of Trintià itself holds a most superb situation on the projection of an ample rock. It is a large edifice, but not a handsome one—the monks reserving their magnificence for their churches—but was surrounded by a circuit of fortifications, which, when there was need, were manned by the vassals of the convent in the style of the Feudal system. This was in some degree the case at the present day. The Abbot, a gentlemanlike and respectable-looking man, attended by several of his monks, received us with the greatest politeness, and conducted us to the building, where we saw two great sculptured vases, or more properly sarcophagi, of [marble?], well carved in the antique style, and adorned with the story of Meleager. They were in the shape of a large bath, and found, I think, at Paestum. The old church had passed to decay about a hundred years ago, when the present fabric was built; it is very beautifully arranged, and worthy of the place, which is eminently beautiful, and of the community, who are Benedictines—the most gentlemanlike order in the Roman Church.

We were conducted to the private repertory of the chapel, which contains a number of interesting deeds granted by sovereigns of the Grecian, Norman, and even Saracen descent. One from Roger, king of Sicily, extended His Majesty's protection to some half dozen men of consequence whose names attested their Saracenism.

In all the society I have been since I commenced this tour, I chiefly regretted on the present occasion the not having refreshed my Italian for the purpose of conversation. I should like to have conversed with the Churchmen very much, and they seem to have the same inclination, but it is too late to be thought of, though I could read Italian well once. The church might boast of a grand organ, with fifty-seven stops, all which we heard played by the ingenious organist. We then returned to Miss Whyte's for the evening, ate a mighty dinner, and battled cold weather as we might.

In further remarks on Paestum I may say there is a city wall in wonderful preservation, one of the gates of which is partly entire and displays the figure of a Syren under the architrave, but the antiquity of the sculpture is doubted, though not that of the inner part of the gate—so at least thinks Sir William, our best authority on such matters. Many antiquities have been, and many more probably will be,

discovered. Paestum is a place which adds dignity to the peddling trade of the ordinary antiquarian.

March 19.—This morning we set off at seven for Naples; we observed remains of an aqueduct in a narrow, apparently designed for the purpose of leading water to La Cava, but had no time to conjecture on the subject, and took our road back to Pompeii, and passed through two towns of the same name, Nocera dei [Cristiani] and Nocera dei Pagani.[1] In the latter village the Saracens obtained a place of refuge, from which it takes the name. It is also said that the circumstance is kept in memory by the complexion and features of this second Nocera, which are peculiarly of the African caste and tincture. After we passed Pompeii, where the continued severity of the weather did not permit us, according to our purpose, to take another survey, we saw in the adjacent village between us and Portici the scene of two assassinations, still kept in remembrance. The one I believe was from the motive of plunder. The head of the assassin was set up after his execution upon a pillar, which still exists, and it remained till the skull rotted to pieces. The other was a story less in the common style, and of a more interesting character:—A farmer of an easy fortune, and who might be supposed to leave to his daughter, a very pretty girl and an only child, a fortune thought in the village very considerable. She was, under the hope of sharing such a prize, made up to by a young man in the neighbourhood, handsome, active, and of a very good general character. He was of that sort of person who are generally successful among women, and the girl was supposed to have encouraged his addresses; but her father, on being applied to, gave him a direct and positive refusal. The gallant resolved to continue his addresses in hopes of overcoming this obstacle by his perseverance, but the father's opposition seemed only to increase by the lover's pertinacity. At length, as the father walked one evening smoking his pipe upon the terrace before his door, the lover unhappily passed by, and, struck with the instant thought that the obstacle to the happiness of his life was now entirely in his own power, he rushed upon the father, pierced him with three mortal stabs of his knife, and killed him dead on the spot, and made his escape to the mountains. What was most remarkable was that he was protected against the police, who went, as was their duty, in quest of him, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who afforded him both shelter and such food as he required, looking on him less as a wilful criminal than an unfortunate man, who had been surprised by a strong and almost irresistible temptation. So congenial, at this moment, is the love of vengeance to an Italian bosom, and though chastised in general by severe punishment, so much are criminals sympathised with by the community.

March 20.—I went with Miss Talbot and Mr. Lushington and his

[1] The places are now known as Nocera Superiore and Nocera Inferiore.

sister to the great and celebrated church of San Domenico Maggiore, which is the most august of the Dominican churches. They once possessed eighteen shrines in this part of Naples. It contains the tomb of St. Thomas Aquinas, and also the tombs of the royal family, which remain in the vestry. There are some large boxes covered with yellow velvet which contain their remains, and which stand ranged on a species of shelf, formed by the heads of a set of oaken presses which contain the vestments of the monks. The pictures of the kings are hung above their respective boxes, containing their bones, without any other means of preserving them. At the bottom of the lofty and narrow room is the celebrated Marquis di [Pescara], one of Charles v.'s most renowned generals, who commanded at the battle of Pavia. . . . The church itself is very large and extremely handsome, with many fine marble tombs in a very good style of architecture. The time being now nearly the second week in Lent, the church was full of worshippers.

[While at Naples Sir Walter wrote frequently to his daughter, to Mr. Cadell, Mr. Laidlaw, and Mr. Lockhart. The latter says, "Some of these letters were of a very melancholy cast; for the dream about his debts being all settled was occasionally broken." One may be given here. It is undated, but was written some time after receiving the news of the death of his little grandson, and shows the tender relations which existed between Sir Walter and his son-in-law:—

"My dear Lockhart,—I have written with such regularity that . . . I will not recur to this painful subject. I hope also I have found you both persuaded that the best thing you can do, both of you, is to come out here, where you would find an inestimable source of amusement, many pleasant people, and living in very peaceful and easy society. I wrote you a full account of my own matters, but I have now more complete [information]. I am ashamed, for the first time in my life, of the two novels, but since the pensive public have taken them, there is no more to be said but to eat my pudding and to hold my tongue. Another thing of great interest requires to be specially mentioned. You may remember a work in which our dear and accomplished friend Lady Louisa condescended to take an oar, and which she has handled most admirably. It is a supposed set of extracts relative to James vi. from a collection in James vi.'s time, the costume (?) admirably preserved, and, like the fashionable wigs, more natural than one's own hair. This, with the Lives of the Novelists and some other fragments of my wreck, went ashore in Constable's, and were sold off to the highest bidder, viz., to Cadell, for himself and me. I wrote one or two fragments in the same style, which I wish should, according to original intention, appear without a name, and were they fairly lightly let off there is no fear of their making a blaze. I sent the whole packet either to yourself or Cadell, with the request. The copy, which I conclude is in your hands by the time this reaches you,

might be set up as speedily and quietly as possible, taking some little care to draw the public attention to you, and consulting Lady Louisa about the proofs. The fun is that our excellent friend had forgot the whole affair till I reminded her of her kindness, and was somewhat inclined, like Lady Teazle, to deny the butler and the coach-horse. I have no doubt, however, she will be disposed to bring the matter to an end. The mode of publication I fancy you will agree should rest with Cadell. So, providing that the copy come to hand, which it usually does, though not very regularly, you will do me the kindness to get it out. My story of Malta will be with you by the time you have finished the Letters, and if it succeeds it will in a great measure enable me to attain the long projected and very desirable object of clearing me from all old encumbrances and expiring as rich a man as I could desire in my own freehold. And when you recollect that this has been wrought out in six years, the sum amounting to at least £120,000, it is somewhat of a novelty in literature. I shall be as happy and rich as I please for the last days of my life, and play the good papa with my family without thinking on pounds, shillings, and pence. Cadell, with so fair a prospect before him, is in high spirits, as you will suppose, but I had a most uneasy time from the interruption of our correspondence. However, thank God, it is all as well as I could wish, and a great deal better than I ventured to hope. After the Siege of Malta I intend to close the [series] of *Waverley* with a poem in the style of the *Lay*, or rather of the *Lady of the Lake*, to be a L'Envoy, or final postscript to these tales. The subject is a curious tale of chivalry belonging to Rhodes. Sir Frederick Adam will give me a cast of a steam-boat to visit Greece, and you will come and go with me. We live in a Palazzo, which with a coach and the supporters thereof does not, table included, cost £120 or £130 a month. So you will add nothing to our expenses, but give us the great pleasure of assisting you when I fear literary things have a bad time. We will return to Europe through Germany, and see what peradventure we shall behold. I have written repeatedly to you on this subject, for you would really like this country extremely. You cannot tread on it but you set your foot upon some ancient history, and you cannot make scruple, as it is the same thing whether you or I are paymaster. My health continues good, and bettering, as the Yankees say. I have gotten a choice manuscript of old English Romances, left here by Richard, and for which I know I have got a lad can copy them at a shilling a day. The King has granted me liberty to carry it home with me, which is very good-natured. I expect to secure something for the Roxburghe Club. Our posts begin to get more regular. I hope dear baby is getting better of its accident, poor soul.—Love to Sophia and Walter.

Your affectionate Father,

Walter Scott.]

APRIL

April 15, *Naples.*—I am on the eve of leaving Naples after a residence of three or four months, my strength strongly returning, though the weather has been very uncertain. What with the interruption occasioned by the cholera and other inconveniences, I have not done much. I have sent home only the letters by L. L. Stuart and three volumes of the Siege of Malta. I sent them by Lord Cowper's son —Mr. Cowper returning, his leave being out — and two chests of books by the Messrs. Turner, Malta, who are to put them on board a vessel, to be forwarded to Mr. Cadell through Whittaker. I have hopes they will come to hand safe. I have bought a small closing carriage, warranted new and English, cost me £200, for the convenience of returning home. It carries Anne, Charles, and the two servants, and we start to-morrow morning for Rome, after which we shall be starting homeward, for the Greek scheme is blown up, as Sir Frederick Adam is said to be going to Madras, so he will be unable to send a frigate as promised. I have spent on the expenses of medical persons and books, etc., a large sum, yet not excessive.

Meantime we [may] have to add a curious journey of it. The brigands, of whom there are so many stories, are afloat once more, and many carriages stopped. A curious and popular work would be a history of these ruffians. Washington Irving has attempted something of the kind, but the person attempting this should be an Italian, perfectly acquainted with his country, character, and manners. Mr. R——, an apothecary, told me a singular [occurrence] which happened in Calabria about six years ago, and which I may set down just now as coming from a respectable authority, though I do not [vouch it].

Death of Il Bizarro.

This man was called, from his wily but inexorable temper, Il Bizarro, *i.e.* the Bizar. He was captain of a gang of banditti, whom he governed by his own authority, till he increased them to 1000 men, both on foot and horseback, whom he maintained in the mountains of Calabria, between the French and Neapolitans, both of whom he defied, and pillaged the country. High rewards were set upon his head, to very little purpose, as he took care to guard himself against being betrayed by his own gang, the common fate of those banditti who become great in their vocation. At length a French colonel, whose name I have forgot, occupied the country of Bizarro, with such success that he formed a cordon around him and his party, and in-

cluded him between the folds of a military column. Well-nigh driven to submit himself, the robber with his wife, a very handsome woman, and a child of a few months old, took a position beneath the arch of an old bridge, and, by an escape almost miraculous, were not perceived by a strong party whom the French maintained on the top of the arch. Night at length came without a discovery, which every moment might have made. When it became quite dark, the brigand, enjoining strictest silence on the female and child, resolved to steal from his place of shelter, and as they issued forth, kept his hand on the child's throat. But as, when they began to move, the child naturally cried, its father in a rage stiffened his grip so relentlessly that the poor infant never offended more in the same manner. This horrid [act] led to the conclusion of the robber's life.

His wife had never been very fond of him, though he trusted her more than any who approached him. She had been originally the wife of another man, murdered by her second husband, which second marriage she was compelled to undergo, and to affect at least the conduct of an affectionate wife. In their wanderings she alone knew where he slept for the night. He left his men in a body upon the top of an open hill, round which they set watches. He then went apart into the woods with his wife, and having chosen a glen—an obscure and deep thicket of the woods, there took up his residence for the night. A large Calabrian sheep-dog, his constant attendant, was then tied to a tree at some distance to secure his slumbers, and having placed his carabine within reach of his lair, he consigned himself to such sleep as belongs to his calling. By such precautions he had secured his rest for many years.

But after the death of the child, the measure of his offence towards the unhappy mother was full to the brim, and her thoughts became determined on revenge. One evening he took up his quarters for the night with these precautions, but without the usual success. He had laid his carabine near him, and betaken himself to rest as usual, when his partner arose from his side, and ere he became sensible she had done so, she seized [his carabine], and discharging [it] in his bosom, ended at once his life and crimes. She finished her work by cutting off the brigand's head, and carrying it to the principal town of the province, where she delivered it to the police, and claimed the reward attached to his head, which was paid accordingly. This female still lives, a stately, dangerous-looking woman, yet scarce ill thought of, considering the provocation.

The dog struggled extremely to get loose on hearing the shot. Some say the female shot it; others that, in its rage, it very nearly gnawed through the stout young tree to which it was tied. He was worthy of a better master.

The distant encampment of the band was disturbed by the firing of the Bizarro's carabine at midnight. They ran through the woods to seek the captain, but finding him lifeless and headless, they be-

came so much surprised that many of them surrendered to the government, and relinquished their trade, and the band of Bizarro, as it lived by his ingenuity, broke up by his death.

A story is told nearly as horrible as the above, respecting the cruelty of this bandit, which seems to entitle him to be called one of the most odious wretches of his name. A French officer, who had been active in the pursuit of him, fell into his hands, and was made to die [the death] of Marsyas or Saint Polycarp—that is, the period being the middle of summer, he was flayed alive, and, being smeared with honey, was exposed to all the intolerable insects of a southern sky. The corps were also informed where they might find their officer if they thought proper to send for him. As more than two days elapsed before the wretched man was found, nothing save his miserable relics could be discovered.

I do not warrant these stories, but such are told currently.

[*Tour from Naples to Rome*], *April* 16.—Having remained several months at Naples, we resolved to take a tour to Rome during the Holy Week and view the ecclesiastical shows which take place, although diminished in splendour by the Pope's poverty. So on the 15th we set out from Naples, my children unwell. We passed through the Champ de Mars,[1] and so on by the Terra di Lavoro, a rich and fertile country, and breakfasted at St. Agatha, a wretched place, but we had a disagreeable experience. I had purchased a travelling carriage, assured that it was English-built and all that. However, when we were half a mile on our journey, a bush started and a wheel came off, but by dint of contrivances we fought our way back to Agatha, where we had a miserable lodging and wretched dinner. The people were civil, however, and no bandits abroad, being kept in awe by the escort of the King of Westphalia,[2] who was on his road to Naples. The wheel was effectually repaired, and at seven in the morning we started with some apprehension of suffering from crossing the very moist marshes called the Pontine Bogs, which lie between Naples and Rome. This is not the time when these exhalations are most dangerous, though they seem to be safe at no time. We remarked the celebrated Capua, which is distinguished into the new and old. The new Capua is on the banks of the river Volturno, which conducts its waters into the moats. It is still a place of some strength in modern war. The approach to the old Capua is obstructed by an ancient bridge of a singular construction, and consists of a number of massive towers half ruined. We did not pass very near to them, but the site seems very strong. We passed Sinuessa or Sessa, an ancient Greek town, situated not far from shore. The road from Naples to Capua resembles an orchard on both sides, but, alas! it runs through these infernal marshes, which there is no shunning, and which the example of many of my friends proves to be exceeding dangerous. The road, though it has the appearance of

[1] *Paese dei Marsi* or *Marsica*.

[2] Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia.

winding among hills, is in fact, on the left side, limited by the sea-coast running northward. It comes into its more proper line at a celebrated sea-marsh called Cameria[1], concerning which the oracle said "*Ne moveas Camarinam*," and the transgression of which precept brought on a pestilence. The road here is a wild pass bounded by a rocky precipice; on one hand covered with wild shrubs, flowers, and plants, and on the other by the sea. After this we came to a military position, where Murat used to quarter a body of troops and cannonade the English gunboats, which were not slow in returning the compliment. The English then garrisoned Italy and Sicily under Sir [John Stuart]. We supped at this place, half fitted up as a barrack, half as an inn. (The place is now called Terracina.) Near this a round tower is shown, termed the tomb of Cicero, which may be doubted. I ought, before quitting Terracina, to have mentioned the view of the town and castle of Gaeta from the Pass. It is a castle of great strength. I should have mentioned Aversa, remarkable for a house for insane persons, on the humane plan of not agitating their passions. After a long pilgrimage on this beastly road we fell asleep in spite of warnings to the contrary, and before we beat the *reveille* were within twenty miles of the city of Rome. I think I felt the effects of the bad air and damp in a very bad headache.

After a steep climb up a slippery ill-paved road Velletri received us, and accommodated us in an ancient villa or château, the original habitation of an old noble. I would have liked much to have taken a look at it; but I am tired by my ride. I fear my time for such researches is now gone. Monte Albano, a pleasant place, should also be mentioned, especially a forest of grand oaks, which leads you pretty directly into the vicinity of Rome. My son Charles had requested the favour of our friend Sir William Gell to bespeak a lodging, which, considering his bad health, was scarcely fair. My daughter had imposed the same favour, but they had omitted to give precise direction how to correspond with their friends concerning the execution of their commission. So there we were, as we had reason to think, possessed of two apartments and not knowing the [way] to any of them. We entered Rome by a gate[2] renovated by one of the old Pontiffs, but which, I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell or the pretty Mrs. Ashley. At length we found our old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food, wine, and water.

We slept reasonably, but on the next morning

[1] The sea marsh "Cameria" is not indicated in the latest maps of Italy, but it would appear that some such name in the Pontine Bogs had recalled to Sir Walter the ancient proverb relating to Camarina, that Sicilian city on the marsh "which Fate forbad to drain."—Conington's *Virgil* (*Æn.* iii. 700–1).

[2] Porta St. Giovanni, rebuilt by Gregory XIII. in 1574.

APPENDIX

No. I.

Scott's letters to Erskine.—P. 40.

Sir Walter was in the habit of consulting him in those matters more than any of his other friends, having great reliance upon his critical skill. The manuscripts of all his poems, and also of the earlier of his prose works, were submitted to Kinnedder's judgment, and a considerable correspondence on these subjects had taken place betwixt them, which would, no doubt, have constituted one of the most interesting series of letters Sir Walter had left.

Lord Kinnedder was a man of retired habits, but little known except to those with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, and by whom he was much esteemed, and being naturally of a remarkably sensitive mind, he was altogether overthrown by the circumstance of a report having got abroad of some alleged indiscretions on his part in which a lady was also implicated. Whether the report had any foundation in truth or not, I am altogether ignorant, but such an allegation affecting a person in his situation in life as a judge, and doing such violence to the susceptibility of his feelings, had the effect of bringing a severe illness which in a few days terminated his life. I never saw Sir Walter so much affected by any event, and at the funeral, which he attended, he was quite unable to suppress his feelings, but wept like a child. The family, suddenly bereft of their protector, were young, orphans, their mother, daughter of Professor John Robertson, having previously died, found also that they had to struggle against embarrassed circumstances; neither had they any near relative in Scotland to take charge of their affairs. But a lady, a friend of the family, Miss M——, was active in their service, and it so happened, in the course of arranging their affairs, the packet of letters from Sir Walter Scott, containing the whole of his correspondence with Lord Kinnedder, came into her hands. She very soon discovered that the correspondence laid open the secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, at that period the subject of general and intense interest, and as yet unacknowledged by Sir Walter.

Considering what under these circumstances it was her duty to do, whether to replace the letters and suffer any accident to bring to light what the author seemed anxious might remain unknown, or to

seal them up, and keep them in her own custody undivulged—or finally to destroy them in order to preserve the secret,—with, no doubt, the best and most upright motives, so far as her own judgment enabled her to decide in the matter, in which she was unable to take advice, without betraying what it was her object to respect, she came to the resolution, most unfortunately for the world, of destroying the letters. And, accordingly, the whole of them were committed to the flames; depriving the descendants of Lord Kinnedder of a possession which could not fail to be much valued by them, and which, in connection with Lord Kinnedder's letters to Sir Walter, which are doubtless preserved, would have been equally valuable to the public, as containing the contemporary opinions, prospects, views, and sentiments under which these works were sent forth into the world. It would also have been curious to learn the unbiased impression which the different works created on the mind of such a man as Lord Kinnedder, before the collision of public opinion had suffused its influence over the opinions of people in general in this matter.—*Skene's Reminiscences.*

No. II.

Letter from Mr. Carlyle referred to on p. 379.[1]

Edinburgh, 21 Comely Bank,
13*th April* 1828.

Sir,—In February last I had the honour to receive a letter from Von Goethe, announcing the speedy departure, from Weimar, of a Packet for me, in which, among other valuables, should be found "two medals," to be delivered "*mit verbindlichsten Grüssen*" to Sir Walter Scott. By a slow enough conveyance this *Kästchen*, with its medals in perfect safety, has at length yesterday come to hand, and now lays on me the enviable duty of addressing you.

Among its multifarious contents, the Weimar Box failed not to include a long letter—considerable portion of which, as it virtually belongs to yourself, you will now allow me to transcribe. Perhaps it were thriftier in me to reserve this for another occasion; but considering how seldom such a Writer obtains such a Critic, I cannot but

[1] It is much to be regretted that Scott and Carlyle never met. The probable explanation is that the admirable letter now printed *in extenso*, coming into a house where there was sickness, and amid the turmoil of London life, was carefully laid aside for reply at a more convenient season. This season, unfortunately, never came. Scott did not return to Scotland until June 3d, and by that time Carlyle had left Edinburgh and settled at Craigenputtock. He must, however, have seen Scott subsequently, as he depicts him in the memorable words, "Alas! his fine Scottish face, with its shaggy honesty and goodness, when we saw it latterly in the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care—the joy all fled from it, and ploughed deep with labour and sorrow."

Mr. Lockhart once said to a friend that he regretted that they had never met, and gave as a reason the state of Scott's health.

reckon it pity that this friendly intercourse between them should be anywise delayed.

"Sehen Sie Herrn Walter Scott, so sagen Sie ihm auf das verbindlichste in meinem Namen Dank für den lieben heitern Brief, gerade in dem schönen Sinne geschrieben, dass der Mensch dem Menschen werth seyn müsse. So auch habe ich dessen Leben Napoleon's erhalten und solches in diesen Winterabenden und Nächten von Anfang bis zu Ende mit Aufmerksamkeit durchgelesen.

"Mir war höchst bedeutend zu sehen, wie sich der erste Erzähler des Jahrhunderts einem so ungemeinen Geschäft unterzieht und uns die überwichtigen Begebenheiten, deren Zeuge zu seyn wir gezwungen wurden, in fertigem Zuge vorüberführt. Die Abtheilung durch Capitel in grosse zusammengehörige Massen giebt den verschlungenen Ereignissen die reinste Fasslichkeit, und so wird dann auch der Vortrag des Einzelnen auf das unschätzbarste deutlich und anschaulich.

"Ich las es im Original, und da wirkte es ganz eigentlich seiner Natur nach. Es ist ein patriotischer Britte der spricht, der die Handlungen des Feindes nicht wohl mit günstigen Augen ansehen kann, der als ein rechtlicher Staatsbürger zugleich mit den Unternehmungen der Politik auch die Forderungen der Sittlichkeit befriedigt wünscht, der den Gegner, im frechen Laufe des Glücks, mit unseligen Folgen bedroht, und auch im bittersten Verfall ihn kaum bedauern kann.

"Und so war mir noch ausserdem das Werk von der grössten Bedeutung, indem es mich an das Miterlebte theils erinnerte, theils mir manches Uebersehene nun vorführte, mich auf einem unerwarteten Standpunkt versetzte, mir zu erwägen gab was ich für abgeschlossen hielt, und besonders auch mich befähigte die Gegner dieses wichtigen Werkes, an denen es nicht fehlen kann, zu beurtheilen und die Einwendungen, die sie von ihrer Seite vortragen, zu würdigen.

"Sie sehen hieraus dass zu Ende des Jahres keine höhere Gabe hätte zu mir gelangen können. Es ist dieses Werk mir zu einem goldenen Netz geworden, womit ich die Schattenbilder meines vergangenen Lebens aus den Lethes-Fluthen mit reichem Zuge herauszuforschen mich beschäftige.

"Ungefähr dasselbige denke ich in dem nächsten Stücke von *Kunst und Alterthum* zu sagen."

With regard to the medals, which are, as I expected, the two well-known likenesses of Goethe himself, it could be no hard matter to dispose of them safely here, or transmit them to you, if you required it, without delay: but being in this curious fashion appointed as it were Ambassador between two Kings of Poetry, I would willingly discharge my mission with the solemnity that beseems such a business, and naturally it must flatter my vanity and love of the marvellous, to think that, by means of a Foreigner whom I have never seen, I might

now have access to my native Sovereign, whom I have so often seen in public and so often wished that I had claim to see and know in private and near at hand.—Till Whitsunday I continue to reside here; and shall hope that some time before that period I may have opportunity to wait on you, and, as my commission bore, to hand you these memorials in person.

Meanwhile I abide your further orders in this matter; and so, with all the regard which belongs to one to whom I in common with other millions owe so much,—I have the honour to be, Sir, most respectfully your servant, THOMAS CARLYLE.

Besides the *two* medals specially intended for you, there have come *four* more, which I am requested generally to dispose of amongst "*Wohlwollenden.*" Perhaps Mr. Lockhart, whose merits in respect of German Literature, and just appreciation of this its Patriarch and Guide, are no secret, will do me the honour to accept of one and direct me through your means how I am to have it conveyed?

TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER FROM GOETHE.

"Should you see Sir Walter Scott, be so kind as return to him my most grateful thanks for his dear and cheerful letter,—a letter written in just that beautiful temper which makes one man feel himself to be worth something to another. Say, too, that I received his Life of Napoleon, and have read it this winter—in the evening and at night—with attention from beginning to end. To me it was full of meaning to observe how the first novelist of the century took upon himself a task and business, so apparently foreign to him, and passed under review with rapid stroke those important events of which it had been our fate to be eye-witnesses. The division into chapters, embracing masses of intimately connected events, gives a clearness to the historical sequence that otherwise might have been only too easily confused, while, at the same time, the individual events in each chapter are described with a clearness and a vividness quite invaluable.

"I read the work in the original, and the impression it made upon me was thus free from the disturbing influence of a foreign medium. I found myself listening to the words of a patriotic Briton, who finds it impossible to regard the actions of the enemy with a favourable eye,—an honest citizen this, whose desire is, that while political considerations shall always receive due weight, the demands of morality shall never be overlooked; one who, while the enemy is borne along in his wanton course of good fortune, cannot forbear to point with warning finger to the inevitable consequences, and in his bitterest disaster can with difficulty find him worthy of a tear.

"The book was in yet another respect of the greatest importance

to me, in that it brought back to my remembrance events through which I had lived—now showing me much that I had overlooked, now transplanting me to some unexpected stand-point, thus forcing me to reconsider a question which I had looked upon as settled, and in a special manner putting me in a position to pass judgment upon the unfavourable critics of this book—for these cannot fail—and to estimate at their true value the objections which are sure to be made from their side. From all this you will understand how the end of last year could have brought with it no gift more welcome to me than this book. The work has become to me as it were a golden net, wherewith I can recover from out the waves of Lethe the shadowy pictures of my past life, and in that rich draught I am finding my present employment.

"I intend making a few remarks to the same purpose in the next number of *Kunst und Alterthum*."[1]

No. III.

Contents of the Volume of Irish Manuscript referred to on p. 465.

1. The rudiments of an Irish Grammar and Prosody; the first leaf wanting.

2. The Book of *Rights*; giving an account of ye rents and subsidies of the kings and princes of Ireland. It is said to have (been) written by Beinin MacSescnen, the Psalmist of Saint Patrick. It is entirely in verse, except a few sentences of prose taken from ye booke of Glandelogh.

3. A short poem giving an account of ye disciples and favourites of St. Patrick.

4. A poem of Eochy O Flyn's; giving an account of the followers of Partholan, the first invader of Ireland after the flood.

5. A poem written by Macliag, Brian Boruay's poet Laureat. It gives an account of the twelve sons of Kennedy, son of Lorcan, Brian's father; and of ye Dalcassian race in general.

6. A book of annals from the year 976 to 1014, including a good account of the battle of Clontarf, etc.

7. A collection of Historical poems by different authors, such as

[1] This purpose Goethe seems to have carried out, for in the "Chronologie" which is printed in the two-volume edition of his works, published at Stuttgart, 1837 (vol. ii. page 63), the following entry is found:—"1827. Ueber neuere französische Literatur.—Ueber chinesische Gedichte. — *Ueber das Leben Napoleon's von Walter Scott.*"

O Dugan, etc., and some extracts, as they seem, from the psalter of Cashill, written by Cormac-mac-Cuilinan, Archbishop and King of Leath Mogha, towards the beginning or middle of the ninth century; Cobhach O Carmon and O Heagusa have their part in these poems. In them are interspersed many other miscellaneous tracts, among which is one called Sgeul-an-Erin, but deficient, wherein mention is made of Garbh mac Stairn, said to be slain by Cuchullin; a treatise explaining the Ogham manner of writing which is preserved in this book; the privileges of the several kings and princes of Ireland, in making their tours of the Kingdom, and taking their seats at the Feis of Tara; and an antient moral and political poem as an advice to princes and chieftains, other poems and prophecies, etc., chronological and religious, disposed in no certain order.

8. The last will and testament of Cormac-mac-Cuilinan in verse.

9. The various forms of the Ogham.

10. The death of Cuchullin, an antient story interspersed with poems, which, if collected, would contain the entire substance of the composition, which is very good (except in one instance) and founded on real fact.

11. The bloody revenge of Conall Cearnach for the death of Cuchullin. This may be considered as the sequel of the preceding story, and of equal authority and antiquity. It is written in the very same style, and contains a beautiful elegy on Cuchullin by his wife Eimhir.

12. The death of Cormac Con luings, written in the same style with the foregoing stories.

13. The genealogies of all ye principal Irish and Anglo-Norman families of Ireland to the end.

14. A very good copy of the Cath-Gabhra.

The above table of contents is in the handwriting of Dr. Matthew Young, late Bishop of Clonfert, a man possessing the highest talents and learning, and who had been acquainted with the Irish language from his infancy. J. B.

No. IV.

"A Former Empress."—P. 572.

The Church of Santa Maria del Carmine contains relics dear alike to the romance of democracy and empire. It was from this church that Masaniello harangued the fickle populace in vain; it was here that he was despatched by three bandits in the pay of the Duke of

Maddaloni; and here he found an honourable interment during a rapid reflux of popular favour. In this church, too, lies Conradin the last prince of the great house of Suabia, with his companion in arms and in death, Frederic, son of the Margrave of Baden, with pretensions, through his mother, to the Dukedom of Austria. The features of the mediæval building have long since been obliterated by reconstructions of the 17th and 18th centuries, while round the tomb of Conradin a tissue of fictions has been woven by the piety and fondness of after times. The sceptics of modern research do not, however, forbid us to believe that there may be an element of truth in the beautiful legend of the visit and benefactions of Elizabeth Margaret of Bavaria, the widowed mother of Conradin, erroneously dignified with the title of Empress, to the resting-place of her son. Her statue in the convent, with a purse in her hand, seems to attest the tale, which was no doubt related to the Scottish Poet, and may well have stirred his fancy. What the epitaph was which he copied we cannot now determine. It is not pretended that the unhappy lady was buried here, but two inscriptions commemorate the ferocity of Charles of Anjou, and the vicissitudes of fortune which befell his victims. One, believed to be of great antiquity, is attached to a cross or pillar erected at the place of execution. It breathes the insolence of the conqueror mingled with a barbarous humour embodied in a play on words—for "Asturis" has a double reference to the kite and to the place "Astura," at which the fugitive Princes were captured:

> "Asturis ungue Leo Pullum rapiens Aquilinum
> Hic deplumavit, acephalumque dedit."

The other lines, in the Church, of more modern date, are conceived in a humaner spirit, and may possibly be those which touched the heart of the old worshipper of chivalry.

Ossibvs et memoriæ Conradini de Stovffen, vltimi ex sva progenie Sveviæ dvcis, Conradi Rom. Regis F. et Friderici II. imp. nepotis, qui cvm Siciliæ et Apvliæ regna exercitv valido, vti hereditaria vindicare proposvisset, a Carolo Andegavio I. hvivs nominis rege Franco cæperani in agro Palento victvs et debellatvs extitit, deniqve captvs cvm Frederico de Asbvrgh vltimo ex linea Avstriæ dvce, itineris, ac eivsdem fortvnæ sotio, hic cvm aliis (proh scelvs) a victore rege secvri percvssvs est.

Pivm Neap. coriariorvm collegivm, hvmanarvm miseriarvm memor, loco in ædicvlam redacto, illorvm memoriam ab interitv conservavit.

(For the details of the death of Conradin and the stories connected with his memory see Summonte, *Storia di Napoli*, vol. ii. Celano, *Notizie di Napoli Giornata Quarta*, and St. Priest, *Histoire de la Conquête de Naples*, vol. iii.)

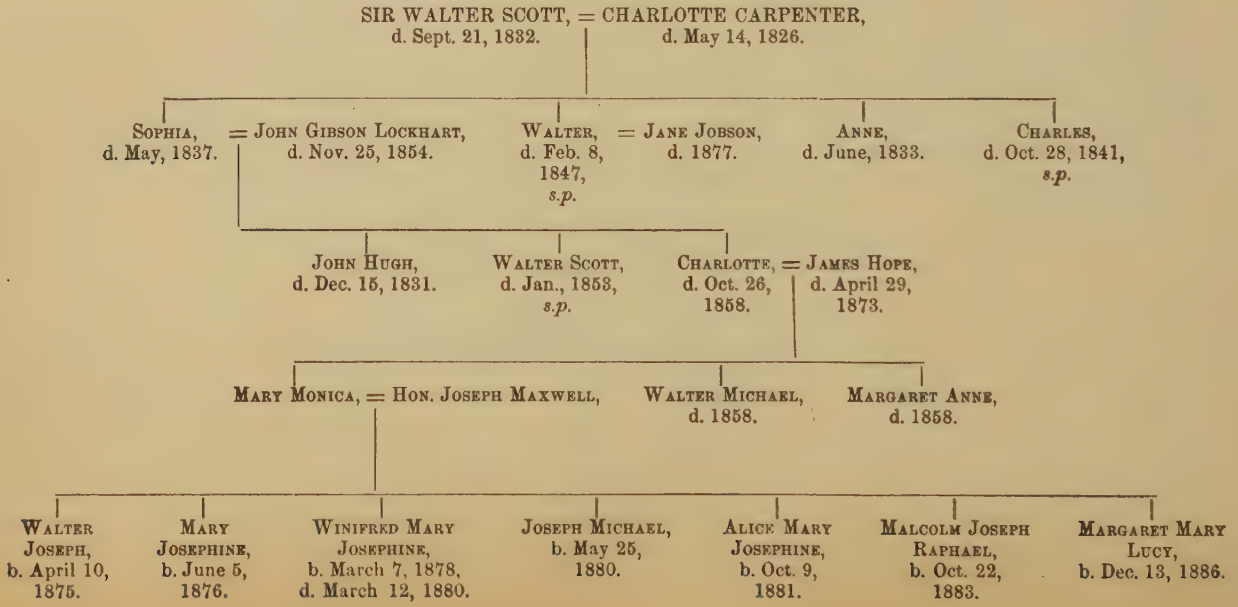
No. V.

"Mother Goose's Tales," p. 575. *The following note by a distinguished authority on Nursery Tales, will be read with interest.*

"It is unfortunate that Sir Walter Scott did not record in his Diary the dates of the Neapolitan collection of 'Mother Goose's Tales,' and of the early French editions with which he was acquainted. He may possibly have meant Basile's *Lo Cunto de li cunti* (Naples, 1637-44 and 1645), which contains some stories analogous to those which Scott mentions. There can be no doubt, however, that France, not Italy, can claim the shapes of *Blue Beard*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Puss in Boots*, and the other 'Tales of Mother Goose,' which are known best in England. Other forms of these nursery traditions exist, indeed, not only in Italian, but in most European and some Asiatic and African languages. But their classical shape in literature is that which Charles Perrault gave them, in his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie*, of 1697. Among the 'early French editions' which Sir Walter knew, probably none were older than Dr. Douce's copy of 1707, now in the Bodleian. The British Museum has no early copy. There was an example of the First Edition sold in the Hamilton sale: another, or the same, in blue morocco, belonged to Charles Nodier, and is described in his *Mélanges*. The only specimen in the Public Libraries of Paris is in the Bibliothèque Victor Cousin. It is probable that the 'dumpy duodecimo' in the Neapolitan dialect, seen by Scott, was a translation of Perrault's famous little work. The stories in it, which are not in the early French editions, may be *L'Adroite Princesse*, by a lady friend of Perrault's, and *Peau d'Ane* in prose, a tale which Perrault told only in verse. These found their way into French and Flemish editions after 1707. Our earliest English translation seems to be that of 1729, and the name of 'Mother Goose' does not appear to occur in English literature before that date. It is probably a translation of 'Ma Mère l'Oie,' who gave her name to such old wives' fables in France long before Perrault's time, as the spider, Ananzi, gives his name to the 'Nancy Stories' of the negroes in the West Indies. Among Scott's Century of Inventions, unfulfilled projects for literary work, few are more to be regretted than his intended study of the origin of Popular Tales, a topic no longer thought 'obnoxious to ridicule.'"—A. L.

No. VI.

DESCENDANTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.


SIR WALTER SCOTT, d. Sept. 21, 1832.
CHARLOTTE CARPENTER, d. May 14, 1826.
SOPHIA, d. May, 1837.
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, d. Nov. 25, 1854.
WALTER, d. Feb. 8, 1847, s.p.
JANE JOBSON, d. 1877.
ANNE, d. June, 1833.
CHARLES, d. Oct. 28, 1841, s.p.
JOHN HUGH, d. Dec. 15, 1831.
WALTER SCOTT, d. Jan., 1853, s.p.
CHARLOTTE, d. Oct. 26, 1858.
JAMES HOPE, d. April 29, 1873.
MARY MONICA,
HON. JOSEPH MAXWELL,
WALTER MICHAEL, d. 1858.
MARGARET ANNE, d. 1858.
WALTER JOSEPH, b. April 10, 1875.
MARY JOSEPHINE, b. June 5, 1876.
WINIFRED MARY JOSEPHINE, b. March 7, 1878, d. March 12, 1880.
JOSEPH MICHAEL, b. May 25, 1880.
ALICE MARY JOSEPHINE, b. Oct. 9, 1881.
MALCOLM JOSEPH RAPHAEL, b. Oct. 22, 1883.
MARGARET MARY LUCY, b. Dec. 13, 1886.

INDEX

Abbeville, 186, 196.
Abbotsford labourers, 100.
Abercorn, Lady, 572.
Abercrombie, Dr., 102, 509, 537.
—— Miss, 460 *n.*
Abercromby, James (afterwards Lord Dunfermline), 488 and *n.*
—— Lord, 16, 69, 146, 147, 275, 332, 333, 355, 481.
Aberdeen, Lord, 316 *n.*, 481.
Abud & Son, bill-brokers, London, 175, 311, 312 *seq.*, 315 *n.*, 317, 327.
Academy, Edinburgh, Examination, 275.
Acland, Sir Thomas, 381, 385.
Adam, Right Hon. William, Lord Chief-Commissioner, 89, 132, 136, 212, 233, 241, 320, 323 *seq.*, 332, 351, 361, 363, 488, 508, 512, 514, 520; sketch of, 54; at Abbotsford, 337; Scott's visits to Blair-Adam, 140, 161, 265, 409–410, 477, 494. *See* Blair-Adam.
—— Admiral Sir Charles, 40, 89, 161, 233, 241, 410, 477, 494.
—— Sir Frederick, 161; on Byron and the Greeks, 165, 461, 578, 587.
—— John, 54 *n.*
Adam's class, High School, Edinburgh, 455.
Addington, Dr., 397.
Adolphus, John, 385, 396.
—— John L., letters to Heber, 289 and *n.*, 290, 385, 454.
Advocates' Library, plans, 78, 331.
African travellers, 109.
Ainslie, General, 363.
—— Robert, 443.
Ainsworth, W. H., 179 and *n.*
Airaines, 196.
Aitken, John, 555.
Albums, suppression of, 1.
Alexander, Emperor, 191, 306.
—— Right Hon. Sir W., Chief Baron of Exchequer, 383.
—— Mrs., of Ballochmyle, 389.
Algiers, consular establishment at, 363–364.
Allan, Thomas, 325.
—— Sir William, P.R.A., 30 and *n.*, 76, 264, 289 *seq.*, "Landing of Queen Mary," 147.
Allans, the Hay (John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart), 470, 471 *n.*
Alloway, Lord, 319 *n.*, 413.
Almacks, a novel, 242.
Alnwick Castle, visit to, 305; Abbey, 305.
Alvanley, Lady, 127.
—— Lord, 385.
Anderson, Mr. and Mrs., 321.
"Andrea de Ferraras," 576.
Annandale claim, 136.
Anne of Geierstein, 421, 435, 436, 449, 450.
Anstruther, Philip, 266.
Antiquarian Society of Scotland, 323, 465.
Appleby Castle, 177.
Arbuthnot, Sir William, 60, 208, 436, 463, 468.
—— Mr. and Mrs., 200 and *n.*, 203, 390, 392.
Arden, Misses, 385, 505.
Argyle's stone, 296.
Argyll, John, Duke of, projected life of, 451.
Arkwright, Mrs., 304, 386, 388, 390, 391, 393.
Arniston, old oak room at, 336.
Ashbourne, 374.
Ashestiel visited in 1826, 108.
Ashford criminal case, 202.
Ashley, Lord, 191.
—— Mrs., 578, 590.
Ashworth, Mr., 291.
Auchinrath, 418.
Audubon, John James, the ornithologist, 224 and *n.*, 225, 231 *n.*
Augmentation cases of stipend, 500.
Austen's, Miss, novels, 99, 298.
Aylesbury, 377.
Ayton, Miss, prima donna of the Italian Opera, 334.

Baillie, Charles (afterwards Lord Jerviswoode), 331 *n.*, 510.
—— Mrs. Charles, Mellerstain, 345.
—— Joanna, 96, 198, 326, 380, 448 *n.*, 454 *n.*, 542 and *n.*; tragedy and witchcraft, 279.
Bainbridge, George, of Liverpool, 123, 152, 165, 220, 249, 250, 251, 255, 278, 299, 309.
"Balaam," 119 and *n.*
Balcaskie Manor-house, 266.
Balfour of Balbirnie, 426.
—— Charles, 515.
Ballantyne & Co., 34, 35; stop payment, 52; liabilities, 62 *n.*, 379.
—— Alexander, 124, 282, 372, 443, 472, 480; skill as a violinist, 261; assumed as a partner, 429.
—— James, meeting with Cadell and Constable, 9; calls at Castle Street, 37; dinner and guests, 38; on Scott's style, 47, 51, 52; on *Devorgoil*, 60; "False Delicacy," 62; *Woodstock*, 65; as "Tom Tell-truth," recollections of *Lord of the Isles*, 81; *Malachi*, 82, 83; mottoes, 104; opinion of *Woodstock*, 108; press corrections, 112, 124; "roars of chivalry," 144; opinion on *Napoleon*, 156, 164; illness, 168; at Abbotsford, 172–173; *Napoleon*, 244, 260, 261; on *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Legend of Montrose*, 268 *n.*; prospect, 275; *The Drovers*, 279; commercial disasters, 280 *n.*; *Chronicles*, 281, 282, 328, 334, 347; at Abbotsford, 282, 509–510 *n.*; the copyrights, 299; criticism, 326; Scott's consideration for, 343; on "Ossianic" character, 354, 378; Scott's handwriting, 408; wife's illness and death, 427–428; names his trustees, 430, 431, 449, 450; letter from Scott, 452, 453, 480, 482; visit to Prestonpans, 497; objects to a new epistle from Malachi, 509 *n.*; approves of an amanuensis, 518; a motto wanted, 519 *n.*
Ballingray, 411, 495.
Baluty Mount, 565.
Bankes, William, 8 and *n.*, 200, 202, 388 *n.*
Bank of Scotland, 434.
Banking Club of Scotland, 435.
Bank-note business, 93.
Bannatyne Club, 228, 229, 241, 325, 333, 353, 429, 481, 496.
Bannatyne, George, Memorial of, 332 and *n.*
—— Sir Wm. M'Leod, 358.
Barham, The, 547 *seq.*
Barnard Castle, 403.
Barranco, 580.
Barrington, Mrs., 304.
Barrow, Sir John, 14, 249, 556.
Bathurst, Earl, 236 *n.*, 307, 387.
—— Lady, 200.
—— Colonel Seymour, 568, 569.
Bauchland, 282.
Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, 133 and *n.*
Beacon newspaper, 212 and *n.*
Beard's *Judgments*, 327.
Beauclerk, Lady Charlotte, 12.
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, 30.
Beaumont, Sir George, 71; anecdote of, with Wordsworth, 218; death, 233–234.
Beauvais Cathedral, 186.
Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, 323.
Belhaven, Lord and Lady, 361.
Bell, Mr., London, 386.
—— Mr., 422.
—— George, 322, 430.
—— Miss E., of Coldstream, 365 and *n.*
—— Miss Jane, of North Shields, 64, 274.
Belsches, Miss W. (afterwards Lady Forbes), 265, 310.
Beresford, Lord, 424.
—— Admiral Sir John, 302 and *n.*
Berlingas, 559.
Bernadotte, 252.
Berri, Duchess of, 194.
Bessborough, Lord, 307.
Bethell, Dr., Bishop of Gloucester, 305 *n.*
Bevis of Hampton, 576.
Big bow-wow strain, 40, 99.
Binning, Lord and Lady, 327, 332.
Birmingham, 205.
Bishop, Dr., 268.
"Bizarro, death of," 587.
Black, A. & C., publishers, 344 *n.*
—— Captain R. N., 266.
—— Dr., account of David Hume's last illness, 275.
Black Dwarf, scene of the, 476 *n.*
Black-fishing Court at Selkirk, 509.
Blackwood, William, and *Malachi*, 82, 83, 115, 144, 151.
Blackwood's *Magazine*, 449, 528 and *n.*
Blair, Captain, 535.
—— Sir D. Hunter, 428.
—— Colonel, and Mrs. Hunter, 426, 428, 430.
Blair-Adam, 161; meetings of Blair-Adam Club, 140, 265, 409; 12th anniversary, 477; 13th, 494.

Blakeney, Mr., tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch, 211.
Blomfield, Bishop, 17, 381.
Bloomfield, Lord, 270.
Boaden's, James, the Garrick papers, 330 *n.*
Bonaparte. See *Napoleon.*
Bonnechose, Émile de, 188.
Bonnie Dundee, air of, 40, 42, 43.
Bonnington, Mr., at Kenilworth, 375 *n.*
Bonnymoor Conflict, 561.
Boothby, Sir William, 34.
Borgo, Count Pozzo di, 174, 187, 189, 195.
Borthwick Castle, 335–336.
Borthwicks of Crookston, 235, 259.
Boswell, Sir Alexander, duel with Stuart of Dunearn, 38 and *n.*, 426.
—— James, 38 *n.*
Bothwell Castle, 400 *n.*
Boufflers, Madame de, 196 and *n.*
Boulogne, 196.
Bourgoin, Mademoiselle, a French actress, 188.
Bourmont, General, 563.
Boutourlin's Moscow Campaign, 208.
Bouverie, Mr., the English Commissioner, 413.
Boyd, Mr., Broadmeadows, 158.
—— Walter, of Boyd, Benfield & Co., 383, 384 and *n.*
Boyle, Right Hon. David, Lord Justice-Clerk, 7 and *n.*, 10 and *n.*, 18, 38, 69, 268, 355 and *n.*, 424, 481.
Brabazon, Lady Theodora, 322.
Bradford, Sir Thomas, 173, 493.
Brahan Castle, 407 *n.*
Brambletye House, 179 and *n.*
Bran, Scott's deerhound, 518 and *n.*
Braxfield, Lord, 18 *n.*
Brewer's *Merry Devil*, 279 and *n.*
Brewster, Dr. (afterwards Sir David), and Mrs., 152 and *n.*, 158, 273, 290, 307, 308, 370, 444, 445, 455, 459, 517.
Bride of Lammermoor, letter from William Clerk, 472 *n.*
Bridge, Mr., the jeweller, 389.
Brinkley, Dr. John, Bishop of Cloyne, 465, 466 *n.*
Brisbane, Sir Thomas M., 163 and *n.*, 208, 278.
Bristol riots, 550 *n.*, 561 and *n.*
Brocque, Monsieur, of Montpelier, 95.
Brougham, Lord, 408, 548.
Brown, Launcelot, 305.
—— Misses, of George Square, Edinburgh, 297, 322.
Brown's *Selkirkshire* quoted, 232, 510 *n.*
Brown's, Mrs., lodgings, 5 St. David Street, 123 and *n.*, 147.
Bruce, Professor John, 478 and *n.*
—— Tyndall, 478.
—— Mr., from Persia, 164.
—— Mr. and Mrs., 370.
Brunel, 554.
Brunton, Rev. Dr., 112 *n.*
Brydone, Mrs. (widow of Patrick Brydone), 40 and *n.*
Buccleuch, fifth duke of, 70, 159, 174, 214 *n.*, 219, 321, 338, 352, 390, 420, 421, 426, 525, 532, 548.
—— Dowager Duchess of. *See* Montagu.
Buchan, Earl of, 167, 215; death of, 453.
—— Dr. James, 9.
—— Peter, Peterhead, 289.
Buchanan, Hector Macdonald, 4 *n.*, 21, 136, 214, 235, 270, 320, 331, 363, 405.
—— James Macdonald, 406.
—— Miss Macdonald, of Drummakill, 3 and *n.*, 67, 224, 235.
—— Major, of Cambusmore, 333, 355.
—— Mr., Scott's amanuensis, 500, 503.
Buckingham, Duchess of, 181.
Buckingham's assassination, 555.
Bugnie, Signor, 325.
Burchard, Captain, 250.
Burke, Edmund, 390, 398.
—— trial of, 417 *n.*, execution, 421, 423, 435; Patterson's "collection of anecdotes," 447.
Burleigh House, visit to, 178.
Burn, Mr., architect, 325 and *n*, 336, 540.
Burnet, George, funeral of, 500.
Burney, Dr., anecdote regarding, 202, 399 and *n.*
Burns, Col. James Glencairn, 545.
—— Robert, 130, 181; Scott's admiration for, 211; skill in patching up old Scotch songs, 290.
—— Tom, Coal Gas Committee, 365.
Burrell, a teacher of drawing, 88.
Bury, Lady Charlotte (Campbell), 181, 465, 472.
Butcher, Professor, 72 *n.*
Butler, Lady Eleanor, 374 *n.*
Byers, Colonel, 294.
Byron, Lord, notes, 1; memoirs, 6; characteristics of, 7–9; lunch at Long's in 1815, 39; views of the Greek question, 165; Moore's request for letters, 415, 474; allusion to early attachment, 474; MSS., 539.

Cadell, Francis, 498.
—— Robert, of Constable & Co., meeting with Ballantyne and Constable, 9;

on affairs in London, 12; sympathy for Scott, 37; advice to Scott, 53; estrangement from Constable, 55–56; the sanctuary, 66, 69, 77, 142; promised the *Chronicles*, 142, 162; second instalment on *Chronicles*, 175; eighth volume of *Napoleon*, 224; *Tales of a Grandfather*, 263; second edition of *Napoleon*, 274; equally responsible with Constable and Ballantyne, 280 *n.*; General Gourgaud, 290; copyright of novels, 297; Scott's opinion of, 299; visits London, 315, 318; copyright, 318; second series *Chronicles*, 319, 323; copyrights, 327; dissatisfied with the *Chronicles*, 328, 329, 330; plans for acquiring copyrights, 332; their purchase, 334–335; new edition of *Tales of a Grandfather*, 338, 343, 345, 346, 350; the *Magnum*, 352, 354; proposals for three novels, 370; third edition of *Tales of a Grandfather*, 370; plans for the *Magnum*, 372, 378; success of *Fair Maid of Perth*, 405, 406; trustee for Ballantyne, 430; Hearth's letter, 431; prospectus of *Magnum* issued, 434; Scott's efforts in behalf of, 434; and reciprocation, 435; opinion of *Anne of Geierstein*, 436, 437, 454, 460; prospects of *Magnum*, 462, 464, 468, 469; in treaty for *Poetical Works*, 470, 472; *Magnum*, 473, 474, 477, 480, 486; a faithful pilot, 489; twelfth volume of *Magnum*, 491, 496; Prestonpans, 497; new copyrights, 505, 507; at Abbotsford, 509 *n.*; remonstrates against a new *Malachi*, 512; Scott's visit, 519; copyrights, 526; bad debts, 534, 546, 550, 560, 574, 576, 585–586.
Cæsarias, Sir Ewain, grave, 374.
Calais, 186, 196.
Cambridge Master of Arts, anecdote of, 403.
"Cameria," 590.
Cameron of Lochiel, 284.
Camilla, a novel, 399 *n.*
Campbell Airds, 363.
—— Saddell, 363.
—— Sir Archibald, of Succoth, 9, 348.
—— General, of Lochnell, 331.
—— Sir James, of Ardkinglas, *Memoirs*, 113 *n.*, 209.
—— Colonel, of Blythswood, 295.
—— Thomas, at Minto, 41; characterized, 141, 258; in great distress, 386.
—— Walter, 361.
Canning, George, 17, 175, 201, 203, 249, 250, 258, 276, 311, 380; his death, 286–287.
Canterbury, Archbishop of (Howley), 381 and *n.*; (Tait), 275 and *n.*
Capua, 589.
Caradori, Madam, 469, 472.
Carlisle, 373–374, 404.
Carlyle, Thomas, 379 *n.*
Carmine Church of Santa Maria, 596–597.
Carnarvon, Lord, 279, 297.
Carr, Mr. and Misses, 448, 449.
Carthage, 565.
Caruana, Don F. (Bishop of Malta), 570.
Cashiobury, 400.
Cassillis, Ayrshire, 410.
Castellamare, 579.
Castle Campbell, 410.
—— Street, "Poor 39," 77, 87–88, 100, 142.
Castlereagh. *See* Londonderry.
Cathcart, Captain, 428.
Cauldshields, 149; Loch, 158.
Cay, John, 14, 21.
Cayley, Sir John, 327.
Celtic Society, present of a broadsword, 61; dinner, 349, 437.
Ceuta, 562.
Chalmers, Dr., on Waverly Novels, 112–113 *n.*
Chambers, Robert 318, 426.
—— William, 325 *n.*
Chantry, Sir Francis, 76, 390 *n.*; Scott sits for second bust, 394, 397.
Charlcote Hall, 376.
Charles v. and Algiers, 563.
—— Edward, Prince, and the '45 at Culloden, 72–73, 534.
Charpentier, Madame (Lady Scott's mother), 121.
Chatham, Lord, 397.
Chaworth, Mary, 550 and *n.*
Cheape, Douglas, 212 and *n.*
—— George, 479, 495.
Cheltenham, 205.
Chessmen from Lewis, 552 and *n.*
Chevalier, M., 190.
Chiefswood, summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, 110, 156, 171, 289, 452.
Chiswick, 394.
Christie, Mr. and Mrs. 203.
Chronicles of the Canongate, first series: commencement, 129; progress, 138, 139, 274, 298 *n.*, 313 *n.*; completion and publication, 314 *n.*, 51–53; second series, in progress, 316, 319, 325; finished in April, 1828, 378 and *n.*

Chroniques Nationales, Jacques de Lalain, 81.
Civic Crown, the, 7.
Clan Ranald, the, 77.
Clanronald's story of Highland credulity, 321.
Clarence, Duke of, 171, 276.
Clarendon's collection of pictures, 400.
Clarkson, Dr. James, 43, 249, 513.
—— Dr. Eben, 372 and *n.*, 518.
Cleasby, Mr., 446, 447.
Cleghorn, Hugh, 266 and *n.*
Clephane, Mrs. and Miss Maclean, 73, 295, 492.
Clerk, Sir George, 258.
—— Miss E., death of, 52.
—— Lieut. James, 481.
—— William, prototype of *Darsie Latimer*, 30, 40, 67, 79, 85, 89, 140, 144, 145, 146, 214, 223, 233, 239, 241, 258 264, 275, 322, 324, 340, 355, 360, 361, 405, 406, 410, 413, 421, 424, 472, 477, 481, 519 *n.*; sketch of, 1; chambers in Rose Court, 85; as a draughtsman, 88; dinner party, 240; Gourgaud, 290, 291, 294; on the judges' salaries, 464; letter from, 472 *n.*
—— Baron, 264, 413, 475.
Clerk's, John, *Naval Tactics*, 2 *n.*
Clive, Lord, 386, 393.
Clonfert, Bishop of, 595–596.
Club, the, 86 *n.*, 500.
Clunie, Rev. John, 336 and *n.*
Coal Gas Co., 261, 262, 360, 365.
Coalstoun Pear, 461 and *n.*
Cochrane, Mr., of the *Foreign Review*, 454.
Cockburn, Lord, 210; the poisoning woman, 235 *n.*; 318, 417 *n.*
—— Sir George, 182; his journal, 184.
—— Robert, 10.
Cockenzie, 498.
Codman, Mr., of Boston, 463.
Cohen. *See* Palgrave.
Coke of Norfolk. *See* Leicester.
Colburn, Mr. Henry, and the Garrick Papers, 330; Huntly Gordon and the *Religious Discourses*, 348.
Coleridge, Sir John Taylor, 14, 17 *n.*
—— S. T., 382, 396 *n.*, 571 and *n.*
Collyer, tutor to Count Davidoff, 10, 30, 371.
Colman, Mr., 330, 390.
Colne, the, 400.
Colquhoun, John of Killermont, 494.
Commission on the colleges in Scotland, 168.
Composition, mode of, 74.
Compton, Lady, 290 and *n.*, 294, 295.
Conjuring story, 550–551.
Conradin, 572 and *n.*, 597.
Constable & Co., position in Nov. 1825, 6; bond for £5000 for relief of H. and R., 20; confidence in London house, 39; the origin of the *Magnum*, 42; anxiety, 45, 47; mysterious letter from, 51; H. and R.'s dishonoured bill for £1000, 52; the consequences of the fall, 53; *Malachi*, 83; affairs, 62, 69, 134, 248; "Did Constable ruin Scott?" 280 *n.*; creditors, 299, 331; debts, 463, 585.
—— Archibald, confidence in H. and R., 9, 38; in London, 51; interview with Scott on Jan. 24th, 1826, 58; and on Feb. 6th, 68; and on March 14th, 99; power of gauging the value of literary property, 175 *n.*; death, 280.
—— George, 476 *n.*, 497.
Constable's Miscellany, dedication to George IV., 38 *n.*
Contemporary Club, 147.
Conversation, English, Scotch, and Irish, 2, 161.
Conyngham, Lady, 182.
Cooper, J. Fenimore, *The Pilot*, at the Adelphi, London, 183; meets Scott at Paris, 193; publishing in America, 193, 194, 195; letter to Scott, 345 *n.*; Scott reads *Red Rover*, 346; and *Prairie*, 349, 387; Mme. Mirbel's portrait of Scott, 442 *n.*
—— Mr., an actor, 263.
Copyrights of Waverley Novels, purchase of, 328, 329, 331, 332; bought, 334.
Corby Castle, 374.
Corder's trial, 496.
Corehouse, 295, 296.
Cork, freedom of, to Scott, 44.
Cornwall, Barry. *See* Procter.
Corri, Natili, 406 and *n.*
Coulter, Provost, 111 and *n.*
Count Robert of Paris, origin of, 81; condemned by Cadell and Ballantyne, 541.
Court of Sessions, new regulations, 135.
Coutts, Mrs., afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, 12, 13, 58, 182; letter from, 272 *n.*
Covenanters, Scott and the, 540 *n.*
Cowan, Alexander, 62, 63, 330, 429, 534.
—— Chas., *Reminiscences*, 555 *n.*
Cowdenknowes, visit to, 172.
Cowper, Mr., 587.
Crabbe, Mr., 218, 380 *n.*
Craig, Sir James Gibson, 280 *n.*, 319 *n.*

Craigcrook, 466.
Cramond Brig, 240.
Crampton, Sir Philip, 158 *n.*
Cranstoun, George, Lord Corehouse, Dean of Faculty, 134 and *n.*, 145, 233, 241; Scott's visit to Corehouse, 295, 359; *Maule* v. *Maule*, 416.
—— Henry, 155 and *n.*, 249, 443.
Craven, Mr. Keppel, 576.
Crighton, Tom, 160.
Cringletie, Lord. *See* Murray, J. W.
Crocket, Major, 238.
Croker, Crofton, 182, 185.
—— J. Wilson, 17, 102, 202, 251, 382, 384, 388, 422, 442, 443, 475 *n.*, 549; on *Malachi*, 102, 106; Duke of Clarence, 171, 198, 200; dinner at the Admiralty, 201.
Culross, excursion to, 494, 495.
Cumberland, Richard, 85.
Cumnor Hall, 423.
Cunliffe, Mr., 379.
Cunningham, Allan, 182, 185, 388 *n.*, 395, 397, 400; Scott's opinion of, 200.
Curle, James, Melrose, 45, 127.
—— Mrs., funeral at Kelso, 49.
Cutler, Sir John, 46.

Daily Routine, 523, 528.
Dalgleish, Sir Walter's butler, 43, 85.
Dalhousie, George, ninth Earl of, sketch of, 336; Bannatyne Club, 429, 444, 445; public dinner to, 463.
Dalkeith House, pictures at, 325; visit to, 419.
Dallas, Mr., 419.
Dalrymple, David, Westhall, 497 and *n.*
—— Sir John, 258, 327, 428.
—— Lady Hew Hamilton, 174.
Dandie Dinmont terriers, 107; Ginger, 379; Spice, 529.
Danvers, by Hook, 278 *n.*
D'Arblay, Madame, 202, 399.
D'Arcon, Chevalier, 561 *n.*
"Darsie Latimer." *See* Clerk, W.
Dasent, Sir George, 447 *n.*
Dauphine, Madame la, 194.
Daveis, Chas. S., 498 and *n.*, 499.
Davidoff, Count, 10, 30, 42, 138, 143; 289, 292, 319, 325, 331, 371, 471 *n.*
—— Denis, the Black Captain, 113, 319.
Davidson, Prof., of Glasgow, 481.
Davis, Mrs., 396.
Davy, Lady, 380, 382, 393, 533; Sketch of, 68, 69 and *n.*
Dawson, Captain, 419, 566.
Dead friends to be spoken of, 126.
"Death of Hector!" 308.
Dee, Dr., 551.
Defoe, criticism, 253 *n.*, 255.
Delicteriis, Chevalier, 575, 576.
Demonology, The, 488, 492.
Dempster, Geo., of Dunnichen, 442.
—— George and Mrs., of Skibo, 259 and *n.*, 439 and *n.*, 442.
Dependants at Abbotsford, 346 *n.*
D'Escars, Duchess, 184.
Descendants of Scott, 599, 600.
De Vere, 273.
Devonshire, Duke of, 195, 393, 394.
Diary, custom of keeping, 341.
Dibdin, Dr., 385.
Dickinson, John, of Nash Mill, 294, 491.
Disraeli, Benjamin, 14, 15; *Vivian Grey*, 264.
Distance! what a Magician! 111.
Dividends, declarations of, 325.
Dixon's *Gairloch*, 322 *n.*
Dobie, Mr., 358.
Dogs take a hare on Sunday, 173.
Don, Dowager Lady, 62.
—— Sir Alexander, 41, 74; sketch of, 113; death, 114; funeral, 115.
Doom of Devorgoil, 59, 60 *n.*, 405 *n.*, 455.
Douglas, Archibald, first Lord, 18 and *n.*
—— —— second Lord, 418 and *n.*
—— Captain, R.N., 418.
—— Charles, 159, 204.
—— David, Lord Reston, 84.
—— Dr. James, of Kelso, 301.
—— Sir John Scott, 114, 115.
—— Hon. Thos. *See* Selkirk.
Dousterswivel, a, 144.
Dover, Baron, 394 and *n.*
Dover Cliff, 197.
Dragut's Point, 567 and *n.*
Drumlanrig, visit to, 158, 160.
Drummond, Mrs., of Auteuil, 191, 193.
—— Hay. *See* Hay.
Dryburgh Abbey, 340 *n.*
Dudley, Lord, 198, 324 *n.*, 379, 553.
Dumergue, Charles, 384, 395.
—— Miss, 181, 185, 378.
Duncan, Captain Henry, 548, 553.
Dundas, Henry, 32, 442.
—— Robert, of Arniston, 38, 212, 261, 322, 335, 337, 439, 441, 531.
—— Sir Robert, of Beechwood, 4 and *n.*, 16, 94, 95, 132, 262, 356, 421, 422, 437, 459, 460, 461, 489.
—— William, the Right Hon., Lord Register, 307, 322, 335, 429.
—— Sir Lawrence, 219.
—— Hon. Robert, son of second Lord Melville, 171.
—— Robert, Adam, 170, 335.

Dunfermline, Lord. *See* Abercromby.
Duras, Mr., 194.
Durham, Bishop of. *See* Van Mildert.
—— Baronial Hall, 302.
—— Mr. and Mrs., of Calderwood, 335.
Duty, 108, 114, 127, 132, 133, 153, 154, 155, 156, 170, 173, 245, 248, 268, 271.

Eckford, John, 400, 443.
"Economics," 13.
Edgcumbe, Hon. Mrs. George, 394 *n.*
Edgewell Tree, 461 and *n.*
Edgeworth, Henry King, 284.
—— Miss, 154, 280 *n.*
Edinburgh Academy, discussion on flogging, 211; pronunciation of Latin, 225, 226.
—— Life Assurance Company, 32.
—— *Review*, editorship of, 467 and *n.*
Edmonstoune, James, 481.
Edwards, Mr., 354, 355.
Elcho, Lord, and Prince Charles-Edward, 72, 73.
Eldin, Lord, 228.
Elections expenses, 178, 304.
Elgin, Lord, 419, 534; imprisonment in France, 96, 209.
Elibank, Lord, on English and Scotch lawyers, 98, 99.
Elizabeth de Bruce, 224, 226.
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, 320.
—— Sir William, of Stobbs, 114, 115.
—— Lady Anna Maria, 85 and *n.*, 155 and *n.*, 291, 308, 476.
Ellis, Lady Georgiana, 394, 395.
—— Mr. Agar. *See* Dover.
—— Charles, Lord Seaford, 18, 191, 299 and *n.*
—— George, 161, 286, 341.
—— Mrs. George, 337, 341.
—— Colonel, 337.
—— Rev. William, missionary to Madagascar, 477.
Elphinstone, Mountstuart, 173.
—— Sir R. H. D., 472 *n.*
Emus, 278.
"Epicurean pleasure," 7.
Erdödy, Count, 547.
Erskine, Lord, 189, 453.
—— David, of Cardross, 363.
—— Henry, 453.
—— William, Lord Kinnedder, 40 *n.*, 50, 60 *n*, 384; destruction of Scott's letters, 548.
—— the Misses, 269, 347, 419, 535, 536.
—— H. David, 454.
Essay on Highlands, 270, 273.
Essex, Earl of, 400.
Euthanasia, instances of: Dr. Black, Tom Purdie, 547.
Evelina, 399.
Exeter, 178.
Exhibition of pictures, 353, 360.
Expenses, 346.

Fair Maid of Perth commenced, 316, 331; progress, 355; publication, 378 *n.*; success of, 405.
Falkland Palace, 478.
Fancy Ball, 363, 364.
Fauconpret, M., 298.
Featherstone, Mr., 230.
Felix, Colonel, 550, 551.
Fellenburg, E. de, 493 and *n.*
Ferguson, Prof. Adam, 449, 513.
—— Sir Adam, 30, 122, 216, 217, 220, 233, 238, 239, 273, 307, 308, 309, 310, 312, 313, 413, 424, 444, 472 *n.*, 481, 483, 484 *n.*, 492, 494, 495, 497, 511, 522; *Bonnie Dundee*, 43, 45; New Year's Day dinner, 47; fall from horse, 236; dinner at W. Clerk's, 240, 241; tour in Fife, 264, 265; at Blair-Adam, 477.
—— Colonel, 106, 108, 112, 121, 122, 149, 155, 157, 164, 165, 170, 173, 233, 245, 253, 254, 256, 277, 293, 297, 326, 366, 379, 429, 447, 454, 459, 474, 483, 510, 522; Hogmanay dinner, 45; notes about Indian affairs, 298, 308, 309; meet of the hounds at Melrose, 310.
—— Captain John, 245, 256, 338, 344, 431, 510; return from Spanish Main, 244; dines at Abbotsford, 298.
—— Miss Isabell, death, 510, 511.
—— Miss Margaret, 45, 104 and *n.*, 173, 421, 459.
—— Miss Mary, 45; death of, 420, 421.
—— the Misses, 32, 45, 104.
—— James, 235, 452, 481.
Fergusson, Sir James, 91.
—— Dr., 385.
Ferrars of Tamworth, 374.
Ferrier, James, 65 *n.*, 223 and *n.*; death of, 419, 420.
—— Miss, 499; visit to Abbotsford, 541.
Ferronays, Miss De la, 578.
Feversham, Lord (Duncombe), 302.
Fiddle or Fiddle-stick, 99.
Fielding's farce, *Tumble-down Dick*, 75 *n.*
Fine Arts, poetry and painting, 75, 76.
Fitzgerald, Vesey, 200.
Fitz-James, Duke of, 194.
Flahault, Count de, 190.
Fletcher, Rev. Mr., 477.
Fleurs, 291.

Floddenfield, 300.
Foley, Sir Thomas, 554.
Foote, Miss, 269.
Foote's *Cozeners*, 389.
Forbes, Viscount, saved by his dog, 11.
—— Baron, 463, 464, 500.
—— Hon. John, 552.
—— Captain, 557.
—— Sir John, 24.
—— John Hay. *See* Lord Medwyn.
—— Sir William, offers of assistance, 54 and *n.*; sketch of, 61, 315, 363.
—— George, 260, 430.
—— William, of Medwyn, 446 and *n.*, 447.
Foreigners at Abbotsford, 9, 167.
Forest Club, Scott dines with, 309.
Fortune, a mechanist, 520 and *n.*
Foscolo, Ugo, sketched, 10.
Fouché, Baron, 191.
Fox, Charles J., anecdote of, 389, 390.
Foy's book, and the Duke of Wellington, 303, 304.
Francklin, Colonel, 477.
Frankenstein, 112 *n.*; dramatised, 263.
Franks, Mr., 95.
Freeling, Sir Francis, 384.
French Press, censors of the, 309.
Frere, J. Hookham, 569 and *n.*, 570, 571.
Fuller, John, M.P. for Surrey, 390 and *n.*
Funerals, dislike to, 111, 116.
Fushie Bridge Inn, 314 and *n.*
Future Life, speculations on, 28–30.

Gaeta, 590.
Galashiels, 511.
Galignani, Mr., Paris, 187, 188 *n.*; offer for *Napoleon*, 195.
Galitzin, Princess, 192, 193, 196, 285, 442 and *n.*
Gallois, M., 187 and *n.*, 189, 190, 194.
Galt's *Omen*, 84 *n.*, 132, 139; *Spaewife*, 484; *Lawrie Todd*, 502.
Gardening, ornamental, essay on, for the *Quarterly*, 316.
Garrick, David, Private correspondence of, 162, 330 *n.*
—— Mrs., anecdote of, 138 *n.*, 552, 553.
Garstang, 374.
Gattonside, 155 and *n.*
Gell, Sir William, 572 *n.*, 573, 575 *n.*, 576, 578, 580, 582, 583, 590.
Genie and author, a Dialogue, 440, 441.
George II., anecdote of, 391, 392.
—— III., anecdote of, 307.
—— IV., Scott at Windsor, 182; Scott dines with, 391; statue, 462; death, 498.
George, Prince, of Cumberland, 395.
Gibraltar, 560, 562.
Gibson, John, jr., W. S., 52 and *n.*,; creditors agree to private trust, 61; meeting with Scott, Cowan, and Ballantyne, 62, 63; creditors' approval, 66; lends Scott £240, 68, 79; Constable's affairs, 106; Constable's claims, 132, 134; sale of 39 Castle Street, 142, 162, 174; Miss Hume's trust, 226, 240; Scott's travelling expenses, 258, 259, 294, 299; Lord Newton's decision, 311; Abud & Son, 311, 314, 315, 317, 318; value of the Waverley copyrights, 318, 335; *St. Ronan's Well*, 343; Coal Gas Co., 360, 365; plans for the *Magnum*, 372, 405, 431, 446; preparations for a second dividend, 496, 499, 546.
Gifford, William, 17; funeral of, 222, 223.
—— Baron, 135 and *n.*
—— Lady, 548.
Giggleswick School, captain of, 28.
Gilbert, Dr. Davies, 388.
—— John Graham, 416 and *n.*, 419, 421, 423, 473.
Gillespie, trial of, and sentence, 319 and *n.*
Gillian, the clan, 308.
Gillies, Lord, 146.
—— Robert Pierce, 146, 247, 254 and *n.*, 255, 284, 327, 342, 345, 368, 381, 450, 452, 454, 473; characterisation of, 21 and *n.*, 22 and *n.*; difficulties, 33; Scott offers Chiefswood, 33; in extremity, 35; writes a satire, 143; a cool request, 171, 175; *Foreign Review*, 176.
Gilly, Rev. William Stephen, 277 and *n.*, 302.
Gipsies of the Border, 314 *n.*
Glasgow, visit to, in September, 1827, 295.
Glengarry's death, 347.
Glenorchy, Lady, 393.
Gloucester, Bishop of (Dr. Bethell), 305 and *n.*
Goderich, Lord, 294, 301 *n.*, 335 and *n.*
Godwin, William, 380, 393.
Goethe, letters from, 234 and *n.*, 379 *n.*, 592, 593.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 391.
Gooch, Dr. Robert, 99, 184, 481.
Gordon, Alexander, fourth Duke of, 323 *n.*
—— Duke and Duchess, 465.
—— Lady Georgiana, 323 and *n.*
—— J. Watson, 353, 536 and *n.*
—— Sir Wm. Cumming, 471 *n.*
—— Major Pryse, *Personal Memoirs*, 284 and *n.*

Gordon, George Huntly, amanuensis, 45 and *n.*, 51, 63 and *n.*, 96, 221, 284, 286, 288; sermons, 332, 348 and *n.*, 361.
Gourgaud, General, 195 *n.*, 260, 290 and *n.*, 294, 297, 298, 307, 309, 313.
Gower, Lord Francis Leveson, Poetry, 9 and *n.*; *Tale of the Mill*, 232, 297, 380, 386, 388, 395.
—— Lady Frances Leveson, 386 and *n.*, 391, 393, 395.
Graeme, Robert, 258.
Graham, Sir James, 555, 556.
—— John. *See* Gilbert.
—— Lord William, 543.
—— of Clavers, 322.
—— Miss Stirling, 324, 365, 461; *Mystifications*, 365 and *n.*
Graham's Island, 565.
Grahame of Airth, 98.
Grange, Lady, 419.
Grant, Sir Francis, 230 and *n.*; sketch of, 529, 530; portrait with armor, 531.
Grant, Sir Willam, 391 and *n.*
—— Mrs., of Laggan, 19, 27 and *n.*, 542.
Granville, Lord and Lady, 189, 190, 191, 193, 195.
Gray, Lord and Lady, 268.
Greenshields, John, 418 and *n.*, 419.
Grenville, Right Hon. Thomas, 199 and *n.*, 397.
Greville, Lady Charlotte, 390.
—— Charles, 386 *n.*
Grey, Lord, 335.
Grey Mare's Tail, 161.
Griffin's *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, 368 and *n.*, 458 and *n.*
Grosvenor, Lord, 400.
Grove, The: Clarendon's pictures, 400 and *n.*
Guise's, Duke of, Expedition,—review of, in *Foreign Quarterly*, 93 and *n.*
Gurney, Mr., 396.
Guthrie's *Memoirs*, 345 *n.*
Guyzard, M., 267 and *n.*
Gwydyr, Lord, 203.

Haddington, Lord, 426, 447.
Haigs of Bemerside, 168 *n.*, 255, 290, 309, 407.
Hailes, Lord, 438, 448.
Haliburton, David, 149, 151, 399.
Hall, Captain Basil, 96, 155 *n.*, 208, 224, 426, 463, 474, 476 *n.*, 536, 554, 556.
—— Sir James, 226.
Halliday, Sir A., 461.
Hamilton, Sir William, 19, 293, 427.
—— Lady Charlotte, 396.
Hamilton, Robert, 132, 235, 241, 322, 361, 413, 460, 461, 497.
—— Captain Thomas, and Mrs., 143 and *n.*, 150, 155, 158, 171, 278, 289, 293, 309, 331, 474, 475, 485; *Cyril Thornton*, 256.
—— Bailie, 418.
Hampden, Lady (*née* Brown), 297, 322.
Hampton Court, 162, 398 and *n.*
Handley, G., 104, 121, 201.
Harper, Mr., gift of emus, 278.
Harris, Mr., 456.
Harrison, Colonel, 384, 385.
Harrowby, Lord, 335.
Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 429 and *n.*
Haslewood, Mr., 300.
Haunted Glen in Laggan, 542.
Hawthorne, N., on the English, 499 *n.*
Hay, Mr., Under-Secretary of State, 198.
—— E. W. Auriol Drummond, 166 and *n.*, 366, 367, 421, 426, 428, 430, 433, 465, 559.
—— Sir John, 28, 231, 362, 431; Banking Club dinner, 435; meeting of theatre trust, 468.
—— Robert, Colonial Office, 185.
Haydon, B., 271, 387 and *n.*, 487.
Heath, Charles, engraver, 351, 361, 383, 431, 491.
Heber, Reginald, 204; *Journal*, 438 and *n.*
—— Richard, 14.
Hedgeley Moor, 306.
Hemans, Mrs., 483, 484, 485.
Henderson, Mr., Eildon Hall, his funeral, 360.
Henry's *History of England*, 426.
Hermitage Castle, sketch of, 88.
Herries, Mr., 293.
Hertford, Lord, 251.
Hertfordshire lanes, 400.
Highland credulity, 321.
"Highland Society," and Miss Stirling Graham's *Bees*, 460, 461.
Highland Piper, 134.
Hill, Right Hon. Mr., 571 and *n.*
Hinves, David, 396 and *n.*
History of Scotland, in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, 458 and *n.*
Hobhouse, John Carn, and Moore, 6, 8.
Hodgson, Dr. F., 204.
Hoffmann's Novels, reviewed for *Foreign Quarterly*, 255, 284.
Hogarth, George, 52, 282, 400.
Hogg, James, breakfasts with Scott, 30, 31; in difficulties, 78, 124, 224 *n.*; loses his farm, 230; Royal Literary Society, 256, 296 and *n.*; his affair

of honour, 300 *n.*, 338, 397 *n.*; Six-Foot Club, 434 *n.*; the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, 528; Scott's interest in him, 528 *n.*
—— Robert, 261 and *n.*
Hogmanay dinner at Abbotsford, 45.
Holland, Lady, 394.
—— Dr., 185 and *n.*
Holyrood, an asylum for civil debtors, 313 and *n.*
Home, Earl and Countess of, 138 *n.*, 159 and *n.*
—— John, 315; his *Works* reviewed, 243 and *n.*, 251.
Hone's *Every Day Book*, 500.
Hood, Sir Samuel, 407 *n.*
Hook, Theodore, 198; *John Bull*, 198 *n.*; *Sayings and Doings*, 357, 382 *n.*
Hoole's *Tasso*, 133.
Hope, General, the Hon. Sir Alexander, 297 *n.*
—— Right Hon. Charles, 18, 38 and *n.*, 351 and *n.*, 459 and *n.*
—— Dr., 293, 413.
—— James, W.S., 9, 293 and *n.*
—— John, Solicitor-General for Scotland, 34, 87, 233, 267, 327, 420, 436, 464; chairman to Lockhart's parting entertainment, 22; characterised, 32 and *n.*
—— Sir John and Lady, of Pinkie, 10, 53, 461, 465; dinner at Pinkie, 351; "Roman" antiquities, 351.
—— Lady Charlotte, 38.
Hopetoun, Earl of, 267.
—— Countess of, 436, 437, 472.
Horne, Donald, 349.
Horner, Leonard, 225 and *n.*
Horton, Wilmot, 182, 184 and *n.*, 185, 384.
Hotham, Lady, 569.
House of Aspen, 431.
Howden, Mr., 90.
—— —— factor for Falkland, 478.
Howley, Archbp. *See* Canterbury.
How to make a critic, 44.
Hughes, Dr. and Mrs., 67, 181, 184 and *n.*, 393, 420.
—— John, 204.
—— Mr., printer, 430.
Hulne, Carmelite monastery of, 305, 306.
Hume, Baron, 223, 232, 262, 275, 331, 408, 428 and *n.*, 468.
—— David, burial-place, 59; deathbed, 275 and *n.*; *Works* of, 374.
—— Lady Charlotte. *See* Lady C. Hamilton.
—— Sir John, of Cowdenknowes, 172.
Hume, Miss, 226.
—— Joseph, M.P., 103, 198.
—— Mrs., Warwick Castle, 375 and *n.*
Hunt, Leigh, *The Liberal*, 8 and *n.*, 352; "anecdotes of Byron," 359; Byron, 363.
—— —— Mr., English traveller, murdered, 581.
Hurst and Robinson, 6 and *n.*, 13, 35, 52, 60, 314 *n.*, 334, 335.
Huskisson, Hon. W., M.P., 175, 201, 203, 384.
Hutchinson, Mr., 361.
Huxley, Colonel, 263.

Imagination, wand of, 44.
"Imitators," 179-181.
Immortality of the soul, 28–31.
Impey, Mr. and Mrs., 161, 162, 165.
Inchmahome, 411.
Inglis, Dr., 226, 365.
—— Sir R. H., Bart., 185, 381, 386, 548.
Innes, Mr. Gilbert, 468.
Invernahyle. *See* Stewart.
Ireland, Mr., 462.
Irish Tour, 1.
—— Anecdotes, wit, good-humour, absurdity, 3, 4.
Irving, Rev. Edward, 386, 463 and *n.*, 464.
—— Mr. (Lord Newton), 162.
—— John, 424.
—— Washington, 376.
Itterburg, Count, ex-Crown Prince of Sweden, 252 and *n.*
Ivanhoe dramatised, 189 and *n.*, 475, 476.

Jacob, William, 380 and *n.*
James, G.P.R., letter from, 460 *n.*, 515 and *n.*
Jamieson, Dr. John, 150 and *n.*, 151, 429,
Jardine, Sir Henry, 53, 233, 475.
—— Mr. and Mrs., 218.
Jeanie Deans. *See* Walker, Helen.
Jedburgh election, 122, 543.
Jeffrey, Lord, 237, 262, 408, 467; address on the combination of workmen, 11 and *n.*, 210; on Wordsworth, 217; dinner and guests, 230; the poisoning woman, 236.
Jekyll, J., 380.
Jerviswoode, Lord. *See* Baillie.
Jobson, Mrs., 157, 165, 206, 207, 223, 259, 260, 315.
Johnson, Dr., 390, 391, 399, 423, 439, 441, 443, 456; *Evelina*, 202; epitaph on C. Phillips, 282.
Johnstone-Alva, 511, 526, 534.

Johnstone, Mr. Hope, 161.
—— Mrs. J., 224 and *n.*
—— Mr. and Mrs., of Bordeaux, 481.
—— the Border family, 136.
Jollie, James, trustee, 52 *n.*, 62, 144.
Jones, Mr., 197.
—— Miss, 361.
Journal, reflections, 1, 20, 21; begins to tire, 309; Johnson's advice, 443, 456.

Kain and Carriages, 89, 90 and *n.*
Katrine, Loch, scenery of, 333 and *n.*
Keeldar, people of, 305.
Keepsake, The, 328 *n.*, 350, 361, 383, 431.
Keith, Sir Alex., 321.
—— William, 19.
—— Mrs. Murray, *The Highland Widow*, 129.
Kelly's *Reminiscences* reviewed, 121.
Kelso, visit to, 291.
Kemble, Charles, 364.
—— Stephen, 304.
—— Fanny, 493, 497.
Kendal, 205.
Kenilworth, visit to, 375 and *n.*
Kennedy, Rt. Hon. F., of Dunure, 279 and *n.*, 496.
Kent, Duchess of, 395.
Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, of Abbotrule, 371, 493.
—— Lord and Lady Robert, 10.
—— the Misses, 285, 318, 325, 335, 338, 342, 420, 464, 490.
—— of Kippielaw, 168, 177, 220.
Kinloch, George, of Kinloch, on *Malachi*, 146.
Kinloch's *Scottish Ballads*, 241 and *n.*
Kinnaird, Douglas, 393.
Kinnear, Mr., 60, 362, 442.
Kinnedder, Lord. *See* Erskine.
Kinniburgh, R., 168, 169.
Kirn Supper, 310 and *n*,
Knight, Charles, 375 *n.*
—— J. Prescott, 48, 50, 54 and *n.*
—— Gally, 386.
—— Payne, 367.
Knighton, Sir William, 91 and *n.*, 181 and *n.*, 199, 319, 388, 481 *n.*; letter on Constable's *Miscellany*, 24; dedication of *Magnum*, 391.
Knox, Dr. Robert, 416, 417 and *n.*, 421, 447.
—— William, a young poet, 26, 285.
Kubla-Khan and Hastings, 48.

Laidlaw, James, 173.
—— William, 149, 173, 189, 218, 250, 255, 398, 433, 434; Scott's letter to, 61 *n.*; summoned to town, 66, 70, and *n.*; death and funeral of child, 110; on sale of Napoleon, 272 *n.*; adventure in Gladdies Wiel, 397 *n.*; a walk with Scott, 459; Tom Purdie's death, 485; as amanuensis, 514, 516, 517, 521, 522, 523, 524; opinion on Scott's Essay on Reform Bill, 525, 527, 528; at *Count Robert*, 533; smites the Rock, 536; Scott's illness, 544, 585.
Laine, M., French Consul, 482.
Laing, David, 263, 333, 389.
Laing-Meason, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, 571 and *n.*, 579.
Laird's Jock, 328 *n.*
Lambeth, 548.
Landseer, Edwin, 420; picture of dogs, 75, 76, 323; "Study at Abbotsford," 351, 353.
Lang, Andrew, Sheriff-Clerk for Selkirkshire, 355, 526 and *n.*
—— Andrew, LL.D., 526 *n.*, 598.
Lansdowne, Marquis of, 251, 293, 335; Scott dines with, 382, 383.
Lardner, Dr., 454, 456, 462, 474, 475, 484.
Latin, Scottish pronunciation of, 257.
Latouche, Mrs. Peter, 496, 503.
Lauder, Sir T. Dick, 425, 470 and *n.*
Laughter, natural and forced, 39.
Laurie, Sir Peter, 385.
Lauriston, near Edinburgh, 196, 325 and *n.*
—— Marquis de, 196.
Law as a profession in Scotland, 23, 24.
Lawrence, Captain, 556.
—— Sir Thomas, 182, 184, 185, 198, 302, 387; portrait of Scott, 203, 254.
Lebzeltern, Countess de, 574.
Leicester, Earl of, 397.
Le Noir, M., 10.
Leopold, Prince, 395.
Leslie, C. R., 76; his portrait of Scott, 48 and *n.*
Lessudden House, 487, 503.
Letters, arrangement of, 286.
Lévis, Duke de, 448 and *n.*
Lewis, M. G., 5, 386; Lewis and Sheridan, 60 *n.*; *Journal*, 309.
—— Mr., method of improving handwriting, 145.
Leyden, John, 141, 227.
L'homme qui cherche, 118, 243.
Library, enchanted, 204, 440.
Liddell, Dr., 562, 570.
—— Hon. Henry, 301, 533, 547.
—— Misses, 304.
Light come, light go, 67.
Lilliard's Stone, 254 and *n.*

Lions in Edinburgh, 144, 231; "Lions," 412.
Lister, T. H., *Granby*, 106.
Liston, Sir Robert, 408.
Literary Society, 386.
Litigation in the Sheriff Courts, 31.
Liverpool, Lord, 175, 202, 236.
Livingstone, Rev. Mr., 418.
Llandaff, Bishop of, 393.
Loch, Mrs., 161.
—— John and James, 397, 400, 443.
Locker, E. H., 175 and *n.*, 185 and *n.*
Lockhart, John G., 1, 21, 247, 249, 263, 274, 296, 301, 315 *n.*, 319, 327, 330, 359, 363, 377, 379, 385, 390, 392, 393, 399, 409, 415, 416, 420, 461, 473, 481, 489 and *n.*, 490, 547, 550, 585; the *Quarterly Review*, 14–16; *Blackwood's Magazine*, 16–18; parting entertainment, 22; London, 22; Scott's confidence in and affection for, 26; *Malachi*, 91, 110; on Sir Walter's style, 116; Hook, 198 and *n.*; Scott's letter, home politics, 250 *n.*; Hogg, 256; account of Gillies, 264; Portobello, 269 and *n.*; Abbotsford, 285, 287; Kelso, 291; Garrick papers, 330 and *n.*; Brighton, 393; *Life of Burns*, 402; Auchinrath, 418; Edinburgh, 418; Dalkeith, 420; Stewart papers, 424; letter from Scott regarding illness, Feb. 1820, 488 *n.*; Chiefswood, 492; Hogg, 528 and *n.*; accompanies Scott to Douglas, 544, 545.
—— Mrs., 15, 21, 22, 31, 33, 99, 101, 127; birth of a son Walter, 117; Abbotsford, 282, 340; birth of a girl, 342; Brighton, 382, 553.
—— J. Hugh (the Hugh Littlejohn of the *Tales of a Grandfather*), 21, 22, 101, 141, 179, 200, 274, 383, 395, 396, 407, 473, 476, 483, 489, 492; death, 574 and *n.*
—— Walter Scott, 117; death, 127 and *n.*, 483.
—— Charlotte, 489 and *n.*
—— Dr. and Mrs., 502.
—— Lawrence, 295.
—— Richard, 24; death of, 258.
—— William, 22, 178, 184, 418, 426.
—— William Elliot, 401 and *n.*, 526.
Logan's *Sermons and Poems*, 13 and *n.*, 109.
Londesborough, Lord, 452 *n.*
London, Scott's visit to, in October, 1826, 179–185; in November, 1826, 197–204; in April, 1828, 377–400; in September, 547: October, 1831, 547.
Londonderry, second Marquis of, 190, 286; *Memoirs*, 311.
—— Third Marquis of, 302, 303, 304, 311, 390, 549.
—— Fourth Marquis of, 307.
Lady Emily, 388.
Longman & Co., *Woodstock*, 114; American Copyright, 201; *Napoleon*, 224, 227, 274; *St. Ronan's Well*, 344; *Encyclopædia*, 450; copyright of poetry, 464; agrees to sell poetry, 469; sale completed, 479.
Lothian, Marquis of, 302, 305, 306, 307, 360, 419.
Louvre, the, 188.
Lovaine, Lord, 459.
Low, Alexander, *History of Scotland*, 493 and *n.*
Lowndes, 399.
Lucy, Sir Thomas, 376.
Luscar, 494.
Lushington, Mr., 584.
Luttrell, Henry, 182.
Lyndhurst, Lord, 175, 250.
Lyons of Gattonside, 441.
Lyttelton, W. H., 393.

M'Allister, General, 278.
Macaulay's *History of St. Kilda*, 419 and *n.*
MacBarnet, Mrs., 373.
M'Cormick, Dr., 497.
M'Crie, Dr. Thomas, on *Old Mortality*, 540 *n.*
Macclesfield, 205.
Macculloch, David, of Ardwell, 5 and *n.*, 155, 223.
—— James, 462.
Macdonald, L., sculptor, 516.
—— Maréschal, 76 *n.*, 193, 195.
Macdonell of Glengarry, 76 and *n.*, 77.
Macdougal, Celtic Society, 61.
Macduff Club, 477. *See* Blair-Adam.
Macduff's Castle, 266.
Mackay, Mr., from Ireland, 356, 357.
Makay, Rev. Dr. Macintosh, 354 and *n.*, 355, 409, 426, 464, 465, 469, 452; Cluny Macpherson's papers, 354; Irish MS., 465 and *n.*
MacKenzie, Captain, 72d Regiment, 308.
Mackenzie, Colin, of Portmore, 4 *n.*, 9, 53, 56, 80, 85, 89, 95, 114, 270, 271, 309, 493; character, 21; family, 141; son of, 204; new academy, 275; illness, 331; Deputy Keeper of Signet, retirement from office, 346, 427; death, 501 and *n.*; lines by, 546.
—— Hay, of Cromarty, 533.

Mackenzie, Henry, 27; sketch of, 23; his edition of Home's *Works*, 243; death, 516.
—— Lord, 135 and *n.*, 169, 407.
—— Sutherland, 321.
—— William, 267.
—— Mrs. Stewart, 407.
Mackenzie's Hotel, 519.
Mackintosh, Sir James, 72, 379, 447, 450, 452.
Maclachan, Mrs. and Miss Bell, 522.
M'Laurin, Colin, 493.
Macleod, Lord, 553.
—— Alex., advocate, 358.
—— Mrs., 553.
M'Nab of that Ilk, 240 and *n.*
Macpherson, Captain, 373.
—— Cluny, papers, 354, 363, 364; visit to Edinburgh Castle, 436, 443, 464.
Macqueen, Robert. *See* Braxfield.
Macturk, Captain, of *St. Ronan's Well*, 317.
Magnum Opus prospectus issued, 434, 435; printing of the, 454; success of, 460, 467, 468 and *n.*; Twentieth vol. issued, 507.
Mahon, Lord, 388 *n.*
Maida, the deer-hound and the artists, 48, 107, 392 *n.*, 573.
Maitland, Frederick, capture of Bonaparte, 93, 96 and *n.*
—— Miss, 472 *n.*
—— Club, 434.
Makdougall, Lady Brisbane, 163.
Malachi Malagrowther, letters, 80, 81, 82 and *n.*, 87, 89–98, 103.
Malcolm, Sir John, 202, 552, 553 and *n.*
Malta, 552, 565, 570.
Maltby, Dr., 385, 391.
Manchester, 205, 561.
—— Duke of, 394.
Mandrin's *Memoirs*, 66 and *n.*
Mansfield, 236.
Mar, Earl of, 299.
Marjoribanks, Mr. and Mrs. C., 399.
Marmion, copyright of, 470, 473.
Marmont, Marshal, 195.
Marshall, Mr., 557.
Marshman, Dr., Serampore missionary, 227 and *n.*
Martin, Davie, 418.
Mary Queen of Scots, portraits, 3; and Elizabeth, 31.
Masaniello, 458, 572 *n.*, 596.
Matheson, Peter, 148 and *n.*
Mathews, Charles, Comedian, 31, 38; Abbotsford, 49, 50, 51 and *n.*
—— C. J., 49 and *n.*
Matutinal inspiration, 72, 523.
Maxwells, the, 136.
Maxpopple. *See* Scott of Raeburn.
Maywood, Mr., 263.
Meadowbank, Lord, 449, 537.
Meason, Mr. *See* Laing-Meason.
Meath, Earl of, and the Duke of Wellington, 322, 389.
Medwyn, Lord, 85, 144 and *n.*, 257, 446 *n.*, 496, 520.
Meleager, story of, 583.
Melville, Lord and Lady (second Viscount), 4, 9, 10, 16, 94, 95, 133, 147, 175, 198, 201, 250, 293, 317, 321, 379, 395, 397, 498; Mrs. Grant's pension, 18, 19; *Malachi*, 94; Roxburgh election, 115; colleges in Scotland, 168; Bannatyne Club, 269; resignation, 275, 276; reappointment, 276 *n.*; fall from his horse, 320.
—— Sir James, *Memoirs*, 241 and *n.*, 262, 263.
Menzies, John, of Pitfoddles, 226, 227 and *n.*, 384.
Mertoun, 116, 149, 215, 290, 291, 308, 310, 345.
Methodists, 64, 65.
Meyersdorff, Baron A. von, 442.
Mildert, Dr. William Van, Bishop of Durham, 302 and *n.*
Miller, Mr., 377.
—— Archibald, W. S., 481.
Miller's, General, *South American War*, 474 and *n.*
Mills, Scott's feeling regarding, 232.
Milman, Dean, 549.
Miln, Miss, 166.
Milne, Sir David, 321.
—— Nicol, 309, 487, 577 *n.*
—— N., jun., 173, 369.
—— Rev. Mr., Quebec, 513, 514.
Milton, miniature of, by Cooper, 178.
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 89 and *n.*
Minto, Gilbert, first Earl of, sketch, 40, 41.
—— —— second Earl, 40, 149, 155; Abbotsford, 176, 228, 229, 230, 233, 234, 279, 383, 384.
—— Dowager Lady, 279.
Minute Philosophers, 40.
Mirbel, Madame, 192, 193, 194, 195, 442 *n.*
Misfortune sometimes convenient, 110.
"Misfortune's growling bark," 123.
Mitchell, Mr., Greek master, Academy, 275.
Moir, D. M. (Delta), lines on Leslie's picture, 211 *n.*
Moira, Lord, 214.

Molé, Monsieur de, 196.
Moncreiff, James, 212 and *n.*
Monmouth, Duke and Duchess of, at Moor Park, 400.
"Mons Meg," 28, 430 and *n.*, 433, 434, 436, 559.
Montagu, Lord and Lady, 67, 113 and *n.*, 115, 172, 443, 553, 554.
—— Lady Elizabeth (Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch), 321 and *n.*
Monteath's *Planter* reviewed, 290 and *n.*
Monteith's, Earls of, gardeners, 411.
Monypenny, Alexander, trustee, 52 *n.*
—— David. *See* Pitmilly.
Moore, Thomas, 118 and *n.*, 395, 403; characterised, 5, 6; regard for Scott, 6 *n.*; anecdotes of Byron, 71, 72 and *n.*; breakfast with Scott, 184, 296 *n.*; Life of Byron, 363; visit to Hampton Court, 398; Scott sends Byron's letters, 415, 450; letter to Scott, 474 and *n.*
"Morbus," the, 112.
More, J. S., 134.
—— Mrs. Hannah, *Memoirs*, 139.
Morgan's, Lady, *O'Donnel*, 99 and *n.*
Morpeth, Lord, 191, 195.
Morritt, John B. S., of Rokeby, 67; Scott's visit to, 177 and *n.*, 178 and *n.*; London dinner party, 381, 382; Scott's visit to, 402; Abbotsford, 415, 424; letter to Scott, 505 *n.*
Morton, Earl and Countess of, 360 and *n.*, 406.
Moscheles, Mr. and Mrs., 347, 348, 349.
Moscow, burning of, 285.
Mother Goose's Tales, 575, 598.
Mottoes, for *Woodstock*, 104; for *Count Robert*, 519 and *n.*
Mount Benger, Hogg's farm, 338 *n.*, 352 *n.*
MSS. *Waverley Novels*, 535 and *n.*
Mudford's *Five Nights of St. Albans*, 473 and *n.*
Munro, Mr., 365.
Mure, Mrs., of Caldwell, anecdote, 51.
—— of Auchendrane's trial, 405.
Murray, Andrew, 163.
—— Dr., Oxford, 133 *n.*
—— Lord James, 269.
—— Lady Caroline, 427.
—— Sir George, 409.
—— James Wolfe (Lord Cringletie), 211 *n.*, 360.
—— John A., 85 and *n.*, 146 and *n.*, 208, 210, 280 and *n.*, 241, 247, 274, 427, 482.
—— Mrs. John A., 349.
—— John, publisher, 14, 15, 330, 378, 380, 387, 470, 473, 570.
Murray, John, jun., of Albemarle Street, 228.
—— Sir Patrick, of Ochtertyre, 69 and *n.*, 424, 468, 475, 481.
—— Peter, of Simprin, 85.
—— William, Henderland, 146, 208, 210.
—— W. H., Theatre Royal, 236 and *n.*, 239, 240 *n.*, 468, 473.
"Murder hole," 367 *n.*
Murthly House, 499.
Musgrave, Captain, 318.
Music, 25, 282.
My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, 325 and *n.*, 328 *n.*, 378, 383.
"My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff," 7.

Naboclish, 145 and *n.*
Nairne, Mr., 435.
Napier, Colonel, 403.
—— Lord, 511.
—— Macvey, 467 *n.*
Naples, 570, 579, 584, 585, 587, 589.
Napoleon, Life of, 62; finished 3d vol., 136, 156; vol v. commenced, 157; swells to 7 vols., 165, 173; Longman's offer, 175; vol vi. finished, 218; vol. viii. proposed, 224; Longman's agreement, 227; proceeds, 228; Appendix to, 259; completion June 7, 263, 267, 278; Brussels reprint, 287; preparation for a new edition, 344, 345, 464.
—— Maria Louise: Lord Elgin's anecdotes, 97; Dr. Shortt, 233, 303; on the triple alliance, 306.
Napoleon's last moments, 89.
Nares, Archdeacon, 386.
Nasmyth, Mr., dentist, 167.
Navarino, battle of, 318.
"Nell Gwynne's portrait," 353.
Nelson, an amanuensis, 95, 96, 379.
Neukomm, Mr., 482.
Newark Castle, 338.
Newbery, Mr., 343.
Newenhams, the, 28.
Newton, Lord, decision, 281, 295, 299, 311, 326.
—— Gilbert S., R.A., 76, 182.
New Year reflections, 46, 217, 340, 341, 415, 512.
Nicoll, Dr., Principal of St. Andrews, 171.
Nicolson, John, 315 and *n.*
—— Miss, 392.
Nimrod, a deerhound, 242 and *n.*, 454 and *n.*
Nocera, two towns of, 484 and *n.*
North, Lord, 389.
Northampton's, Lady, death, 492, 572.

Northcote, James, R.A., 388, 390 and *n.*, 391.
Northumberland, Duke and Duchess of 304 and *n.*, 305 and *n.*, 306, 388, 550.
Nuncomar, Rajah, 392.

O'Callaghan, Hon. Sir Robert, 18, 332.
Oil Gas Company, 4 and *n.*, 27, 28, 232, 259, 264, 267, 319, 320, 330, 406.
Old Mortality, 540 *n.*
Oliphant, Mrs., 322.
Olonyne, Count, 10.
Oran, 562.
Ormiston, Bell, 372.
Ormsby, Mrs., 376.
Osborne, Lord Sydney, 477.
—— Mr. and Mrs., 556.
Owen, Mrs., 201.
Oxenfoord Castle, 258, 413.
Oxford, 203.

Paestum, 579.
Paley, Mr., 291.
Palgrave, Sir Francis, 185 and *n.*, 228.
Palliser, Sir Hugh, 428.
Palmerston, Lord, 293, 533.
Pantellaria, 565.
Papers mislaid, 23.
Paris, 1826, 186–196.
Parker, Miss, 399.
Parkgate, 159, 160.
Parr, Dr., 177.
Parry, Captain, 379.
Pasta, Madame, 319.
Paterson, Dr. N., 535 and *n.*
—— R. (*Old Mortality*), 535 *n.*
—— Walter, 535 *n.*
"Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards," 28.
Patterson, David, 447.
—— John Brown, 316 *n.*
Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, 197 and *n.*, 332.
"Pearling Jean," 245 *n.*
Peel, Right Hon. Sir Robert, 200, 201, 202, 203, 250, 276, 395, 409, 436, 489, 547; Chantrey's bust of Scott, 394 *n.*
Penrith, 205, 374.
Pentland Hills, admiration of, 317.
Pepys' Diary, review of, in *Quarterly*, 43 and *n.*, 48, 52, 115 and *n.*
Perceval, Mr., 214, 215.
Percy, Captain, 459.
Percy's, William, *plays*, 300.
"Percy's Cross," cottages at, 306.
"—— Leap," 306.
Pescara, Marquis di, tomb of, 585.
Peterborough, life of, 451 and *n.*
Petrie, H., 228.
Pettigrew, Dr., 385.
Pettycur, 266.
Philips, Mr. and Mrs., 275, 288.
—— Sir George, 381, 392.
Phillips, Sir Richard, 230.
Phillpotts, Dr., Dean of Chester, 380 and *n.*
Phipps, Mrs., 389, 390.
Pickering, W., 393, 398.
Pigot, Captain, 553, 554, 556, 557, 563, 567.
Pinkie House, 351.
Piozzi, Mrs., 422, 516 and *n.*
Piper, Mr., mail contractor, 489.
Pirate's heaven, 61.
Pitcairn, Robert, 454 and *n.*
Pitmilly, Lord, 80 and *n.*, 253 and *n.*, 481.
Pitsligo, Lord, 449.
Pitt, Mr., 380.
—— William, letters of, 397, 398.
Planta, Joseph, 284 and *n.*
Plantations at Abbotsford, 110, 116, 121.
Platoff, 191.
Playfair, John, burial-place, 59, 68 and *n.*
Plays, Old, *Hector of Germany*, etc., 153.
Pleydell, Paul, 460 *n.*, 495 and *n.*
Plunkett, Lord, 12 *n.*
Plymouth, 557.
Pole, Mr. Frederick, 56 and *n.*
Politics, interest in, 80.
Pompeii, 578, 579, 584.
Ponsonby, Mr., and Lady Sarah, 307, 391, 395.
—— Hon. Miss, 374 *n.*
Pontey, William, 535.
Pontine Marshes, 589.
Porchester's, Lord, *Poems*, 9 and *n.*
"Portuous Roll," 115 *n.*
Portland, Bill of, 547.
Portsmouth, 554, 555.
Potocki, Le Comte Ladislaus de, 503.
Potocki's *Manuscrit trouvé à Saragosse*, 295.
Powis, Earl, 386 and *n.*
Preston, Sir Robert, 495.
Prestonpans, visit to, 497.
Primrose, Lady, 378.
Prince's Street Gardens, Edinburgh, 259, 413.
Pringle, John, Rector of Fogo, 369.
—— Alexander, of Whytbank, 254, 515, 525, 526, 539.
—— Alexander, junior, of Whytbank, 30, 166, 174.
—— James Torwoodlee, 118 and *n.*, 221, 372, 525, 526.
—— George, of Torwoodlee, 371, 372.
—— Sir John, 345, 353, 510.

Pringle, John, of Clifton, 174, 220.
—— junior, of Haining, death, 540.
—— Mrs. Haining, 453.
—— Thomas, 185 and *n.*
—— Captain, *Battle of Waterloo*, 243, 424.
—— Major, 510, 511.
Pringles of Stitchel, 512.
—— of Yair, 244, 289.
Prisons, 356, 357.
Procter, Bryan Waller, 143.
Proudfoot, Oliver, 358.
Prudhoe, Lord, 550.
Psalmody, Scottish, 270 and *n.*, 466 and *n.*
Purdie, Tom, 52; "S. W. S.," 71 *n.*, 100, 107, 121, 156, 167, 242, 243, 244, 250, 273, 281, 285, 288, 337, 363, 443, 484; death of, 485.
Purgstall, Countess, 155.

Queensberry, William Douglas, fourth Duke of ("Old Q."), 12 *n.*, 159 and *n.*
—— Duchess of, Catherine Hyde, 160 *n.*
Quillinan, Mrs., 392.

Rae, Sir William, 9 and *n.*, 53 *n.*, 231, 294 *n.*, 317, 424, 481, 489.
—— Lady, 132.
Raeburn, Sir Henry, his portrait of Scott given to Mr. Skene, 87 *n.*; portrait of Scott for Lord Montagu, 138 *n.*; portrait for Constable at Dalkeith, 211, 220; portrait now at Abbotsford, 516 *n.*
—— Lady, 149.
Raine's, *St. Cuthbert*, 277 *n.*
Rammohun Roy, 553 and *n.*
Ramsay, Allan, and the Edgewell tree, 461 and *n.*
—— Dean, 127 and *n.*
—— Lord. *See* Dalhousie.
—— Wardlaw, 420, 423.
—— of Barnton, 431.
Ravensworth, Lord, 301.
—— Castle, 301–304.
Redding up, 118.
Redgauntlet, 523.
Rees, Owen, 181, 282, 468, 469, 470.
Reform Bill, 525, 526, 529, 534, 547–549.
Remside Moor, 306.
Rémusat, Charles de, 267 and *n.*
—— Count Paul de, 267 and *n.*
Rennie, Sir John, 226 and *n.*
Renton, Mr., 393.
Resignation of office as Clerk of Session, 508.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 178 and *n.*, 391; Earl of Rothes' Portrait, 426, 439.
Reynolds, Mr. (*The Keepsake*), 355, 361, 367, 381, 383, 393, 449, 452, 458.
Rice, Mr. Spring (afterwards Lord Monteagle), 395.
Richardson, John, visit to Abbotsford and fishing adventure, 292 and *n.*, 318, 448; letter from, to Scott, 454 *n.*; Claverhouse, 540.
Riddell, Colonel, 449.
—— Thomas, 116.
Riddoch, Mr., of Falkirk, 98.
Rigby, Miss. *See* John A. Murray.
Robbins, Mr., 374.
Robertson, Patrick, 170 and *n.*
Robinson (of H. & R.), 315, 318.
Robison, Mr. (afterwards Sir John), 416.
Rob Roy at the Theatre Royal, 364.
Robson's *Essay on Heraldy*, 525.
Roche, Sir Boyle, dream of, 145 *n.*
Rodger, Mr. Peter, 510.
Rogers, Samuel, 182, 202, 378, 379, 380, 518; advice to Moore, 6 *n.*; breakfast, 184, 199, 201; Holland House, 394; Hampton Court, 398, 399.
Rokeby, 177, 402.
Rolland, Adam, Clerk of Session, 460, 461, 494.
—— Adam, of Gask, 460 *n.*, 495 and *n.*
Rollo, Lord, 91.
Rome, 587, 589.
Rose, Sir George, 263, 360.
—— William Stewart, anecdote of Byron, 7, 8, 17, 18; his *Ariosto*, 182 and *n.*; at Stratford, 375; Brighton, 395, 396 *n.*
Ross, Dr. A., 224, 417, 428, 469, 509.
Rossiter, N. T., 539.
Rothes, Lady, 472.
Roxburghe Club, 300, 386, 393.
Royal Academy, London, 387.
—— Literary Society, 256, 571 and *n.*
—— Society, Edinburgh, dinner, 23, 208, 231, 326, 416, 417; new rooms, 426, 427, 433.
Ruling passion, 140, 141.
Russel, Alexander, anecdote told by, 224 *n.*
Russell, Claud, 9.
—— Dr. James, 23 and *n.*, 326, 363.
—— Lord John, on Moore, 6 *n.*, 380.
—— John, 225 *n.*, 354.
—— Major-General Sir James, of Ashestiel, 19 and *n.*, 20, 30, 47, 48, 106, 150, 210, 249, 255, 256, 287, 370, 443, 512, 515, 525, 537.
—— Lord Wriothesley, 325.
—— Misses, 46, 61, 297.
Rutherford, Rev. John, of Yarrow, 369.

Rutherfurd, John, of Edgerstoun, 353.
—— Dr., 451.
—— Lord, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, 472 *n.*
—— Captain Robert, 94.
—— Robert, 19, 210, 297.
—— William, 295.
—— Miss C., 57.
Ruthven, Lord and Lady, 40, 531 and *n.*
Rutty, J., diary, 45.

Sr. Agatha, 589.
St. Andrews, visit to, in 1827, 265.
St. Boswell's Fair, 149.
St. Cuthbert's remains at Durham, 277.
St. Giles, Edinburgh, 325 *n.*
St. Mary's Loch, 159.
St. Monans, 266.
St. Paul's, Dean of, 381.
St. Ronan's Well, Scott's opnion of, 150; Macturk in, 317, 320; new edition required, 343; dramatised, 473.
Saint Roque, 561.
Saint Thomas Aquinas, tomb of, 585.
Saladin's shroud, 321 *n.*
Salerno, 581.
Samothracian Mysteries, 382.
Sanctuary, the, 313 and *n.*, 314.
Sanders, George L., miniature of M. G. Lewis, 5 and *n.*
San Domenico Maggiore, 453.
Sandford, Mrs. Professor, 419.
Sans Cullotides, April mornings, 119.
Savary, H., 39 and *n.*
Scarlett, Sir James Y., 38.
Schutze, Mr., 482.
Schwab, Gustavus, 270.
Schwartzenberg, 191.
Scott, Lady, 31, 83; removal from Castle Street, 92, 98; illness, 102, 104, 107, 115–124; death, 125; 373.
—— Miss Anne, Scottish Songs, 25; characterised, 36; retrospect, 37, 74, 125, 127, 318, 351, 370; London, 374, 404 *n.*; Milburn Tower, 408; Hopetoun House, 433; castle, 437, 443; Blair-Adam, 494, 513, 587.
—— Walter, 92, 118, 127–129, 317–319, 340, 342, 360, 378, 416, 538, 550, 555; choice of a soldier's life 24; 15th Hussars going to India, 46; generous offer from, 64; lines on Irish quarters, 151; revisits Abbotsford, 157, 158; at Blair-Adam, 161, 163; Ireland, 164, 206; Dalkeith, 211, 213; Christmas at Abbotsford, 215, 218; dinner and guests at Hampton Court, 381, 382; inflammatory attack, 461, 462, 463, 467, 473; wishes to preserve the library, 513.
—— Charles, choice of profession, 115; arrives at Abbotsford, 127, 130, 131, 149; Drumlanrig, 158; Ireland, 164; return, 170; Scott's visit to Oxford, 204, 241, 323, 325, 328, 335, 340; Foreign Office, 354, 378, 385, 416; Edinburgh, 475, 480, 512, 587.
—— Thomas and Mrs., 5 *n.*, 116, 205, 394 *n.*
—— Anne, niece of Sir Walter, 122, 148, 154.
—— Walter, nephew, 65, 73, 173, 493 and *n.*
—— Sir W., of Ancrum, 543, 553.
—— of Bierlaw, 443.
—— of Gala, 39, 165, 166, 351, 353, 366, 374, 465, 488, 489, 491.
—— of Harden, 66, 105, 108, 113–115, 117, 122, 133, 139, 155, 170, 220, 234, 255, 279, 287, 289, 292, 293 and *n.*, 308, 310, 322, 331, 341, 387, 391, 405, 406, 408, 493, 511, 512, 513, 514, 517, 526, 529, 543.
—— John, Midgehope, 285.
—— Charles, of Nesbit Mill, 169, 449.
—— of Raeburn (Maxpopple), 103 and *n.*, 121, 155, 167, 176, 254, 255, 328, 454 and *n.*, 459, 460, 481, 487, 503, 534.
—— of Scalloway, 466.
—— of Woll, 488, 491, 535, and *n.*
—— Charles, grandson of Charles of Woll, 285.
—— Dr. of Haslar Hospital, 466.
—— James, 460.
—— Keith, 459.
—— James, a young painter, 201.
Scottish Nationality, 100.
—— Songs *v.* Foreign Music, 25.
Scrope, William, 47, 49, 70, 77, 112, 215, 219, 220, 246, 247, 255, 277, 278, 281, 353, 370.
Seafield, Lord Chancellor, 135 *n.*
Seaford. *See* Ellis.
Seaforth, Lady, funeral, 434 and *n.*
Search for sealing-wax, 118.
Selkirk, fifth Earl of, 380 *n.*, 445, 481.
—— Lady, 380.
—— Club, 166.
—— election, 513, 543.
—— Sheriff-court processes, 31.
Selkirshire Yeomary Club dinner, 369.
Seton, Sir Reginald Steuart, of Staffa, 359 *n.*
Seymour, Sir Michael, 556, 557.
Shakespeare's house, 376.

Shandwick Place, No. 6, take possession Nov. 6, 1827, 315.
Shap Fells, drive over the, 205.
Sharp, Sir Cuthbert, 372.
—— Richard, 161, 182, 185, 378, 380.
Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick, sketched, 1-3, 77, 144, 325, 379, 406, 408, 426; alterations in Edinburgh, 219, 270; restoration of "Mons Meg," 436, 496, 552 *n.*
Shaw, Dr., 141, 184.
—— Christian, 369.
—— of Sauchie, 369.
Shaws, murder of, 300.
Shelley, Lady, 317, 394, 397.
—— Sir John, 392.
—— Percy B., 8.
—— Mrs., *Frankenstein*, 112.
Shepherd, Sir Samuel, Lord Chief-Baron, 34 and *n.*; sketch of, 38, 124, 134; Blair-Adam, 140, 141, 234, 259; Charlton, 265, 323, 327, 337, 340; at Colvin Smith's, 349, 351, 383; Blair-Adam, 410, 411, 413, 475, 494.
Sheridan, Rich. B., dull in society, 51; price of Drury Lane Theatre, 51; review of *Life*, 111; and Sharp, 378.
—— Tom, 444.
Sheriffmuir trumpeter, 119.
Shortreed, Robert, 115, 168, 253, 458, 482 and *n.*
—— (junior), 308, 476.
—— Andrew, 254, 255, 397, 400.
—— Pringle, 58.
—— Thos., 168 *n.*, 169.
Shortt, Dr., 232, 233, 238.
Siddons, Mrs. H., as Belvidera, 352, 468, 473.
Sidmouth, Lord, 397, 548.
Sievwright, Sir John, 388.
Silver fir, rapid growth, 156.
Simond's *Switzerland*, 413.
Simson, William, R.S.A., 246.
Sinclair, Sir John, 54.
—— Lady, 54, 366.
—— Misses, 297.
—— Master of, 300, 370.
—— Robert, 364.
Singleton, Archdeacon, 306 and *n.*
Six-foot-high Club, 434.
Skelton, Mr., 479.
Skene, James and Mrs., 21, 28; the Boswells, 39 *n.*; sketch of, 47; recollections of Mathews, 51 *n.*; recollections of financial crisis, 52, 53 *n.*; a walk in Princes Street Gardens, 57, 58 *n.*, 59, 60 *n.*, 75; proposal that Scott should live with him, 82, 99; letter from Scott on Lady Scott's death, 128 *n.*; the whaling captain, 137 *n.*, 209, 213, 218, 228, 232, 257; note from Scott, 258 *n.*, 259, 260, 264, 267, 270; at Abbotsford, 286, 309; Lady Jane Stuart, 315 *n.*; at Abbotsford, 339 *n.*, 400; Princes Street Gardens, 413; Abbotsford, 415, 420, 424, 425; journal, 430, 434, 435; Abbotsford, 447, 449, 464, 466; the good Samaritan, 471, 475; sketches of Waverley, 476 and *n.*, 496, 501; Raeburn's portrait of Scott, 516 *n.*, 519 *n.*, 520, 537; death, 574 and *n.*
—— Professor George, 471 *n.*
—— W. F., 537 and *n.*
Skirving, Arch., artist, 88 and *n.*
Smith, Colvin, 349, 351 and *n.*, 353, 358, 360, 406, 420, 462, 493.
—— Mrs. Charlotte, *Desmond*, 101 and *n.*, 223, 396.
—— Horace, *Brambletye House*, 179, 180, 352, 556.
—— John, builder, 515, 535 and *n.*
—— Sydney, 236, 237, 241, 359, 392.
—— Mr., Foreign Office, 182.
—— Mrs., case of poisoning, 231, 235.
Smoking, 7.
Smollett, Captain, 18.
Smythe of Methven, 145.
Solitude, love of, *v.* Confinement, 105, 108, 114.
Somerset, Lord Fitzroy, 385.
—— House, 388.
Somerville, Lord, *Life* of, 232.
—— Dr. Thos., 169 and *n.*
Sotheby, 185, 378, 382.
Southey, Robert, the *Quarterly*, 14, 17, 25, 139; *Peninsular War*, 181, 384 *n.*, 398, 425 *n.*; *Pilgrim's Progress*, 499, 504.
Soutra, Johnstones of, 136.
Souza-Botelho, Madame de, 190 and *n.*
Spectral appearances and illusions, 31.
Spencer, Lord, 386, 393.
—— Hon. W. R., 191, 193, 257 *n.*
Spice, a terrier, 279, 529.
Stafford, Lord and Lady, 31, 199, 267, 384, 392, 394, 397, 553.
Stainmore, 177.
Stanhope, Spencer, 175.
Stanhope's *Notes*, 306 *n.*
Steuart-Denham, Sir James, of Coltness, 72 and *n.*
—— Sir Henry Seton, 300, 334, 418.
Stevenson, John, 95, 271, 289.
—— Patrick James, 409 *n.*
Stewart, Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth, 184.

—— Dugald, 323 *n.*; death of, 406.
—— J. A., 407 *n.*
—— Sir J., of Murthly, 499.
—— James, of Brugh, 13.
—— Sir M. Shaw, 209.
—— General David, of Garth, death of, 285 and *n.*
—— Thomas, 254.
—— of Dalguise, 341, 342.
—— younger of Invernahyle, 427.
—— Mrs., of Blackhill, 108.
Stirling, General Graham, 61.
Stirlings of Drumpellier, 278, 279.
Stoddart, Dr., 347.
—— Mr., 552 *n.*
Stokoe, Dr., 213.
Stopford, Lady Charlotte, 160 and *n.*, 352.
Stowell, Lord (Sir William Scott), 398 and *n.*, 558.
Strange, Mr. and Mrs., 498.
Strangford, Lord, 403.
Stratford-on-Avon, mulberry tree from, 307 and *n.*, 375.
"Strict retreat," 70.
Stuart, General, of Blantyre, 275.
—— Charles, Blantyre, 146, 275.
—— Hon. Mr., 61.
—— Mr., grand-nephew of Lady Louisa, 422, 441.
—— Sir John, of Fettercairn, 265 *n.*, 486 *n.*
—— Sir John, 590.
—— James, of Dunearn, 39 *n.*, 421; sale of pictures, 425.
—— Sir James, Allanbank, 270, 415, 421, 424, 426.
—— Lady Jane, letter to Scott, 310 and *n.*; an affecting meeting, 315 and *n.*; old stories, 317, 328, 416; illness, 431, 473 and *n.*; death of, 486 and *n.*
—— Lady Louisa, 68 and *n.*, 133, 203, 441, 549, 550, 553, 586, 587.
"Stulko," 530 and *n.*
Style, solecisms in, 117, 118.
Sunderland, 304.
—— Hall, 289.
Surtees, Mr., 157, 158, 164, 170, 174, 203, 372.
Susex, Duke of, 385.
Sutherland, Mr., Aberdeen, 456.
Sutton, Right Hon. Charles Manners, 200 and *n.*
Swanston, John, 103, 156, 288, 513, 514.
Swift's handwriting, 299.
Swinton, Archibald, 163; dinner and guests, 211, 285, 321, 360, 365, 367.
Swinton, Mr. and Mrs. George, 48, 258, 285, 347, 425, 532.
—— John, 134, 145, 264, 275.
—— Harriet, 501.
—— Mrs. Peggie, 19, 285.
S. W. S., 71 *n.*

"Tace is Latin for a candle," 245 and *n.*
Tait, Archbishop, 275 *n.*
—— Craufurd, 275.
Talbot, Miss, 584.
Tale of Mysterious Mirror, 378.
Tales of Crusaders, 523.
Tales of a Grandfather, first thought of, 259; arranged with Cadell, 261, 270; progress of, 277, 299; first volume finished, 281; last proof corrected, 319; request to revise, 338; new edition, 370; second series begun, 378, 451; third series in hand, 451; France, 511.
Talleyrand, 184, 554 *n.*
Tamworth, 375.
Tangiers, 559.
Tanneguy du Châtel, 136.
Tarentum, Bishop of, 573.
Taschereau's *Life of Molière*, 342, 345.
Taylor, Sir Herbert, 533.
—— Jemmy, 467.
—— Watson, 388.
"Teind Wednesday," 24 *n.*
Temple, Sir William, 400.
Terracina, 490.
Terry, Daniel, 124, 145; visit to Abbotsford, 150, 153, 165, 182, 183, 230; ruin, 379, 400; illness, 476; death, 483 and *n.*
The Great Twalmley, 6.
Theatre of God's Judgments, 327 *n.*
—— Royal, meeting of trustees for, 468.
Theatrical Fund Dinner, 236 and *n.*, 237, 238.
"The grave the last sleep?" 257.
Theobald, Mr. and Mrs., 371.
Thomas, Captain, 477 and *n.*
Thomson, David, on Moore, 30.
—— David, W.S., 292.
—— Rev. George, tutor at Abbotsford, 44 and *n.*, 215, 219, 504 *n.*, 511.
—— Mr., Mrs., and Miss Anstruther, of Charlton, 246, 265, 338, 340, 410, 411.
—— Rev. John, of Duddingston, 70, 145, 247, 353, 361, 410, 411, 494, 544.
—— Thomas, Deputy Clerk-Register, 40, 85 and *n.*, 89, 133, 145, 146, 233, 241, 262, 264, 267, 275, 279, 281, 322, 355, 430, 520 *n.*
Thomson's *Tales of an Antiquary*, 371.
Thornhill, Mr., 307.
—— Colonel, 174; hawks, 174.
Thornhill, Sir James, 400.
Thrale, Mrs., 202, 399 and *n.*

Thurtell & Co. at Gill's Hill, 148 *n.*, 402 and *n.*
Ticknor, George, of Boston, 48 *n.*, 296 *n.*, 499 *n.*
Tighe, Usher, 423.
"*Tiled* haddock," 498 and *n.*, 500.
"Time must salve the sore," 63.
Tod, Miss, 175.
Tod's, Colonel, *Travels in Western India*, 430 *n.*
Todd, Miss, 285.
—— Thomas, 170 and *n.*
"Tom Tack," 250.
Tone, Wolfe, 284.
Torphichen, Lady, 364.
Torre del Carmine, 572.
"Touch my honour, touch my life," 98 and *n.*
Townshend, Lord Charles, 374.
Trafalgar, 560.
Train, Joseph, 452.
Tranent, riots at, 561.
Travelling expenses, 1790, contrasted with 1826, 205, 206.
Treuttel & Wurtz, 342, 367.
Tripp, Baron, 303, 304.
Trotter, Coal Gas Co., 365.
—— Sir Coutts, 387.
Tuilleries, 194.
Tunis, 565.
Turner, Rev. Mr., and Lord Castlereagh's *Memoirs*, 311.
—— Dr. 516.
—— Messrs., Malta, 587.
Turner's J. W., illustration to *Poetical Works*, 534, 536.
Tweeddale, Marquis of, 327, 428.
Tytler, Alexander Fraser, 154 *n.*
—— Mrs., of Woodhouselee, 154, 155.
—— Patrick Fraser, 231 and *n.*, 488; his *History of Scotland*, 438, 450.

Union Scottish Assurance Co., meeting of, 320, 321.
University Commission, 168, 213 and *n.*, 316 *n.*
Upcott, William, 162.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men, 422.
Utterson, 385.

Vandenhoff, Mr. as *Jaffier*, 352.
Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham, 302 and *n.*
Vasa, Prince Gustavus, 252 and *n.*
Veitch, James, 449.
Velletri, 590.
Venice Preserved, 352.
Ventriloquism, 50.
Vere, Hope, of Craigiehall, 327, 428.
—— Lady Elizabeth Hope, 327, 428.
Verplanck, Mr., 263.
Vesci, De, 305.
Vesuvius, 555, 571.
Vicaría, the, 578.
Victoria, Princess, 295.
Vienna, congress of, 306.
Views of Gentlemen's Seats, 341.
Vilhena, don Manuel, Fort of, 567 and *n.*, 568.
Volturno, 589.

Waldie, Mr., of Henderland, 166.
Walker, engraver of Raeburn's portrait of Scott, 138 and *n.*, 261.
—— teacher of drawing, 88 and *n.*
—— H, 295.
—— of Muirhouselaw, 254, and *n.*
—— Lieut. (afterwards Sir Baldwin), 564 and *n.*
—— Sir Patrick, 463.
—— Miss A., 295.
—— Helen, tombstone at Irongray, 540 and *n.*
Walker Street, No. 3, Edinburgh, 206 *n.* (from Nov. 1826, to June, 1827).
Wall in "Pyramus and Thisbe," 12.
Wallace's sword, 28.
Walpole, Horace, *Historic Doubts*, 239, 341.
Walton & Cotton's *Angler*, 398 *n.*
Ward, R. Plumer, 251, 273 *n.*
—— Mr. (Dover), 197.
Warkworth, 306.
Warroch, Mr., 497.
Warwick, Lord and Lady, 375.
—— Castle, 375.
Water-cow, in the Highlands, superstition, 321, 322 and *n.*
Watson, Capt., 471 *n.*, 536 and *n.*
Wauchope, Mr. 321.
Waverley novels, plans for buying copyright, 318, 331, 332, 334, 469; continued demand for, 344 *n.*
Weare's murder, 148 *n.*, 401.
Weatherby, 178.
Weber, Baron, 123.
—— Henry, amanuensis, 96, 221, 379.
Wedderburn, Sir David, 322.
—— Lady (*née* Brown), 268, 297, 322.
Weir, Major, 226.
Wellesley, Marquis, 335.
Wellington, Duke of, 175, 198, 200, 236, 240, 247, 250, 270, 335 *n.*, 340, 342, 346, 384, 387, 392, 393, 394, 418, 424, 446 *n.*, 465, 547; dinners and guests, 200 *seq.*; Scott's interviews with, in

London, 203, 227; Scott's letter to, 234 *n.*; Canning, 276, 287, Ravensworth Castle, 301 and *n.*; Baron Tripp, 303; and Earl of Meath, 322; Lord Mahon, 388 *n.*; Catholic Bill, 425 and *n.*
Wemyss, Captain, 266.
Westphalia, King of, 589 and *n.*
Whistlecraft, 571.
White, Lydia, 185, 199; death, 229, 230 and *n.*, 412, 553.
Whitmore, Lady Lucy, 171.
Whittingham, 301, 305, 306.
Whyte, Miss, 580, 582.
Widow-burning in India, 20.
Widow ladies' requests, 105.
Wilberforce, 381.
Wilkie, Sir David, picture of king's arrival at Holyrood, 48; at Somerset House, 76, 420; portrait for *Magnum*, 432; and letter from, to Scott, 432 *n.*
Williams, Archdeacon, 271 and *n.*, 275, 290, 354, 360, 408, 410, 413, 519.
—— H. W. ("Grecian"), 88 and *n.*, 246.
Williamson, W., of Cardrona, 83 *n.*
Wilson, Adam, 213, 477.
—— Professor John, letter from Lockhart, 17 *n.*, 227, 296 and *n.*, 359.
—— Mr., of Wilsontown, 146, 185.
—— Sir Robert, 287.
—— R. Sym, 33.
—— Harriet, *Memoirs*, remarks on, 27.
Wilton nuns, "go spin, your jades," 70, 101, 243.
Winchelsea, Lord, and Wellington, 443 *n.*
Windsor Castle, 183.
Wishart's *Montrose*, 346 *n.*
"Wishing-cap," power of, 43.
Witchcraft, Joanna Baillie, 279.
Withers, Pope's epitaph, 79.
—— W., 397.
Wolcot, Dr., 223.
Wood, Sir Alexander, 363.
—— John Philip, 498 and *n.*
Woodstock, in progress, 6 and *n.*, 45, 46, 63, 72; 2d vol. ended, 74, 78, 81, 83, 93, 102; finished, 105, 106; Longman buys, 117; copyright, 131; price of, 267 *n.*; annotated, 511.
Wooler, 301, 306.
Worcester, 205.
—— Marquis of, 385.
Wordsworth, William, 176, 217; anecdote of, 218; lines on Hogg, 296 *n.*; 392, 393, 395, 398; at Abbotsford, 545, 547 and *n.*
—— Miss, 547 and *n.*
—— Bishop, 547 and *n.*
Wrangham, Archdeacon, 396.
Wright, Sir John, 290.
—— Rev. Thomas, of Borthwick, 336 and *n.*
W., Lincoln's Inn, 17, 201 and *n.*, 203.
Wyatville, Mr., 183.
Wynn, Charles, 395.

Yarrow, excursion in August, 1826, 158; in December, 1827, 338; in May, 1829, 459; in July, 1829, 485; in September, 1831, 547.
Yates, Dr., 184, 395.
Yelin, Chevalier, 57, 59.
Yermoloff, General, 285.
Yester, pictures at, 328.
York, Duke of, 198, 202, 203; death, 219; funeral, 224.
—— Cardinal Duke of, 481.
Young, Alexander, of Harburn, 95 and *n.*
—— Charles Mayne as "Pierre," 352, 353 and *n.*
—— Dr., and Miss, Hawick, 379, 501, 502, 508.

Zetland, 467.

THE END

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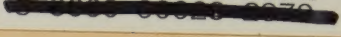

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